

MODERN SCREEN

NE
O
NTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



VIVIEN
LEIGH

**"DON'T CALL ME
A GREAT LOVER!"**
INSISTS
LAURENCE OLIVIER

Spring Awakens a Fever of LOVE

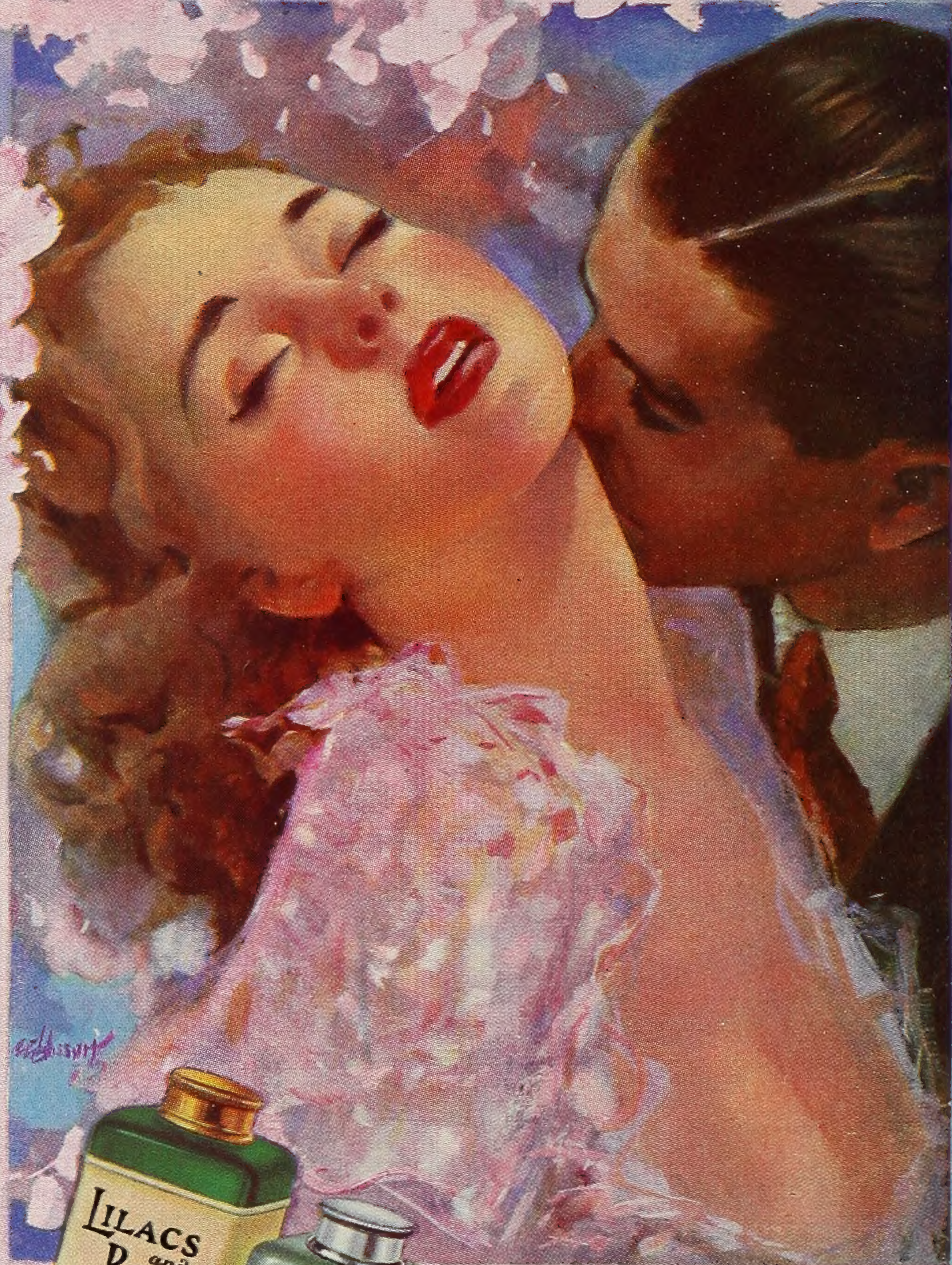


**Stir His Heart with This
Springtime Fragrance...and
He Will Madly Adore You!**

When apple blossoms spill their fragrance on the soft, warm air of Spring . . . love will not be denied . . . you and he can't help drifting into paradise!

And a man's helpless with excitement, too, when you're sweet all over with the perfume of Lander's Spicy Apple Blossom Talc and Cologne. For this thrilling fragrance awakens a fever of love . . . makes a man feel that you're divinely desirable.

His lips may crush yours with a flaming urge — and yet this flower-fresh fragrance guards your refinement . . . enshrines you in his heart as the one woman to protect and adore forever. Get this enchanting talc!



LANDER'S

TALCS

**STOP WORRYING ABOUT UNDIES ODOR!
PLAY SAFE THIS EASY WAY . . .** simply shower your whole body every morning with one of the exquisite Lander's Talcs.

Lander's Talc helps keep your undies dry, fresh and sweet because it reduces the amount you perspire. And what a blessing this is on hot summer days!

You'll find that Lander's Talc cools and comforts your skin. Use it daily at home . . . and take it to the beach with you, too. Never be without Lander's Talc. Large can only 10¢ at your 10¢ store.



**LANDER'S FAMOUS BLENDED FLOWER
TALCS** surround you with a fragrance, seductive yet refined, for there's an utter innocence about the perfume of flowers!

Keep yourself a sweet, lovely person to be with by showering yourself daily with any one of these glorious talcs —

**LILACS AND ROSES * * * GARDENIA
AND SWEET PEA * * * SPICY APPLE BLOS-
SOM * * * CARNATION AND LILY OF THE
VALLEY * * * LAVENDER AND PINE * * ***

ORCHID AND ORANGE BLOSSOM.

SOLD ONLY AT ALL 10¢ STORES.

Wake up, Wallflower!

Mum after your bath would have saved your Charm!



Mum prevents underarm odor . . . guards after-bath freshness all evening



More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Just a touch under each arm every day makes you sure of your charm. For hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you fresh!

BREATHLESS expectations . . . dreams of a wonderful evening . . . turned to dust! Why should it happen to a pretty girl like Jean? She bathed so carefully, chose her loveliest dress, started out so gaily. But she *did* forget Mum—she thought her bath would be enough! And now she's sitting out the dances. She's missed her chance for popularity—and she doesn't know why.

It's a mistake to believe that the bath which leaves you so fresh and sweet will secure your charm for the evening. Even the most perfect bath removes only perspiration that is *past*! Underarm odor can come *after* a bath, unless you *prevent* it. Why not make sure you never risk this danger? Make future odor *impossible*—follow your bath with Mum!

MUM SAVES TIME! Takes only half a minute! Just a pat under this arm, under that . . . and you're through!

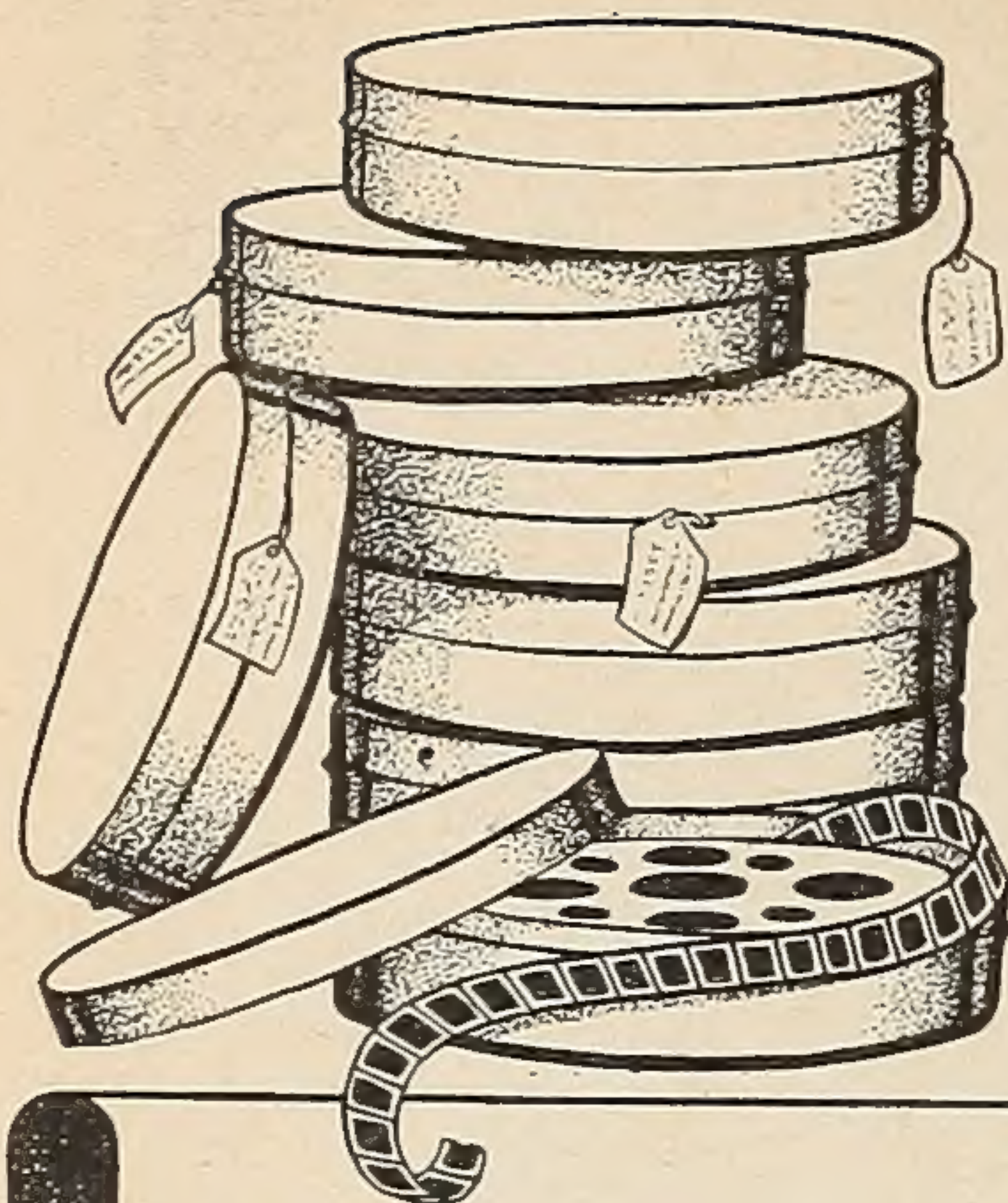
MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum actually soothes your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without attempting to stop perspiration, *Mum prevents underarm odor*. With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts *all evening*. Women everywhere use Mum . . . yes, and men, too. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be always welcome—make a *habit* of Mum!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, dependable!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MODERN SCREEN FOR JUNE



PEARL H. FINLEY
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Associate Editor

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Cover Girl: Vivien Leigh, Natural Color Photograph, by L. Willinger

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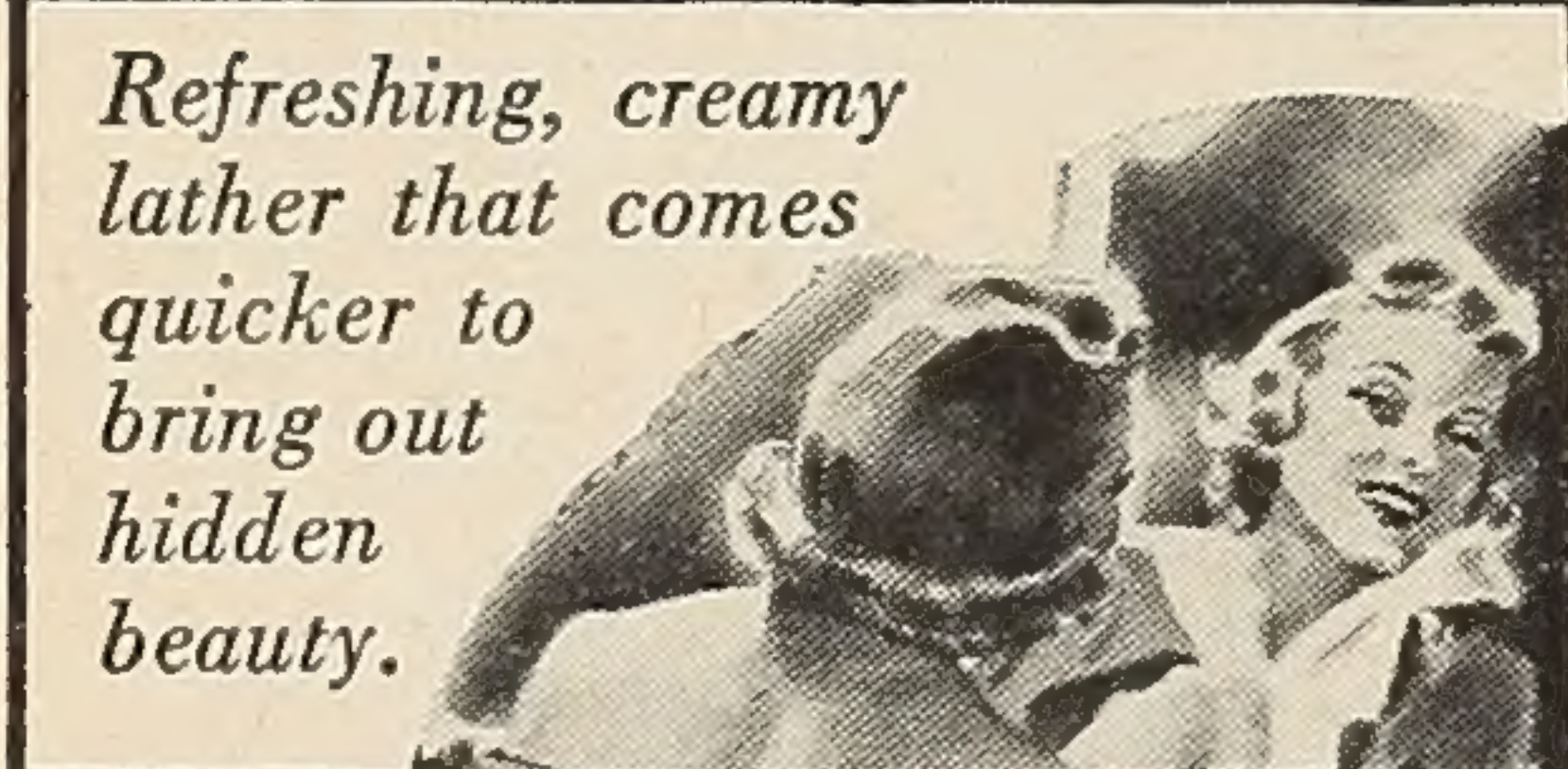
Women thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

GREATER *Mildness*



Amazing gentleness
—for a complexion
that invites
"close-ups."

MORE ABUNDANT *Lather*



Refreshing, creamy
lather that comes
quicker to
bring out
hidden
beauty.

NEW, WINNING *Fragrance*



Fragrance that makes
it heaven to hold
you in his arms.

**Brought to you by Camay to
Help you to Loveliness!**

WOMEN everywhere are making new Camay their favorite beauty soap ... seeking new loveliness with the aid of Camay's gentle beauty cleansing care.

And no wonder...for now Camay offers them advantages which most women have never enjoyed before! Yes—we tested new Camay against six of the most popular beauty soaps we could find...proved Camay was *milder* than any of them... gave more lather in a short time...had a fragrance almost 2 out of 3 women preferred! Get Camay at your dealer's, now!



At your dealer's now
—no change in wrapper!



I'm just thrilled by the new Camay—it's even better than ever. Such wonderful mildness and lather! And that lovely perfume lasts and lasts while there's a bit of soap left.

(Signed) LE VERT DOBES
Mrs. William L. Dobes
Atlanta, Georgia

Now—more than ever—THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

A LIFETIME LIVED IN A SINGLE DAY!

Vivien Leigh returns to you — beautiful, tender, appealing and talented beyond description — in a role which might have been created for her alone ... A girl whose emotions mirrored the chaos of the world around her ... grasping fervently, eagerly at the love that belongs to youth ... Robert Taylor attains new dramatic stature as the man who shares this absorbing romance with her. Together, they create an emotional experience you'll never forget.



VIVIEN LEIGH • ROBERT TAYLOR

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

WATERLOO BRIDGE

with **LUCILE WATSON • VIRGINIA FIELD**
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • C. AUBREY SMITH

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen play by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel

Based on the play "Waterloo Bridge" by Robert E. Sherwood

Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

INFORMATION DESK

WE KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS—YOU POP THE QUESTIONS



WHAT'S THE NAME AGAIN?

Remember how you felt the last time someone mispronounced your John Henry? Well, the stars feel that way, too. Let's see how you stand on a few of the trickier ones. When you finish the quiz, turn to page 95 and get your rating. The emphasized syllable is indicated by the accent mark (').

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Aherne, Brian | (a) Ay'-hern | (b) Ay-hern' |
| 2. Autry, Gene | (a) Oh'-tree | (b) Aw'-tree |
| 3. Ayres, Lew | (a) Ires | (b) Airs |
| 4. Beery, Wallace | (a) Bear'-ee | (b) Beer'-ee |
| 5. Boyer, Charles | (a) Boy-yay' | (b) Boy'-er |
| 6. Bradna, Olympe | (a) Oh-limp' | (b) Oh-lamp' |
| 7. Colbert, Claudette | (a) Coal-bear' | (b) Coal'-bert |
| 8. Davis, Bette | (a) Bet'-tee | (b) Bet |
| 9. Dietrich, Marlene | (a) Mar-leen' | (b) Mar-leh'-na |
| 10. Dietrich, Marlene | (a) Dee'-trish | (b) Dee'-trick |
| 11. Donat, Robert | (a) Dough'-nat | (b) Dough-nat' |
| 12. Henie, Sonja | (a) Hen'-ee | (b) High'-nee |
| 13. Hudson, Rochelle | (a) Roe'-shel | (b) Roe-shel' |
| 14. Leeds, Andrea | (a) An'-dree-a | (b) On'-dree-a |
| 15. Leigh, Vivien | (a) Lee | (b) Lay |
| 16. Massey, Ilona | (a) Lo'-na | (b) Il-oh'-na |
| 17. Menjou, Adolphe | (a) Mon'-ju | (b) Men'-ju |
| 18. Olivier, Laurence | (a) Oh-live'-ee-er | (b) Oh-live'-ee-ay |
| 19. Rainer, Luise | (a) Ry'-ner | (b) Ray'-ner |
| 20. Turner, Lana | (a) Lay'-na | (b) Lah'-na |

NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

Josephine Brown, Terre Haute, Ind. We have searched high and low and just can't find a star whose birthday coincides with yours. You are sandwiched between some very famous people though, which means, astrologically speaking, that you were born under their sign. Cecilia Parker and Edgar Kennedy were born on April 26, and Lionel Barrymore and Carl Laemmle, Jr., were born on the 28th. Sorry there isn't a twenty-seventh-er for you.

Mary D'Ercola, New York, N. Y. Ronald Reagan, who has recently broken so many hearts by getting himself married to Jane Wyman, is twenty-seven years old and was born in Tampico, Illinois. He's a college graduate, Eureka being the proud alma mater, and is a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon. He was prominent in both dramatics and athletics in school, but upon graduating he renounced the former and took up sports reporting, verbal and written. While he was covering the Chicago Cubs' spring

training camp, a friend introduced him to Max Arnow, Warner Brothers' casting director, and a few days later he was signing a contract. He likes Hollywood, but can't get used to going to football games as a cash customer instead of on passes. The Irishman with the incongruous nickname of "Dutch" likes the color green, of course, and also horses, swimming, hiking, strawberry shortcake and eight hours sleep per night.

Norma Rogers, Bronx, N. Y. Phil Regan was born on May 28, 1908, in Brooklyn, N. Y. He started singing "My Wild Irish Rose" at an age when most parents are thrilled to get a "mama" out of their kiddies. Black-haired and grey-eyed, Phil has realized all of his ambitions to date. His first one was to sing in his school glee club; his second was to be a cop; next he longed to sing on the radio, and eventually he dreamed of Hollywood and Broadway. Now, at thirty-one, he is quite satisfied with his lot. He married at seventeen and is the father of four children, none of whom approve of Daddy's love-making on the screen. Five feet ten in height and weighing 165 pounds, this engaging young "Singing Cop" has been very busy the last year or so making personal appearances.

Ruth Cardinal, Brooklyn, N. Y. William Holden, whose sensitive treatment of the complex role of "Golden Boy" has won him wide acclaim, is really just as surprised about it all as you are. Just twenty-two, with no more romantic aspirations than to be a chemist like his dad, Bill, along with thousands of other boys, was tested for the role and clicked with Director Mamoulian. A sophomore at Pasadena Junior College, virtually inexperienced in acting, he had that certain spark that the part called for. Christened William Beedle, this likable youngster is six feet, weighs 165 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. He was born in O'Fallon, Illinois, but is a Californian by adoption, having moved there at the age of four. He is a very normal kind of lad with a yen for open cars, athletics of all kinds and dancing. Write to him at Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif., and keep your eyes peeled for "Arizona," his next, with Jean Arthur.

June Rose Koch, Peoria, Ill. The Lone Ranger, Robert Livingston, is married to Dorothy Gee and it is his first marriage. There are no little cowboys. Bob's real name is Randall, and both his parents are writers. Bob took a stab at the newspaper business and also collaborated on the dialogue for a few movies before deciding that he wanted to act.

Anna Cook, Le Roy, N. Y. So many people assume that, because Hedy Lamarr is so unbelievably gorgeous, she must be proportionately dumb. Nobody, they assert, could look like that and still have a brain. Alert and energetic, Hedy is that paragon—a combination of intelligence and breath-taking beauty. She is well-read, a linguist of no mean attainments and a lover of good music. At the risk of making Gene Markey jealous, she confesses that she admires Toscanini more than any other living man. She plays the piano, designs all her own clothes and averages a dozen movies a week in order to improve her English pronunciation, which is now almost perfect. She likes night-clubbing, mainly because of her love of dancing, but prefers swimming, tennis and long drives in her car. Born in Vienna, the daughter of a bank executive and reared in luxury; married to a wealthy munitions manufacturer who gratified her every whim; hurtled to stardom practically overnight in Hollywood, Hedwig Kiesler, now Hedy Lamarr, has kept her head and is refreshingly unspoiled and unsophisticated.

James Blazek, Cicero, Ill. Here's how to organize a fan club. It's loads of work, but it's so much fun. First of all, you must write to (Continued on page 95)

BETTE DAVIS and CHARLES BOYER

From the matchless pages of this brilliant best-seller comes a new chapter in film achievement! With all the incomparable artistry at their command these two great stars bring to life the deep-stirred emotions that burn from every exciting word of the story!

You'll say when you see her that "Henriette" is a role heaven-sent just for Bette Davis! And you'll know, too, why Charles Boyer had to return all the way from France to play the impassioned Duc. For so many reasons this is the drama to be ranked in your memory with the top-most of all!



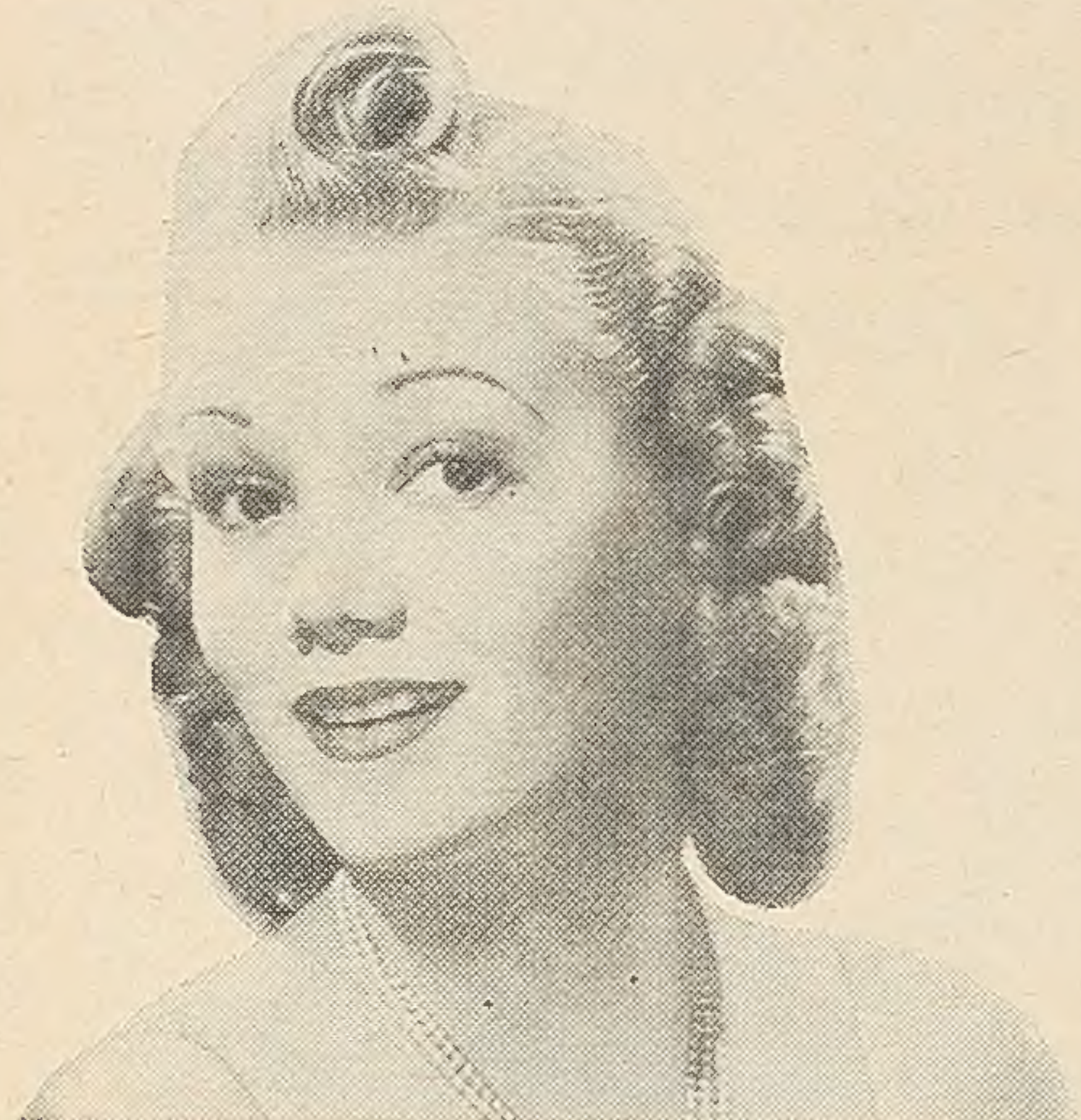
Included in the notable supporting cast are
JEFFREY LYNN • BARBARA O'NEIL
 Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell
 Walter Hampden • George Coulouris
AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION
 Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
 A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Warner Bros.
 ARE HONORED TO OFFER
'ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO'
 FROM THE WORLD-APPLAUDED NOVEL BY
Rachel Field

I'm "Choosy"

...and here's why I choose

FIBS* THE KOTEX* TAMPON



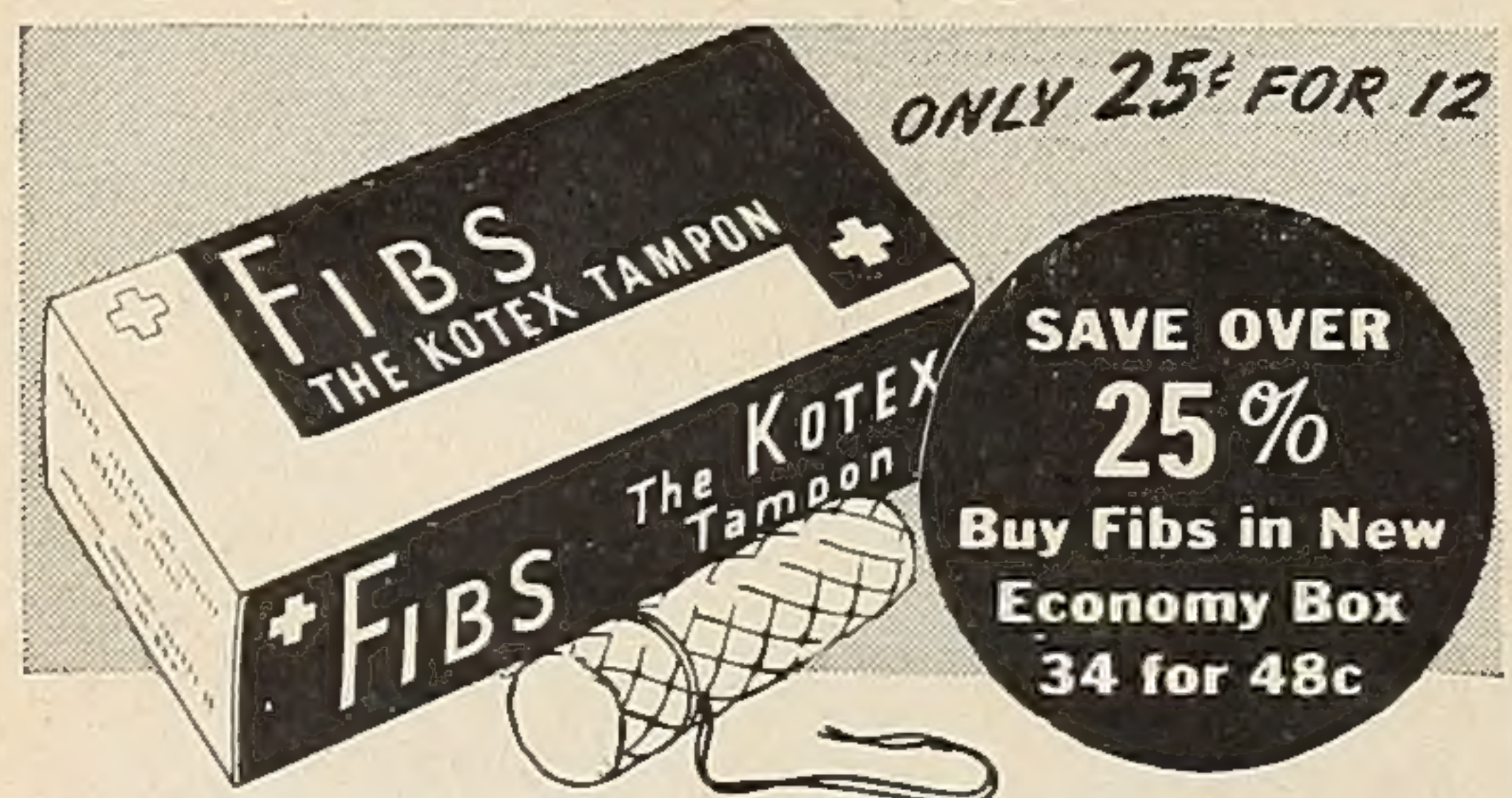
The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features*, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!* A Kotex product, Fibs merit your confidence!



Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.



Made of Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.



Accepted for Advertising by The Journal of the American Medical Association

SAMPLE OFFER

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FIBS—Room 1412A, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

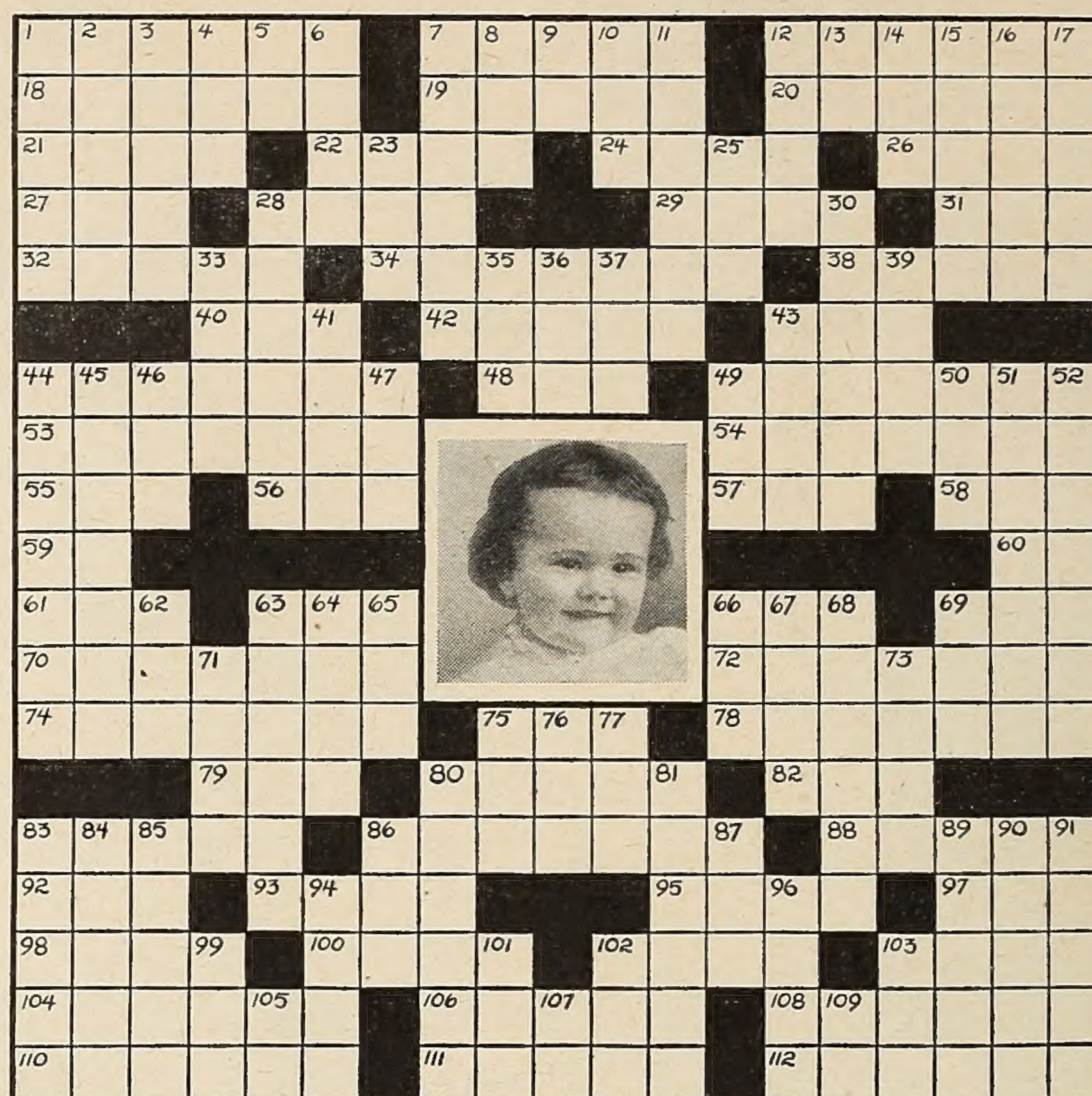
I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 84.

ACROSS

- 1 & 7. Star of this puzzle
12. Femme lead of "Virginia City"
18. Doctor in "Four Wives"
19. Ann Sothern's hubby
20. Melanie in "G.W.T.W."
21. Spot
22. Require
24. She's in "My Little Chickadee"
26. Claire ----
27. Star of "The Spellbinder"
28. "Each ---- I Die"
29. Midday
31. "The Ghost B --- kers"
32. Follow
34. "Ukulele Ike"
38. Deep chasm: poet.
40. "Brother ----"
42. Star of "Secret of Dr. Kildare"
43. Three: prefix
44. English dramatic star
48. Girl in "House of Seven Gables"
49. With our star in "Adventure in Diamonds"
53. One to whom property is transferred
54. Gradual disintegration
55. 1 across was in the Irish ---- ellion
56. "Str ---- ed"
57. Comic who says "monkeys is the cwaziest people"
58. Dynamite
59. Doctor in "Vigil in the Night": init.
60. Singer in "Swanee River"
61. The "oomph" girl
63. Ocean
66. Producer of "The Westerner"
69. Suffix denoting a follower
70. "----- Twenties"
72. Star of "Rebecca"
74. A performer
75. "---- cial Agent"
78. Sea nymphs

79. James --- wart
80. She's in "Jamaica Inn"
82. Organ of hearing
83. Fluttery comedienne in "Remember?"
86. Where our star was born and educated
88. 1 across was with her in "The Painted Veil"
92. Actress in "The Big Guy"
93. Opposite 27 across
95. Long ago
97. Above: poet.
98. Affected manners
100. Again
102. ---- Barrie
103. Snips
104. Cubic meters
106. "The Singing Cop"
108. Quickly
110. Male lead of "Daytime Wife"
111. Lewis ----
112. To become gloomy

DOWN

1. Tough guy in "Strange Cargo"
2. Heroine in "Geronimo"
3. Wind instruments
4. "The Invisible Man ---- urns"
5. Star of "The Primrose Path": init.
6. Volcano
7. Opposite 1 across in "The Rains Came"
8. Actor of the silent days
9. For example: abbr.
10. Fresh
11. Tendencies
12. "Mr. ----'s Last Warning"
13. Italian article
14. Free
15. Precious substance
16. Assistants
17. Feminine title of respect
23. Female sheep
25. Distress signal
28. Singer of "It's a Date"
30. Not wide
33. Incite

35. --- Cahoon
36. Constellation
37. War --- William
39. Prejudice
41. "Seven ----"
43. Weary
44. Star of "Remember the Night"
45. Dancer in "Broadway Melody of 1940"
46. Bone
47. Radical
49. Joan Bennett's daughter: --- inda
50. Small insect
51. Presented
52. Horns
62. "Cap" Huff in "Northwest Passage"
63. What Joan Fontaine is to Olivia
64. Heraldry: grafted
65. Era
66. "My ---, My Son"
67. On the sheltered side
68. Optical illusion
69. Number of Lane sisters in films: Rom. num.
71. Peril
73. ---- Zorina
75. That lady
76. Friend
77. Period of time
80. Commands
81. Any person
83. Brag
84. Harmony
85. More unusual
86. Actor in "Strange Cargo"
87. Star of "Swanee River"
89. Circular
90. She was "The Old Maid"
91. Radio star who went Hollywood
94. Comfort
96. Knocks
99. A "sign" of a star's popularity
101. Damp
102. "The --- From Dakota"
103. Fish
105. "Gold -- Arrow"
107. He was a " -- Getter"
109. Sun god

Find your most Becoming Powder Shade now— and get it in my GRIT-FREE powder!

{ GRIT IN YOUR FACE POWDER CAN GIVE
YOUR SKIN A HARSH, "POWDERY" LOOK! }

says Lady Esther



The wrong shade of powder is a tragedy—but even the most becoming shade can raise the dickens with your appearance—if that powder contains grit! For powders containing grit can make you look older—can give your skin a harsh, "hard" look.



The "Bite Test" will tell you. You have a laboratory right in your own mouth! Put a bit of your present powder between your teeth! Be sure your teeth are even, then grind slowly. Your teeth will tell you if your face powder contains grit.



Lady Esther powder passes the bite test with colors flying. It's GRIT-FREE—so smooth that it clings actually **FOUR LONG HOURS**. Pat it on after dinner, say at 8, and at midnight it will still be there, flattering you and your skin.

Does a higher price mean a better powder? Don't be deceived! For even expensive powders often contain grit. *Impartial laboratory tests showed many powders costing \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, and even more, contained up to 20.44% grit!*

But there is no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. Day or evening, when you wear it, no harsh, "powdery" look will spoil your loveliness. For my powder will flatter you through busy hours with never a trace of grit to ruin its smoothness... to spoil the perfect blending of your most becoming shade.



Find Your One Luckiest Shade—Here and Now

If you want to look your best at a party, a dinner, or a dance, you must have the right shade of face powder. Why guess, when you *can be certain* as to which is exactly the right shade for you, the becoming shade, the flattering shade!

Find out right now! Write me—and I will send you 10 glorious new shades of my grit-free face powder (including my Champagne Rachel). Try *all* my shades—you'll be amazed to see that my beiges, dark rachels, light rachels, rose tones

and my natural are so much more flattering than the equivalent shades of other brands you may have tried.

From this complete range you will surely find the one shade that is made to order for you—the one shade that will make you look younger and lovelier! And because my powder is grit-free, it will never give you an ungroomed, "powdery" look! There is no finer, no higher quality powder in the world today—no lovelier shades. So mail the coupon now!

★ 10 shades FREE! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (56)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me **FREE AND POSTPAID** your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream. (Offer limited to one per family.)

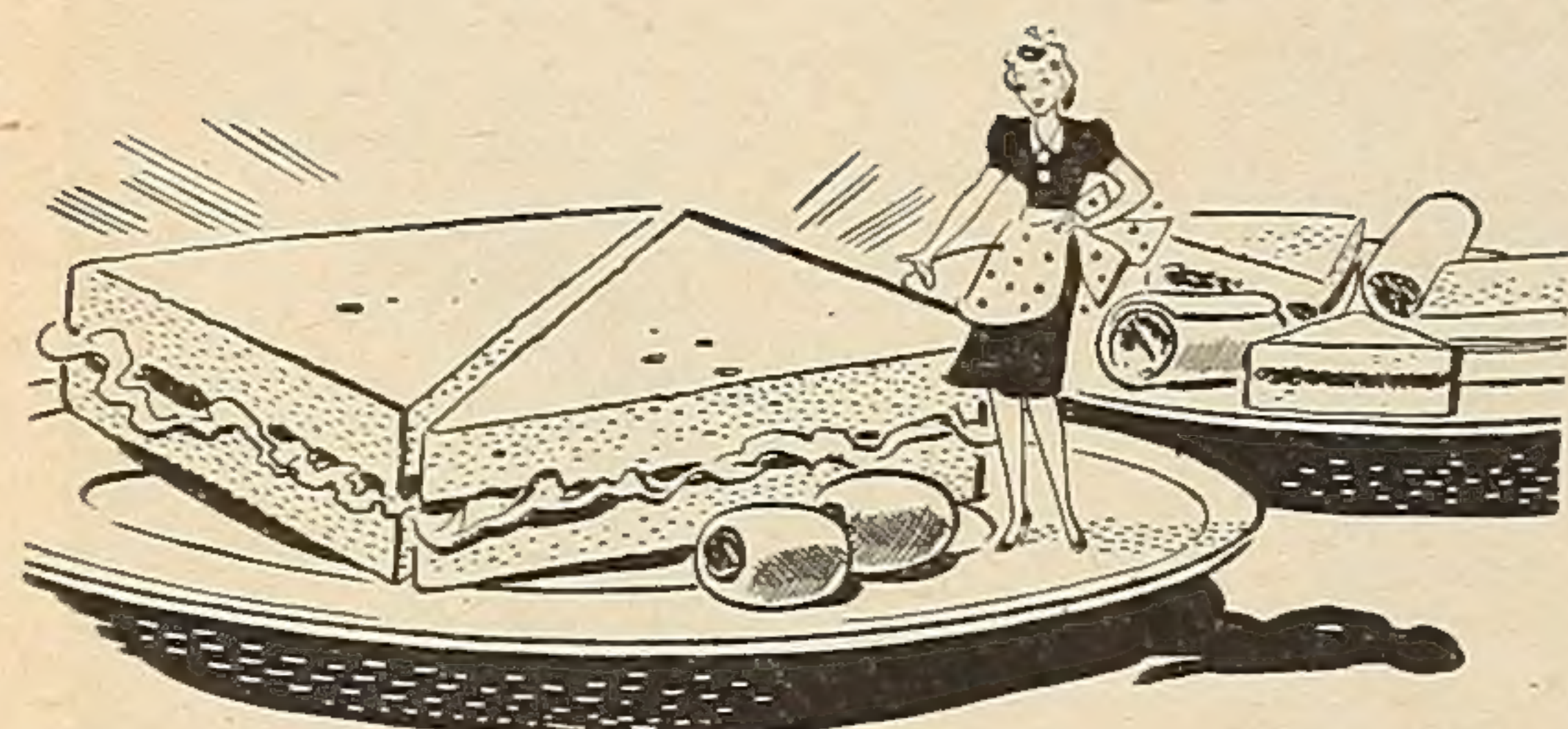
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Vary the shape of your sandwiches as well as the bread you use and watch your family stow 'em away.



By Marjorie Deen

SANDWICHES— AN OPEN AND SHUT PROPOSITION

WHEN THE Earl of Sandwich—card loving gentleman of another land and century—reluctant to leave the gaming tables, ordered for the first time on record a piece of meat encased between two slices of bread, all unknowingly he invented a novel food idea which was to make him famous! But it is a far cry, indeed, from that simple suggestion of his to the amazing variety of combinations which still bear his lordship's name—however little they may resemble his initial idea!

A veritable gold mine of information on this sandwich subject is cute little Rosemary Lane, currently appearing in "An Angel from Texas." Encouraged in childhood to take an interest in culinary matters by a supremely sensible mother, Rosemary followed up with a post graduate course in sandwiches in and around Hollywood. Here sandwiches, like everything else, are "glamourized" (sometimes beyond recognition!), and stars are honored by having sandwiches named after them! So it is small wonder that this bright young member of the Lane quintette of girls has several sandwich specialties which deserve your interested attention. And particularly so at this time of year when warmer days bring with them a desire for lighter, simpler meals and a freer outdoor life.

High time, therefore, for a review of the sandwich situation, especially since Rosemary is willing and ready to act as our guide and to provide some of her own favorite ideas for us to try.

First, however, let me point out that nowadays sandwiches are an open and shut proposition—the name being used to describe practically any type of filling or spread placed on a slice of bread and topped with a second slice of bread, or not. However, when crackers or slices of cake are used in place of bread, then the filling must be "sandwiched in" to belong under this classification.

And now for some tips on the technique of sandwich making and on the interesting types you can concoct.

IDEAS IN GENERAL

Day-old bread is usually recommended for sandwich making because, though still fresh, it cuts well. However, for rolled sandwiches, bread should be as fresh as possible to make it more pliable. For some types of sandwiches unsliced bread *must* be used; also, when many varieties of sandwiches are to be made, an unsliced loaf is more convenient since then you can cut the fancy ones the long way of the loaf.

Of course, you will need a sharp

knife . . . with a well sharpened tool you can cut even the freshest of bread paper thin, especially if you heat the knife between each slicing by dipping it in boiling water or holding it over a flame. There is also a new bread holder on the market which enables you to cut each piece of already-sliced bread—just as it comes from the store—into two thinner slices for daintier sandwiches. This is real convenience since we generally have, or can always procure, the sliced loaves.

Butter or margarine should be well "creamed" before using; that is, it should be worked with a stiff knife until it is soft and fluffy, so that it will spread easily and without danger of tearing the bread. Adding flavoring to the butter—such as anchovy and other fish pastes, onion juice or minced chives, chili sauce, molasses, honey and the like—also simplifies preparation and serves as a spread, or as a base for other spreads. Cheese of the type that is spread on the bread should be softened by standing at room temperature or, if necessary, by mashing. Frequently mayonnaise, cream or some relish is added to the cheese to make it spread more easily.

For the very thinnest sandwiches, the filling is spread on before cutting the bread from the loaf. This also is done



Courtesy Bond Bread

when the loaf is to be spread lengthwise. A sawing motion is recommended when cutting the loaf from end to end. Crusts should always be removed, except for the filling type of picnic and school lunch sandwiches.

IDEAS IN PARTICULAR

Your Party Sandwich repertory, according to Rosemary Lane, should include, besides the regulation wafer-thin tea sandwiches, such things as Cornucopias, Window and Ribbon Sandwiches, Pinwheels, Iced Open-Faced Bridge-card-shaped specialties and cream-cheese-frosted Sandwich Loaves. Her description of how to make all of these follows shortly.

Bread—the base for most sandwiches—should be varied. The same spread on different breads provides a welcome variety in both appearance and flavor. Using two breads for one sandwich is attractive looking. Then there are certain breads which call for certain accompaniments—such as ham on rye, high-flavored cheese on pumpernickel, cream cheese on date or raisin bread and on Boston Brown Bread, as well.

Luncheon and supper sandwiches, whether open-faced, single or double-deckers, are generally of the toasted or broiled variety. Sometimes they are deep fat fried, and Rosemary's idea for this is a honey! The same general idea, except that the sandwich is sautéed in butter, becomes a French Toast Sandwich and a palpable hit!

Sweet sandwiches are also a pleasing variation of this popular theme. A Desert Sandwich at the Lane's may mean any one of several treats. Sometimes it is a slice of ice cream between two pieces of sponge cake, generally with a sauce over it all. Other times it consists of chocolate or ginger wafers with a marshmallow or cream filling in between, and here several cookies are used to a serving. Frequently a Frozen Fruit Sandwich makes its welcome appearance. They're easy to prepare and will make the same sort of hit with your family as they do with Rosemary's enthusiastic household.

But right now it's knives and bread board, special cutters and extra-special spreads, loaves—sliced or unsliced—for we're about to make some mighty attractive sandwiches. (Continued on page 62)



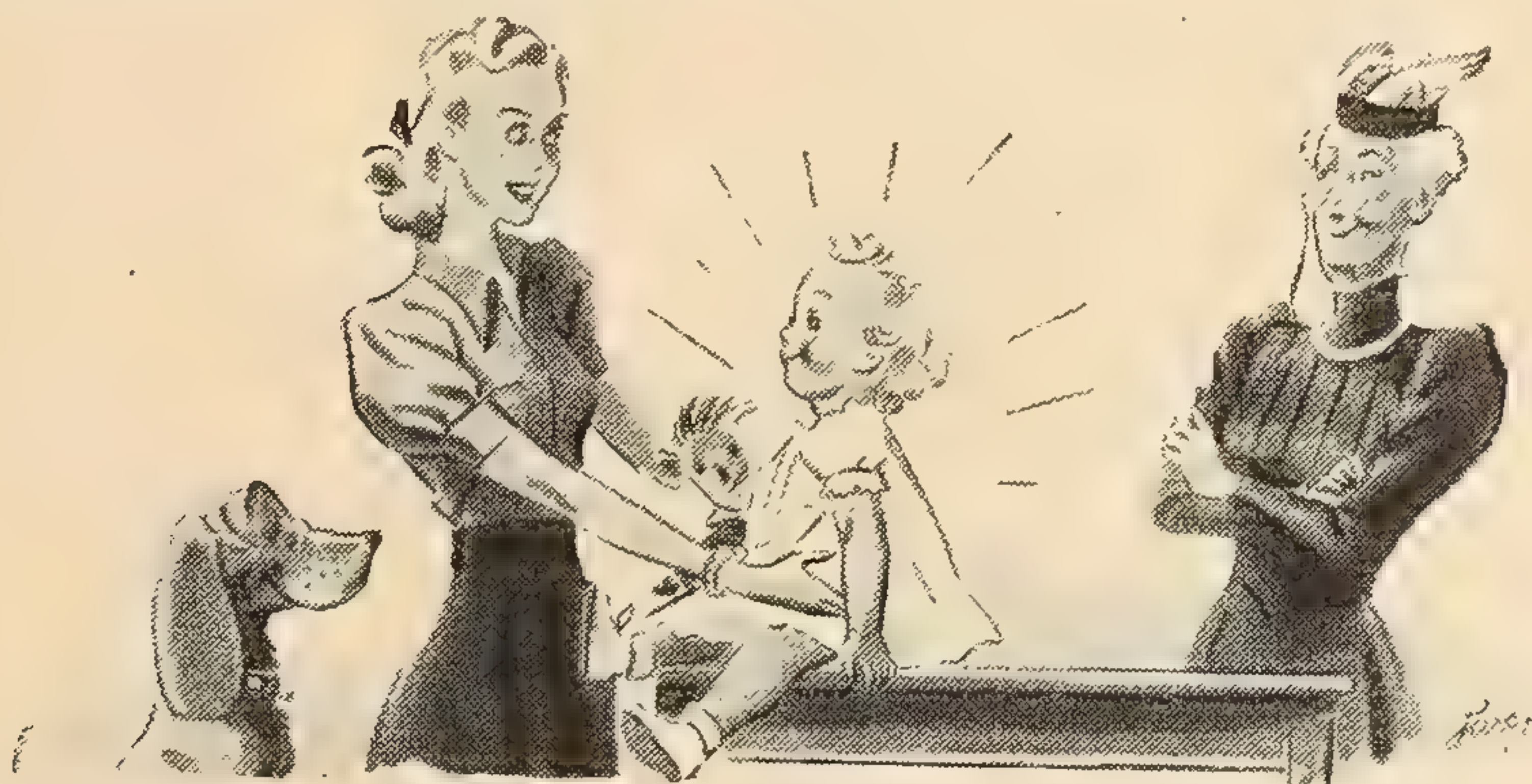
You may have thought you knew all there was to know about sandwich-making, but Rosemary Lane has a few clever suggestions that are revolutionary—but oh so good!



Meddle! Meddle! Meddle! Goodness only knows why, but this busy neighbor does it plenty! She criticizes you for this. She criticizes you for that. And glory, what a spot you're in—if she looks at your little angel and finds her dressed in dingy, tattle-tale gray!



Don't get mad—just get wise! For no matter how hard you rub and rub, some soaps are so weak-kneed they simply *can't* budge all the dirt out of clothes. So hurry to the grocer's and switch to the soap that doesn't give dirt a chance! Switch to Fels-Naptha—*golden bar* or *golden chips*!

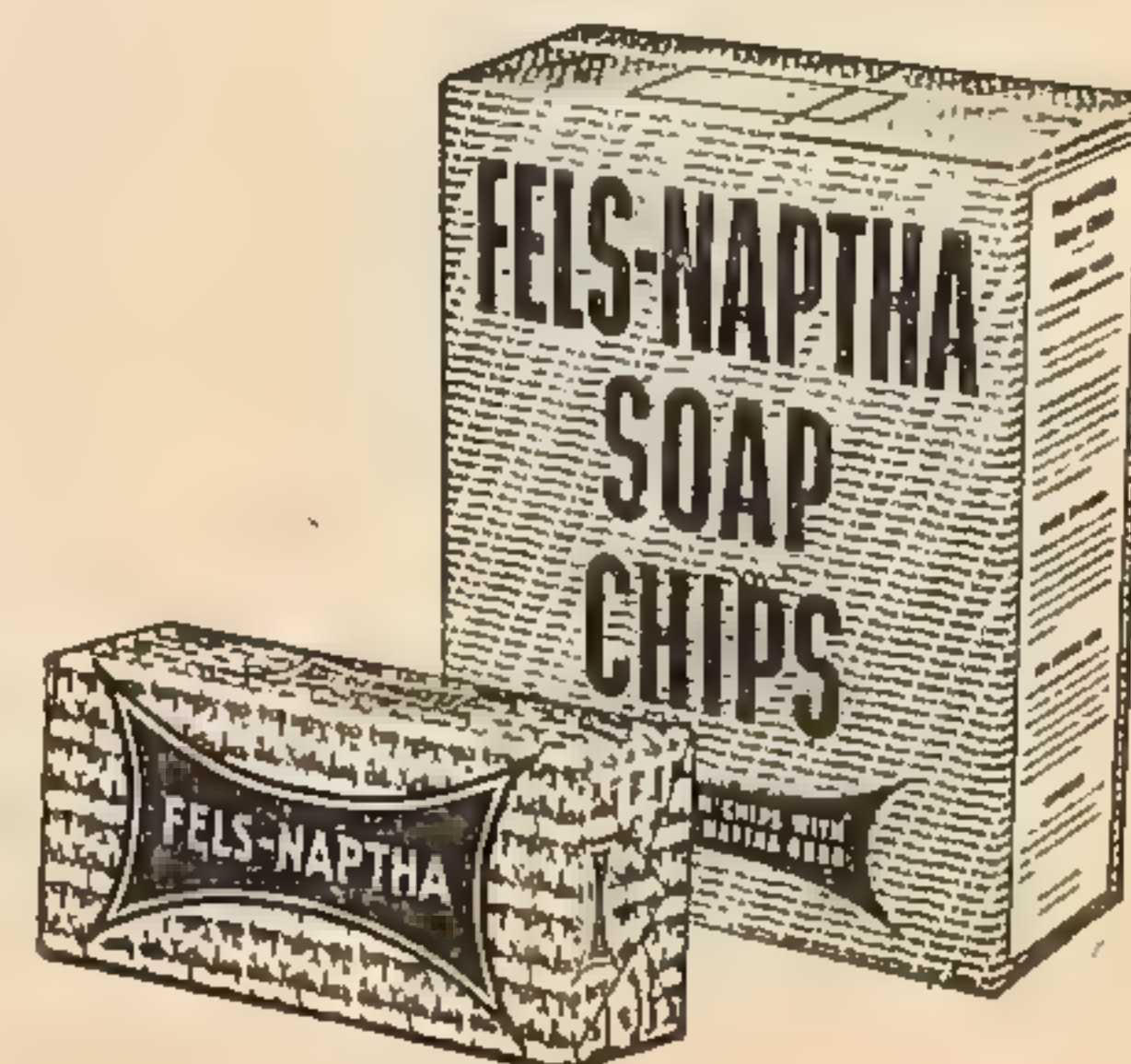


Then parade the baby in style! And prick up your ears—whenever that meddler comes around. For Fels-Naptha's richer *golden soap* and gentle, *dirt-loosening naptha*, working as a well-balanced team, make tattle-tale gray give up in despair. They get clothes honestly clean *all the way through*. So sunny-white and sweet—it's a thrill to have even a meddler notice—to hear her sing your praises to the skies!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"!



"Use the *golden bar* for all bar-soap jobs. It's just the best ever! Use the *golden chips* wherever you use box-soap. They're HUSKIER flakes—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And now they've got a new suds-builder that makes oodles of rich, busy suds. Simply grand for washing machines."



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

MOVIE REVIEWS

★★★★ Rebecca



Out of Daphne du Maurier's novel, already a stupendous commercial success in book form, the brilliant British director, Alfred Hitchcock, has successfully created a two-hour-long mood compounded of highly effective mystery, terror and suspense.

Writhing with diffidence, the second Mrs. de Winter (Joan Fontaine) is brought from Monte Carlo, where she was the brow-beaten companion of wealthy Mrs. Van Hopper (Florence Bates), into one of the greatest manor houses in England—one of those houses which apparently one lives for, rather than in. There she finds that the first wife has left her imperious stamp on everything, not merely on linen and silver, but on the servants and daily routines of the great household, on the very soul of her bitter and introvert husband (Laurence Olivier), who betrays at every turn his secret preoccupation with the dead woman.

Relentlessly faithful performances by Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier, who is the brooding and melancholy Heathcliff of "Wuthering Heights" all over again, make "Rebecca" one of the most powerful fictions in its peculiar cinematic field.

Judith Anderson is strikingly effective as the demented housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers, and George Sanders, Reginald Denny and C. Aubrey Smith are also outstanding.—*Selznick.*

★★★ 1/2 Primrose Path



From a fair-to-middling Broadway play of last season, Gregory LaCava has fashioned the most interesting, the most provocative and the most adult motion picture to come from Hollywood in years. Protectively cloaked in a conventional movie plot, it relates with tenderness, humor and an occasional touch of heart-break, how a little girl from the wrong side of the tracks, with heredity and the social order solidly leagued against her, by dint of awkward charm and determination, finally achieves love and happiness within the safe enclosures of the respectable community.

Mr. LaCava's selection of Ginger Rogers for the role of Ellie May proves to be as brilliantly right as it was daring. Joel McCrea, likewise, has been blest in his election for the role of Ed Wallace, whose "unserious" kiss kindles in Ellie May's heart the dangerous fires of love. But the entire cast is perfection itself.

By conventional standards, it is a region of queer and fantastic human fish into which Mr. LaCava so fastidiously dips his net, but it is the bona-fide folk life of America. There seems to be no good reason why Hollywood should continue to neglect it in favor of a phony world of pre-fabricated characters, imported accents, and a dialogue writer's idea of polite conversation. It can be first-rate cinema material. Mr. LaCava proved that.—*RKO.*

★★★ 1/2 It's a Date



There is something inescapably routine about this business of recording Deanna Durbin's cinematic successes, which follow one after another in an orderly and an almost indistinguishably excellent procession. By careful watching, however, it is possible to detect differences; for example, a professional reviewer with a mind and memory for such hairline things, can confidently say that "It's a Date" is superior by several technical degrees to its immediate predecessor, "First Love," although to Durbin devotees, of course, this jaded judgment will mean nothing.

The plot, which last time was frankly Cinderella, as usual is something simple and well-worn; that of the aging actress (Kay Francis), and the ebullient and gifted daughter (Deanna Durbin) who wins the big role and then, too late, tries to keep the humiliating knowledge from Mama. The solution in this case is a pineapple king who resembles Walter Pidgeon, and who evens matters in the feminine-vanity sweepstakes by preferring Mama to daughter. Thus, daughter gets stage role, Mama gets no-longer-young boy, and we get the usual number of Durbin solos. Samuel S. Hinds, Lewis Howard, Cissie Loftus, Eugene Pallette, Fritz Feld and S. Z. Sakall stand out in supporting roles. Directed by William Seiter.—*Universal.* (Continued on page 16)

THE FACTS BEHIND THE FICTION ON THE STARS IN REVIEW

Joan Fontaine

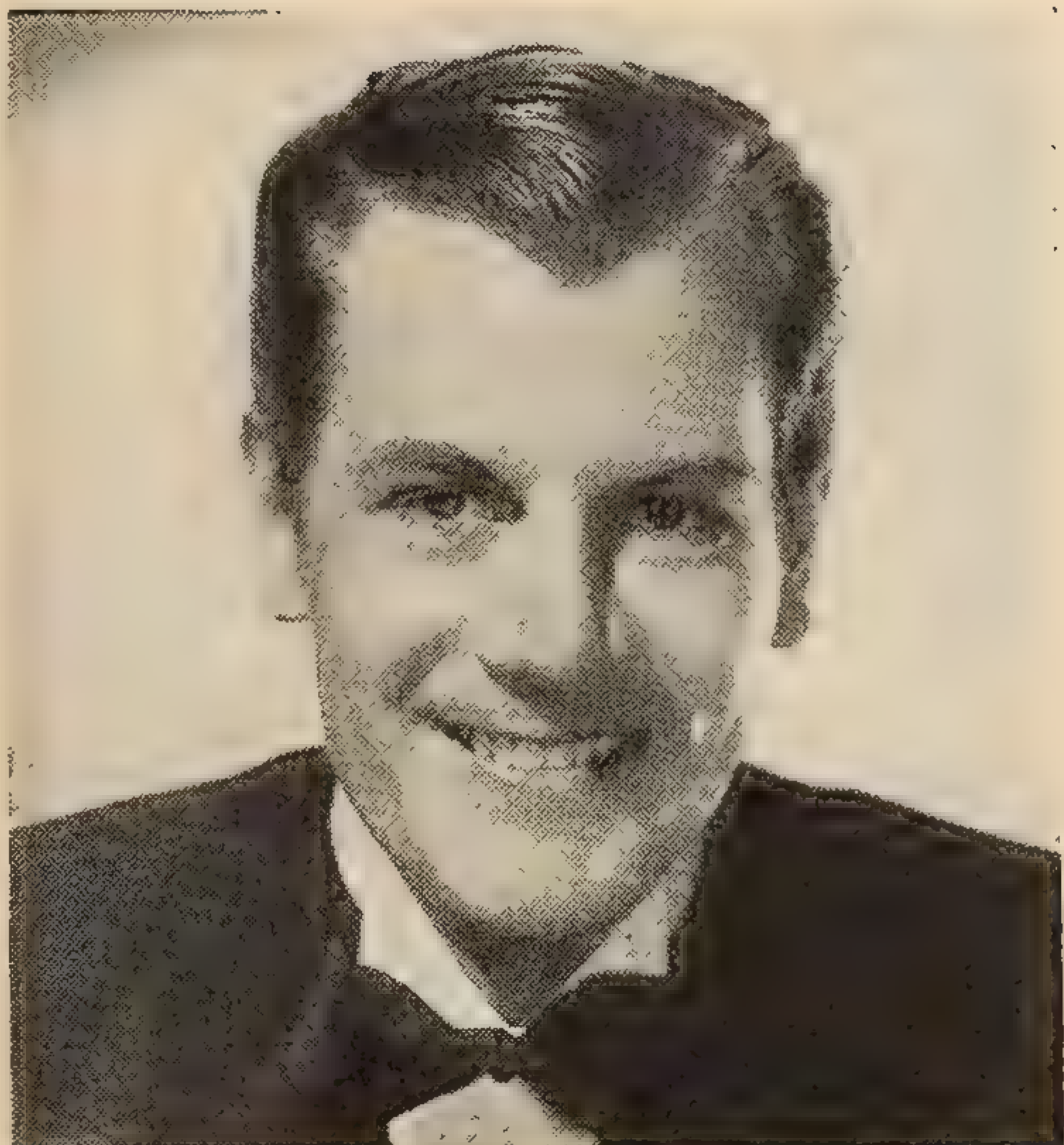


Joan Fontaine insists she doesn't deserve the widespread acclaim she's been getting for her subtle portrayal of Mrs. de Winter in "Rebecca." "You wouldn't praise Lincoln to the skies if he came back to life and gave a good performance in 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois,' would you?" she asks. "Well, Mrs. de Winter is myself in practically every respect, just as I was a few years ago. Why shouldn't I do the part with feeling?"

As a child, Joan was a semi-invalid who whiled away the bed-ridden hours with fantasies and daydreams. Growing older, she found herself shrinking from everything harsh and ugly, and retreating more and more into herself. Too frail at that time to do anything energetic, she turned to painting. This hobby, together with her acting, has given her the escape her temperament really needs. Perseverance, sensible living and a sense of humor have restored her to buoyant health, and in eight-months of marriage to Brian Aherne, she has found a love and understanding she never dreamed possible.

Brian's pictures and his problems are her chief concern now. And even as the young wife in "Rebecca" bloomed when she began to share her husband's worries, so has Joan, since her whirlwind courtship and marriage.

Joel McCrea

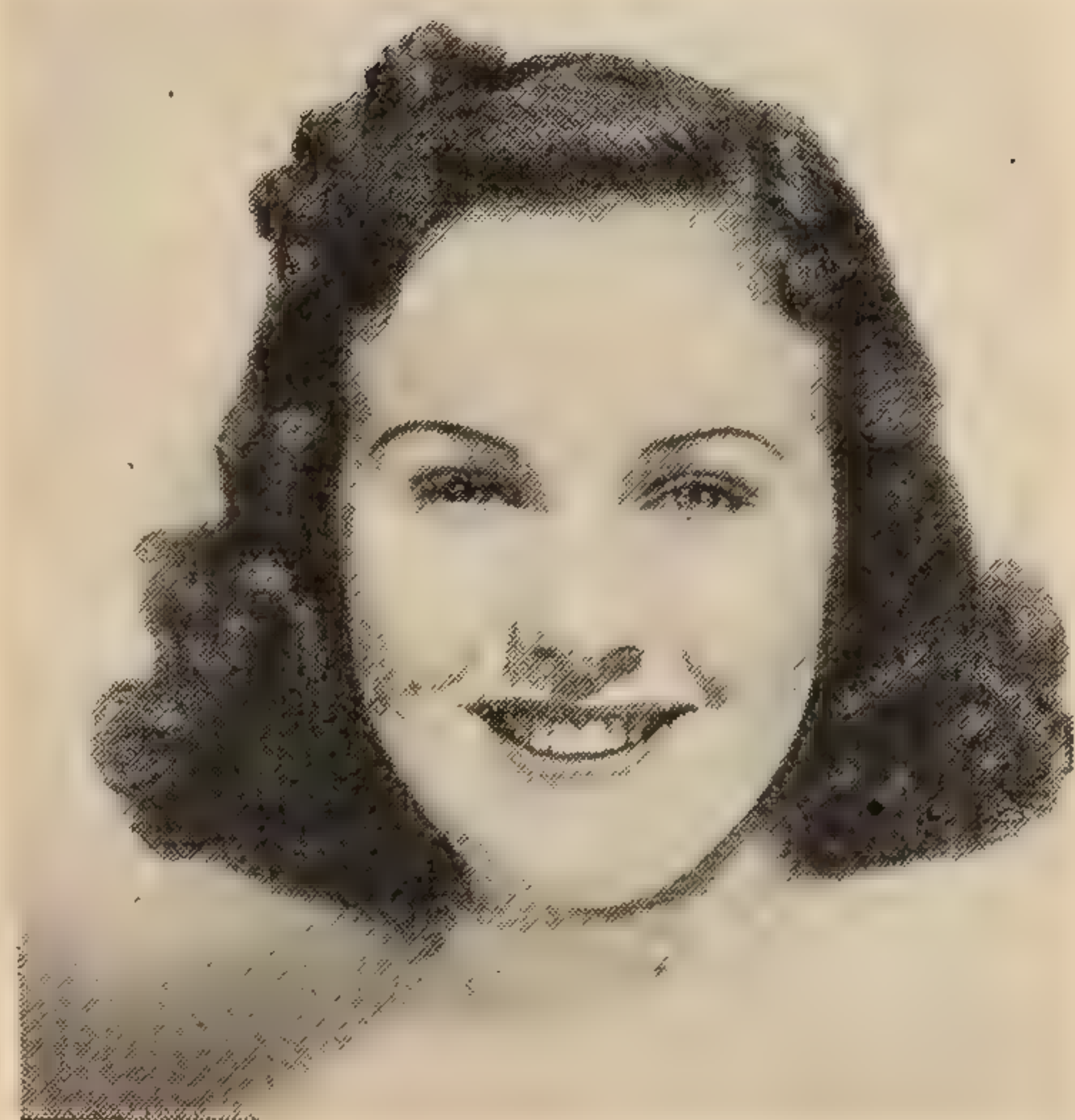


As early as 1912, when Joel McCrea was an unwilling student at Hollywood School for Girls (the only private kindergarten in his neighborhood), he decided he'd own a ranch some day, and gallop the length and breadth of it in a big sombrero and fur chaps. Where the ranch would be, he didn't know or care, but he did know one thing! There'd be no women on it! That hectic year with the co-eds of H. S. F. G. had soured him on everything feminine.

He spent the required number of years in high school, and later studied at Pomona College, where he appeared opposite Director Sam Wood's daughter in a college play. Though Mr. Wood came to Pomona to admire his child, he was so favorably impressed by Joel's performance, he remained to discuss a contract.

Today, acting is merely a sideline for Joel. He's managed to get that ranch, you see—1200 acres of it. There have been some slight amendments to his original plans, however. There is a woman on it; has been for nearly seven years—Frances Dee, whom Joel met when they played together in "The Silver Cord" in 1933. But luckily, she shares his love for the range.

Deanna Durbin



Whoever the prototype for the temperamental comic strip prima donna may have been, she wasn't Deanna Durbin; we have that on the irrefutable authority of Henry Koster, who directed five of her previous hits. Contrariwise, she's disarmingly modest. "I just happen to have one of those throats," she'll say and quickly change the subject. Not that the exciting events of the past five years wouldn't entitle her to a slight case of temperament. First, there was her discovery, then her tremendous success, followed by a new contract at a salary which reads like a social security number, and a romance spectacular enough to be a publicity stunt, but strictly on the level.

The first song she ever sang was "Pal O' My Cradle Days," and her family used to bribe her with dimes to get her to stop. Sensitive, shy and reserved, seventeen-year-old Deanna doesn't crave adulation. Yes, she's thrilled by her 9,000 fan letters a week, by the knowledge that she's the only honorary "girl" boy-scout in the world, and by the fact that she's been dubbed Hollywood's Joe di Maggio, having brought in seven screen home runs on seven hits. Yet, if it all went up in smoke tomorrow, she wouldn't really mind. Singing means everything to her, and success is just an enjoyable by-product.

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For lovable lips with plenty of "Man Appeal" apply the magic of **IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK**, the lipstick that's **WHIP-TEXT** for greater smoothness. Whipped again and again by a new secret process, Irresistible Lipstick is softer, smoother, more lasting, non-drying. In vibrant, exciting, clear colors that add witchery to your make-up: **FLASH RED, FIRE PINK, FUCHSIA PLUM, ORCHID** and other smart shades, with matching Rouge and Face Powder.



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A DOLLAR FOR YOUR

AIR YOUR VIEWS AND WALK OFF WITH ONE OF THE TEN

Leave 'em Alone

Every time one picks up a movie fan magazine or a newspaper column dealing with Hollywood screen stars, one finds somebody crabbing because some important star or other refuses to live his or her life in full view of the ogling public. It makes a person sore.

I think a screen personality owes no more and no less to his or her public than to give genuine relaxation and enjoyment while on the screen. What a screen actor does in his spare time is the business of that screen actor only, and not the public at large. Can a talented and finely strung human being, who works hard all day before a battery of cameras and bright lights, dash out with a new escort to some whoopee spot every other night and still give an unselfish performance before the same cameras the next day? Of course not. And neither can a marriage last and be successful if husband and wife can't enjoy a little of this country's famous "personal freedom."

If Greta Garbo wants to be alone, leave her alone, I say. She's only being sensible. And if Bing Crosby doesn't answer personally every phone call from some good friend, he's not being snooty. Nobody likes to live in a glass house all the time.—Ray Ellsworth, Rochester, N. Y.

To Hedy Lamarr

I've heard them complain about Hedy So loudly they ruined the show; Some less gifted ladies are ready To tear her to pieces, I know.

I don't blame the unhappy biddies Who take out their hammers and knock. To one with a face that scares kiddies, Perfection must come as a shock.

I'm really no judge of an actress. Perhaps she won't rank with the best. But I know she's my benefactress Whenever my eyes need a rest.

A "close-up" of her in the moonlight, A breeze doing tricks with her hair, And maybe she can't act the least mite; I don't know and don't even care.

—L. Paul Roberts, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dissenting Voice

I was extremely disappointed to learn that Vivien Leigh, not Bette Davis, was the recipient of this year's Academy Award. What right had they to give the "Oscar" to a star who has had only one great picture to back her? Hasn't Miss Leigh been in pictures before this "G.W.T.W." epic? And hasn't she just been "among those present" as far as the fans were concerned? Did she ever attract any attention before they thought she looked the way Scarlett O'Hara should look? It isn't fair that Miss Davis be de-throned by a star who was lucky enough to get the most talked about role in all movie history. Furthermore, Bette could have acted that part just as convincingly.

Physically speaking, Bette isn't as much Scarlett as is Vivien Leigh, but that doesn't say she couldn't have handled the role just as well or better. Look at what she did with "Elizabeth" and "The Old



THOUGHTS

PRIZES AWARDED MONTHLY

Maid!" She didn't look like either of them, either, but did we ever give that a thought?

I don't dislike Vivien at all. She was grand in "Gone With the Wind." We cannot, however, adjudge her worthy of that most coveted award just on the strength of one picture. The other choices were perfectly satisfactory. I did think Clark Gable would get one for his 18 carat "Rhett," but then Robert Donat was just as good in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." All in all, it was a pretty fair outcome, and the "best of everything to the winners."—Jane Brennan, Beverly, New Jersey.

Accuracy or Artistry?

When I saw "Swanee River" I thought it the most beautiful picture I had ever seen from the standpoint of Technicolor. The picture, in a biographical respect, disturbed me so that I could hardly wait to get home and straighten myself out on the dates and doings of Stephen Foster. When I discovered I was right and the screen wrong, I was about to sit down and write a letter asking how come the research department hadn't caught the slips! Before I wrote that letter, however, I got hold of a copy of your magazine (April) and read that biographies are sometimes revised, and that such was the case in "Swanee River," in order to give Don Ameche more opportunity to use his grand singing voice. This was quite satisfying to me, but I wished I had been tipped off before seeing the picture.

Biographical pictures could be very educational, and I believe that they

(Continued on page 89)

PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH THE BEAUTIFUL



CLAIRE TREVOR'S BEAUTY CAPTIVATES IN REPUBLIC'S PRODUCTION, "THE DARK COMMAND"

CLAIRE TREVOR discovers the Woodbury Beauty Nightcap

...a night treatment with luscious Woodbury Cold Cream... as told by

Louella Parsons
Famous Movie Columnist



1. I dropped in recently at the atelier of a leading Hollywood dress designer, where Claire was having a new gown fitted. Madame E. was saying, "The perfect care for your skin is a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap."



2. "You know, Woodbury Cold Cream," Madame E. continued, "acts three ways... cleans, softens and peps up your skin. Apply a liberal coating of this germ-free cream. Then leave on a light film all night."



3. Next time I saw Claire Trevor was at the Charity Benefit. She looked a dream in her new gown. And she whispered that her Woodbury Beauty Nightcaps seemed to have kindled new loveliness in her skin.

Bestir Your Skin's Glamour While You Sleep

Tonight at bedtime, give your skin the tender care of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream. Woodbury's germ-free purity vouches for immaculate *cleansing*. Its rich oils cope with dryness...Woodbury smooths skin as it *lubricates*. A special Vitamin in Woodbury *invigorates*, too. Try a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap to awaken clear freshness in your skin! Generous jars, \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

CLEANSSES safely
Smooths as it LUBRICATES
INVIGORATES



WOODBURY COLD CREAM
THE 3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM

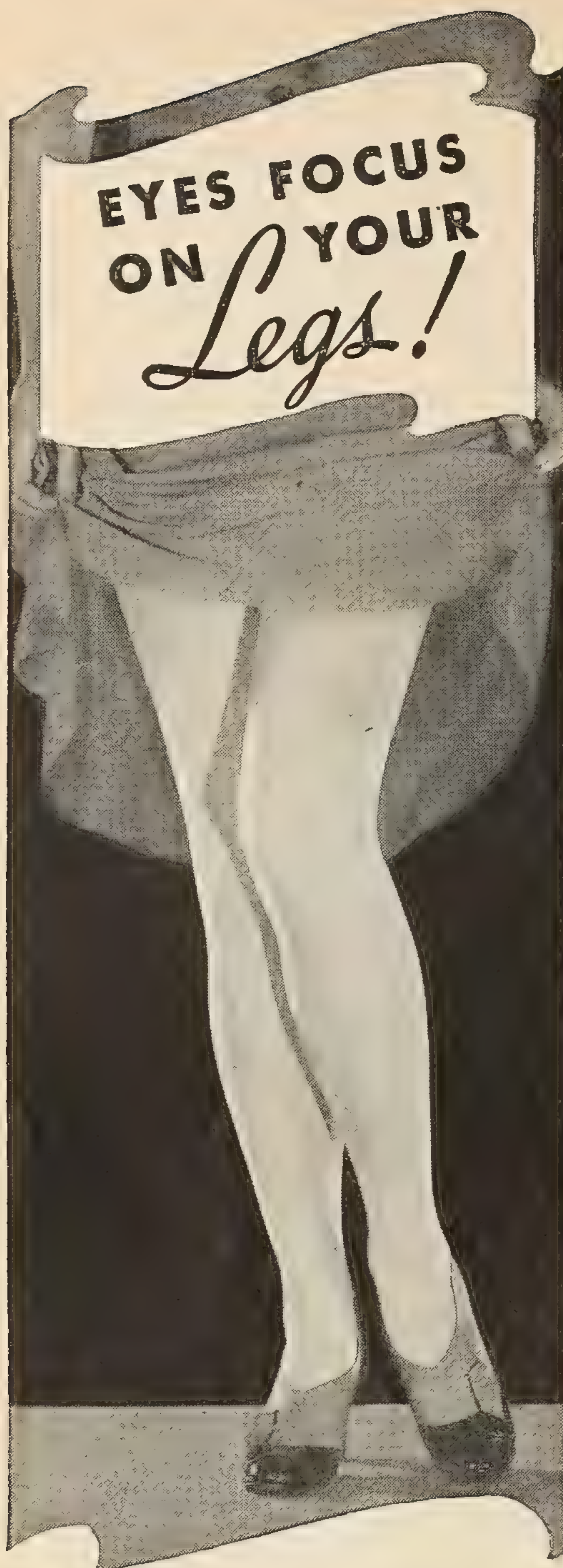
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Glorify your legs with the NEW Neet! For years the favorite cream hair remover of hundreds of thousands, NEET now is pleasantly scented! No disagreeable chemical odor. NEET is gentle, painless. Takes little time, no bother to use! Just spread NEET over unwanted hair. Leave on ONLY four to five minutes. Then rinse off with water. Ugly hair disappears from your legs, forearms and underarms. Your skin is smooth as satin and petal-soft!

Avoid Sharp Razor Stubble

There are no sharp-edged hair stubs to snag your stockings, no razor-scraped skin, and no danger of cuts—when you use NEET! Get NEET at drug, dept. stores. Generous trial size at ten-cent stores.



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 12)

★★★ Too Many Husbands

Like too many screen comedies, "Too Many Husbands" depends on the names and personalities of its stars to enhance the effect of its comical lines and incidents. The names and personalities of Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas have become sufficiently impressive through their work in fairly serious contexts to make their shameless clowning in the present exhibit seem a good deal more laughable than the exhibit itself. However, there are moments when even Miss Arthur, Mr. Douglas and Mr. MacMurray seem to find it difficult to keep their faces straight and it would be surprising if the infection of silliness didn't spread to the audience.

The plot, adapted with farcical unrestraint by Writer Claude Binyon and Director Wesley Ruggles from a Somerset Maugham play of the same title, is a screwball variation on the Enoch Arden theme. It appears that globe-trotter MacMurray returns from a supposed watery grave to find that his business partner, the double-dealing Douglas, has married his "widow" and moved in on everything which was formerly sacred to himself alone. The obdurate Douglas refuses to bow out, as any sportsman would, and the arch Arthur, relishing bigamy, keeps both spouses dangling till she finally extorts a desperate promise from MacMurray to settle down. The only other outstanding persons in the cast are Dorothy Peterson as an improbably romantic and garrulous secretary, and Melville Cooper as an improbably frozen-faced butler. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.—Columbia.

★★★ Virginia City

Errol Flynn's failure to show up for Warner Brothers' colossal publicity junket out in Virginia City, Nevada, might have had some connection with the way he shows up in the role of a Union intelligence officer in the motion picture

of the same name. He and Miriam Hopkins, as a chorus-girl Daughter of the Confederacy, vie with each other in making the characters they portray seem less believable than the things which happen to them. Fortunately, "Virginia City" is too big, too explosive and too spectacular a picture to be bogged down by anything so minor as the defection of its two principal actors. Like the Soviet army, it suffers great losses and abandons a lot of gear en route, but it keeps rolling irresistibly on.

It rolls for two solid hours, a cross-country wagon train heading for the beleaguered Confederate treasury with five million dollars in gold. Humphrey Bogart and his guerrillas are to right and left of it, Errol Flynn and the whole United States Army are behind it, and gaining, a dozen Union garrisons are in front of it, but the wagons keep rolling along, accompanied by Max Steiner music on the sound track. But Mr. Flynn overtakes them, of course, saves the gold and gets the girl, just as peace conveniently causes old enmities to be forgotten. Michael Curtiz directed.—Warner Brothers.

★★★ A Bill of Divorcement

Since "A Bill of Divorcement" has been screened twice before, the familiarity of the story may dim interest to a large extent. However, the excellence of the present cast makes the picture worth seeing again. Maureen O'Hara and Adolphe Menjou are the daughter and father who are faced with the tragic situation of hereditary insanity. Fay Bainter plays the role of Menjou's wife, and Herbert Marshall is the man with whom she is trying to rebuild her unhappy life. With three such capable actors, Maureen O'Hara would deserve considerable credit if only she managed to hold her own. But the Irish lass does more than that—she gives a sensitive and beautiful performance which highlights the entire picture. Adolphe Menjou is splendid in his role, while Fay

Martha Scott and Bill Holden bring the Pulitzer Prize winning "Our Town" to the screen. This will be Bill's fourth film, but it's Martha's very first. On the strength of her acting in the stage play of the same name, she's been signed to a five-year contract.



Bainter and Marshall give satisfactory performances, but are not very convincing in the romantic feelings they supposedly entertain for one another.

Dame May Whitty as the soured spinster aunt is perfect, and Patric Knowles is appealing in the romantic role opposite Maureen O'Hara. C. Aubrey Smith is effective as the family physician and adviser, and both Kathryn Collier, the housekeeper, and Lauri Beatty are noteworthy. A sombre note is struck from the moment the picture opens, and the sense of impending sorrow and sacrifice throughout is not conducive to relaxation. However, it is a fascinating picture if you are not bent on pure unadulterated entertainment. Directed by John Farrow. —RKO-Radio.

★★★ Dr. Cyclops

A weird, fantastic tale set in the deep jungle, with a mad doctor as the raging "Dr. Cyclops," this picture is one of the most unusual ever filmed in Technicolor. And to a group of little-known players falls the burden of enacting the strangest roles ever to come out of Hollywood.

A group of biologists venture into the jungle to help Dr. Thorkel ("Dr. Cyclops") in his scientific studies. The terrifying action begins when the deluded doctor thinks they are all trying to interfere with his work, and he reduces them to Lilliputian size. The helpless little people are completely in the toils of their mad Gulliver, and the resulting situations are guaranteed to keep you in chills and thrills for weeks.

Albert Dekker, as the scientist who is slowly going blind, is the most forceful actor in the picture. He makes you feel as though he were about to reach out in the audience and turn you into a minute human being before the next scene is finished. Janice Logan, Thomas Coley, Victor Kilian, Charles Halton and Frank Yaconelli as the Lilliputian people, all fulfill their roles well, though actually they are not called upon to do much more than scurry about like ants.

The trick photography and excellent Technicolor help to create the illusion of naturalness between the tiny people and normal individuals. Direction of the film is practically flawless, and, though the technical difficulties must have caused a lot of headaches, those concerned can now fling their aspirin away. Directed by Ernest Schoedsack.—Paramount.

★★★ Three Cheers for the Irish

As full of homespun humor as an old-fashioned taffy pull, "Three Cheers for the Irish" is one of the best down-to-earth comedies Warner Brothers has produced since "Four Daughters." And, in addition, it has Scotch and Irish accents so thick you could cut them with the proverbial knife.

The cast, topped by Thomas Mitchell—Academy Award winner—Priscilla Lane and Dennis Morgan, play their parts to perfection. As the Irish cop who has served the force for twenty-five faithful years and is then retired, Mitchell turns in a performance that is rich in Irish brogue and fine acting. Dennis Morgan, the Scotch rookie policeman assigned to take over Mitchell's old beat, vies with him for acting honors and should develop into one of the screen's top leading men. The three daughters of the old cop, played by Priscilla Lane, Virginia Grey and Irene Hervey, are subordinated to the men, but they turn in capable performances. Alan Hale, as the bluster-

(Continued on page 64)

"Dusk Rose is a Divine New Shade! So Flattering!"

—says Lovely Southern Del. Miss Nancy Calhoun

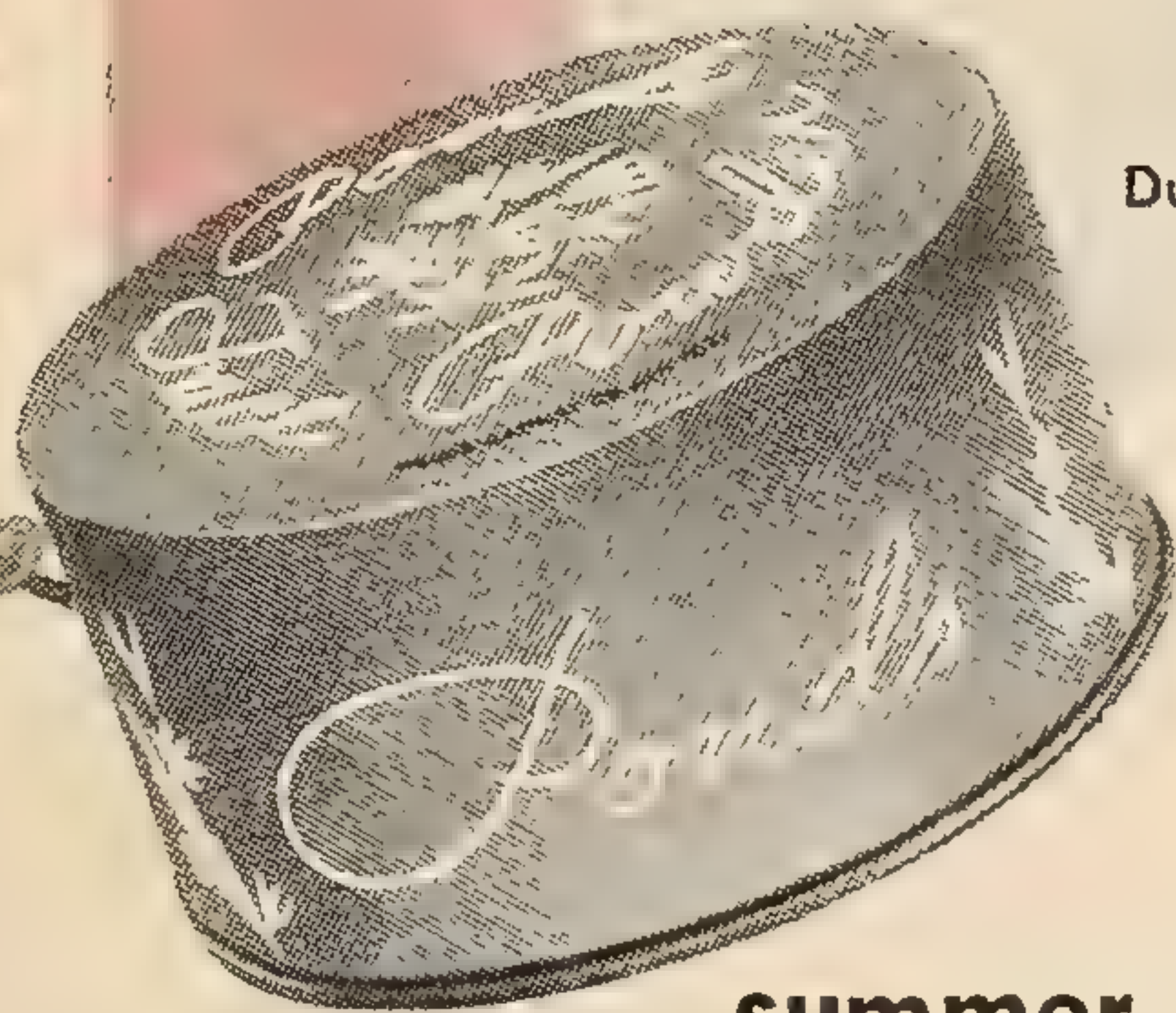


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A pale powder and harsh sunlight mean hard, ugly shadows even for lovely Miss Nancy Calhoun

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Dusk Rose keeps Nancy exquisite even under harsh electric lights or brilliant sun



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That's because the strong summer sun or the glaring electric lights can't cast hard shadows on her face. Dusk Rose... and all Pond's "anti-shine" Powders... absorb harsh lights and reflect the softer ones

from your face. They make powdering a far less frequent job!

Let Dusk Rose make you as romantic and bewitching as this Southern belle.

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\$3,000.00 "LILLIAN RUSSELL" CONTEST

Mark these TRUE or FALSE:

Fans! Here is your chance to win One Thousand Dollars—or any of 132 other big cash prizes! It's easy! It's fun! The glamorous, fascinating beauty, whose life and loves soon will be seen in the spectacular 20th Century-Fox picture, "Lillian Russell," inspired this Contest! All you have to do is check as True or False the statements in the column at the right. Then write a letter of not more than 50 words on the subject:

"WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

Be sure to send in your True or False List with your letter to 20th Century-Fox—and you can be one of the many winners! Read carefully the Contest Rules below . . . and start immediately!

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CUT ALONG THIS LINE

ATTACH THIS TO YOUR LETTER ON
"WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS
AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

YOUR NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

- 1 Lillian Russell was called "The Most Beautiful Woman in America." True ☐ False ☐
- 2 "Diamond Jim" Brady was Lillian Russell's ardent admirer and showered her with costly jewels. True ☐ False ☐
- 3 Lillian Russell was given a kingdom by the Maharajah of Rahndigoor. True ☐ False ☐
- 4 Lillian Russell's exciting life and loves will be seen in a motion picture made by Darryl F. Zanuck. True ☐ False ☐
- 5 Lillian Russell was discovered by the famous showman, Tony Pastor, when he heard her sing. True ☐ False ☐
- 6 The pavement outside Lillian Russell's home was studded with diamonds and rubies. True ☐ False ☐
- 7 Lillian Russell was the daughter of a President of the United States. True ☐ False ☐
- 8 Celebrated New York men-about-town returned to the theatre week after week to see and applaud Lillian Russell. True ☐ False ☐
- 9 Alice Faye will portray Lillian Russell in a motion picture soon to be released by 20th Century-Fox. True ☐ False ☐
- 10 Lillian Russell wore a wondrous evening gown woven entirely of rare butterfly wings. True ☐ False ☐



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1. Check the True or False statements in the space provided. Print or write plainly your name and address on the coupon and attach it firmly to an original letter of not more than 50 words on the subject: WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S No. 1 GLAMOR GIRL.
2. Mail your True or False List and your letter of not more than 50 words to the Lillian Russell Contest Editor, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation, 444 West 56th St., New York. You can submit as many letters as you want, provided each is accompanied by a separate True or False printed form.
3. Residents of the United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of 20th Century-Fox, their advertising agency and their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations. Contest closes June 15, 1940. All entries become the property of 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation.
4. Entries will be judged by the highest number of correct answers to the True or False List and, in the event of a tie, by the merit and originality of the letter of not more than 50 words. The decision of the judges will be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the Contest.
5. Checks will be mailed to the winners within a month of the close of the Contest. Anyone wishing a complete list of winners may obtain same by writing 20th Century-Fox and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

NANCY
KELLY

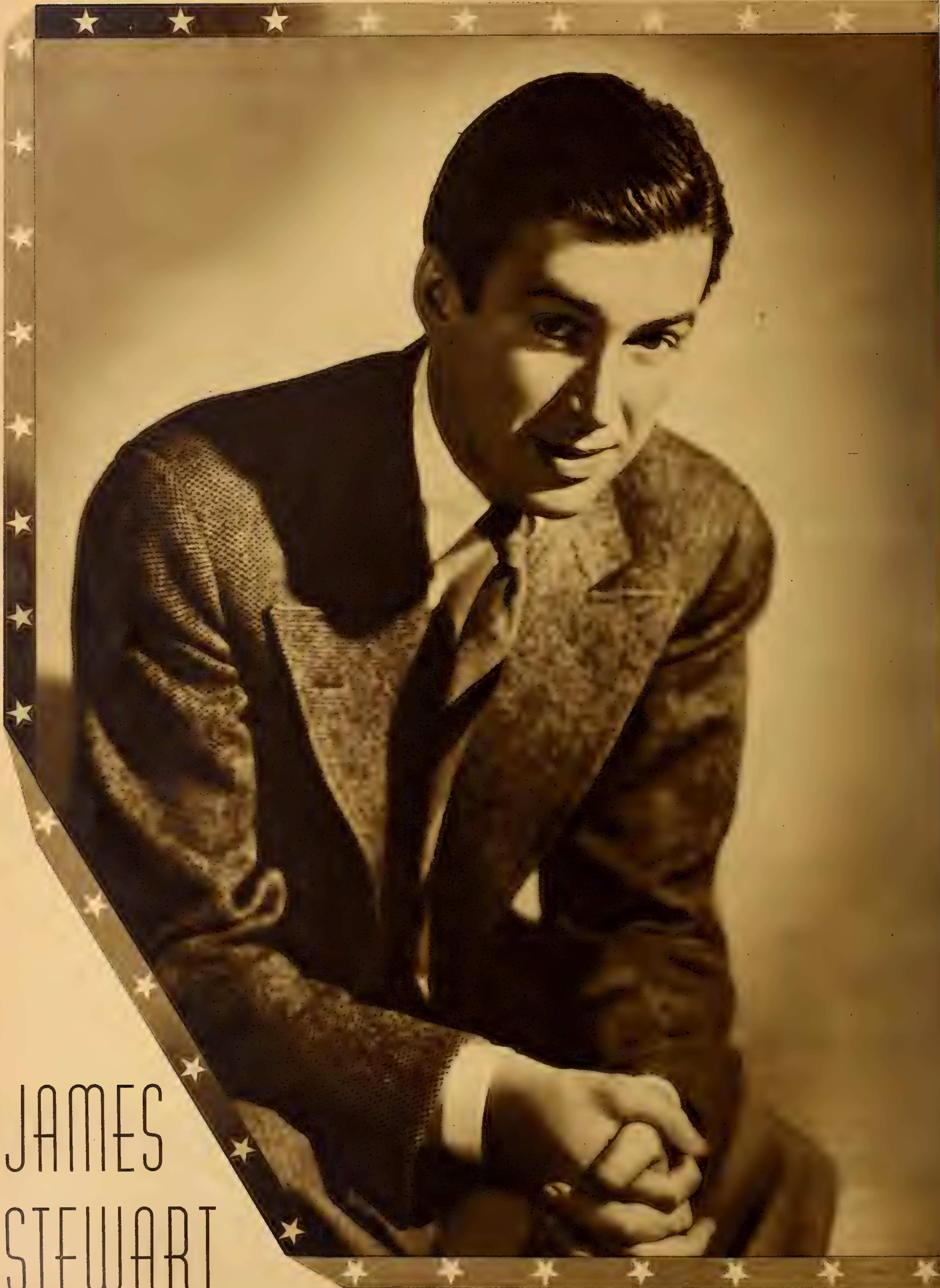




ROBERT
YOUNG

MERLE OBERON





JAMES
STEWART

LORETTA YOUNG

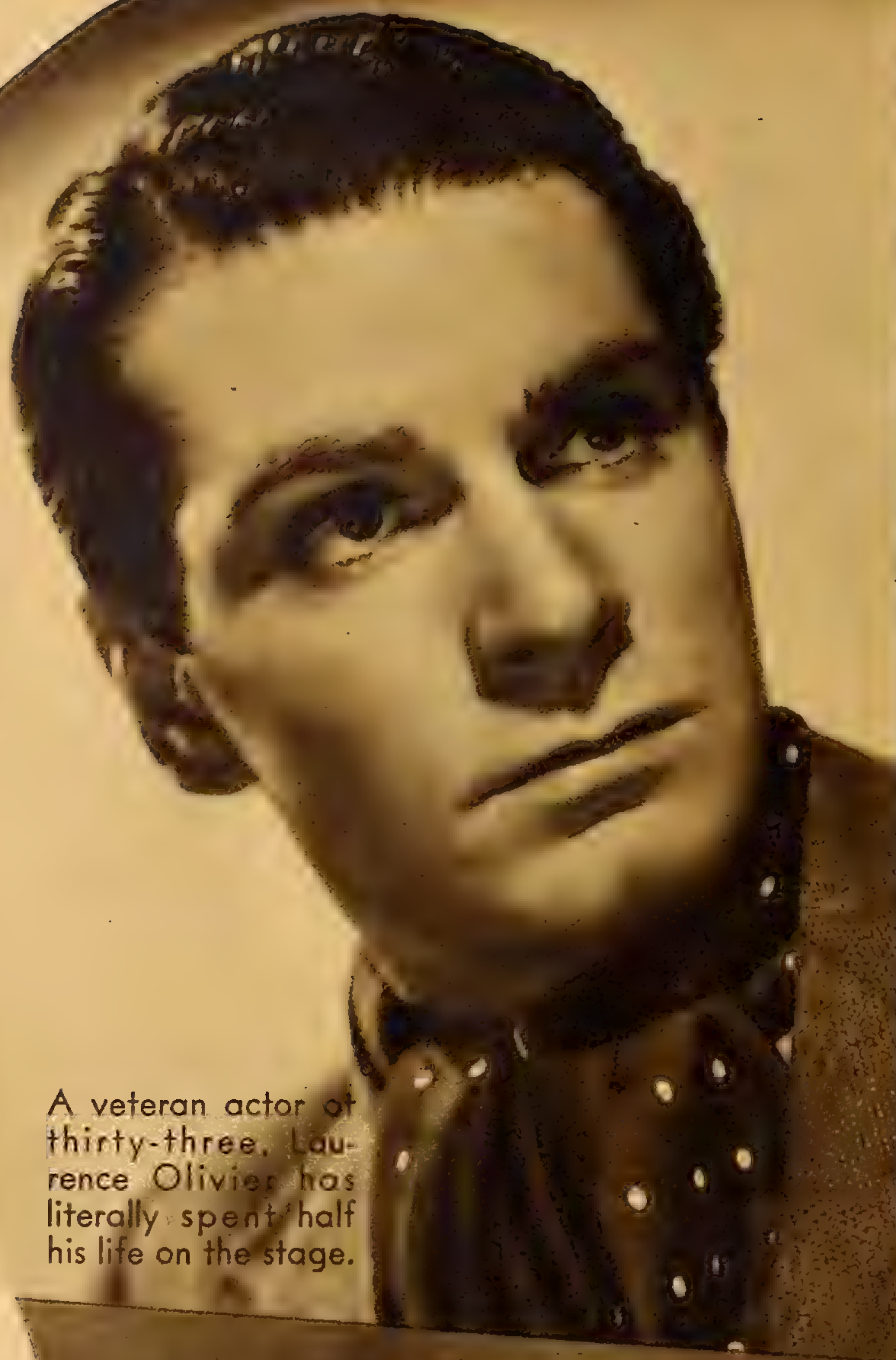


WILLIAM
HOLDEN





BRENDA
MARSHALL



A veteran actor of thirty-three, Laurence Olivier has literally spent half his life on the stage.



"No couple was ever more in love," says Larry. They plan to wed in N. Y. while on tour with "Romeo and Juliet."



Olivier co-stars with Greer Garson in a modern adaptation of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

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He may want variety in some things but, matrimonially speaking, Jimmy Cagney has a one-track mind. Billie married him on a shoe string twelve years ago and doesn't look a bit abused in spite of Jimmy's screen reputation for treating 'em rough.

By Katherine Best

Jimmy claims he's frustrated. First he wanted to paint, but it was too unremunerative. Now he wants to be a matinee idol, and his fans won't have it.

Side, a residential district not considered delectable by anyone who has ever seen the squalid fronts of those close-quartered tenements. It was on that date that Mrs. Cagney was presented with a wee, vociferous offspring which she immediately christened James Francis Cagney. According to existing records, it did not occur to her at the time that one day this same James Francis Cagney would walk out on \$4,500 a week.

In time, the Cagney menage was transferred to the Yorkville section of New York City, a famous breeding ground for criminals of precisely the type that James was to imitate at \$4,500 a week. By now the family was larger by a son and a daughter; making in all four boys and one girl. The next to youngest son, Jimmy, spent what is not considered a normal boyhood for the Yorkville region. He was interested in street games and fights, all right, but he was also interested in books, painting, dancing and music. There was no trace of the criminal tendencies that were eventually to crop out in his playmates.

His father was a bartender, and when that ignominious amendment was passed prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages, the Cagney household found itself without a breadwinner. Circumstances fell rapidly from comfortable to dire. The boys must go to work—that was the edict

of Mrs. Cagney. James' first job was custodian in the public library at 67th Street and First Avenue. Being "custodian" consisted of trundling books from one shelf to another. He was, within the next few years, a bundle wrapper at Wanamaker's Department Store, a waiter in a restaurant, an errand boy in Wall Street, a bellhop in the Friars Club and an office boy on the New York Sun. All this time he wanted to be a painter.

All this time, too, he was getting a sound education. He graduated from Stuyvesant High School and took a course in Fine Arts at Columbia University. He was averaging about \$23 a week from his various jobs, and when the opportunity arose to get a spot in vaudeville at \$25 a week, Jimmy Cagney did what is known as jump. His first appearance before a public that was to grow and grow was as a female impersonator. Records do not show how this public reacted, but it is common knowledge that the situation in the Cagney household the following day did not add to James' estimation of his theatrical talents.

He gave up playing women roles, but there was greasepaint in his nostrils now. The theatre had given him a mighty stimulation, and he was determined to stay in it. Painting was forgotten. His activities for the next few years were as intense as they were rewarding: the chorus of "Pitter Patter" at \$35 a week; a specialty act in the vaudeville team of Parker, Rand and Cagney at \$75 a week; the lead in "Outside Looking In" (Charles Bickford was also in the cast) at \$200 a week; a dancing act in "Broadway," then in "The Grand Street Follies," "Maggie, the Magnificent" and "Penny Arcade." It was during the run of this last show that a Warner scout sat in the audience to size up the picture possibilities of a young player named Joan Blondell. Blondell made the movie grade all right, but so did another player, a red-headed dancer named James Cagney. Warners signed him for three weeks at \$500 a week. Then another week at the same salary. Cagney was on his (Continued on page 96)



Director Litvak, Dialogue director Rapper and Charles Boyer pull some lines out of Mr. Richard Nichols, who "isn't in the mood."



The hairdresser tidying up Bette Davis is hired by the studio, is on the set the entire day and gets a salary of \$75-\$100 per week.

AUTHORESS Rachel Field has some high-toned ancestors. From her sturdy family tree dangle the impressive names of Cyrus Field, father of the Atlantic cable, Henry Field, editor, writer and preacher, and several other citizens outstanding in American affairs. Authoress Rachel is very proud of her distinguished kin, but when she decided to write a book about them, she did a sly thing. Blithely glossing over the famous, she built her tale around a comparative unknown—Mlle. Henriette Desportes.

Ninety years ago, Mlle. Desportes was the most notorious woman in France. Engulfed by a scandal she never made, her name flared from every headline while her reputation crumbled in the ruthless hands of gossip. Finally, pecked at and hounded beyond endurance, she fled to these United States in the hope that here she could bury, deep and well, the shocking story of her past.

And bury it she did. As Henry Field's wife, Henriette Desportes built a new life in this country. Discussion of her early history became taboo and not until 1917, forty-five years after her death, did



Litvak shows Boyer how to handle Richard. Boyer grew very fond of the little shaver who was picked from 500 child applicants.



Virginia Weidler and Davis get in position for a scene. Miss W. was loaned by M-G-M, to whom Warners pay her salary plus 10%.



Boyer steps into a 1932 Packard which is placed at his disposal by the studio for use around the lot. He has one hour off for lunch.



An electrician is setting the lights on the stand-ins for Boyer, Richard, Virginia and Davis. Stand-ins receive \$35 a week.

**"ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN
TOO," ANOTHER BEST-
SELLER, PROUDLY FINDS
ITS WAY TO THE SCREEN**

any Field dare to poke into her story. Then, with a book in mind, great-niece Rachel really got going. For two whole decades Rachel gathered the facts of Henriette's life, scouring old letters, pouring over newspaper reports and court records of the sensational Parisian affair and even turning to the Library of Congress at Washington for additional shreds of information. Her material collected, she spent the next two years spinning it into fiction and in 1939 produced her results, a fascinating yarn entitled "All This, and Heaven Too."

It is a compliment to the Warner Brothers that they recognized the book as a movie "natural" and bought it for \$100,000 before it hit the best-seller lists—in fact, while it was still in galley form. Now, with Bette Davis as the ill-starred Henriette, and Charles Boyer as the man in the case, "All This . . ." somewhat condensed, is being filmed. The book is so authentic a portrait of the period that no research was necessary in the preparation of the screenplay, and Rachel Field, though a resident of California and very handy, was not called upon to act as advisor. Miss Field, (Continued on page 73)



Bette knits between takes. Her 35 costumes are all very plain. The picture's \$1,370,000 budget lists \$35,000 for wardrobe.



Jeffrey Lynn who plays Henry Field, the man who finally marries Bette Davis, keeps his figure by daily pedaling around the set.

By Kirtley Baskette



You think Ann's just threading a needle but, in truth, she's giving an interview, whipping up a poem and planning a party.



But this doesn't mean that her sewing suffers. She does most all of it by hand, priding herself on her dainty stitches.

SUCCESS WITH A WHOOP!

IF ANN RUTHERFORD were only quintuplets, life would be so much simpler and five times the fun.

As it is, Mary Cecelia Ramona Theresa Rutherford does the best she can about it. She has five quite nice names, as you can see. Another that's much better known is Polly Benedict, Mickey Rooney's pulchritudinous puppy-love passion in the popular Hardy movie family.

Ann celebrates a couple of birthdays with cake, candles and presents—her own and Abraham Lincoln's. She has two homelands—Canada and the United States. She's the official sweetheart of five different national college fraternities, which is plenty of sweethearting, if you ask me. And while she played Careen in Selznick's "Gone With the Wind" last year, Ann managed to knock off five other pictures at the same time.

The point is, Ann Rutherford has recently been discovered in a big way by both Hollywood and the country at large. And right now the demand for Rutherford in all directions is so pressing that—well, there just isn't enough of Ann to go around! Even having a twin would help!

All this would be bad enough in the case of the average young Hollywood starlet who doesn't have much to do except look beautiful emoting during the day and decorating the cocktail clubs at night. But in the case of ambidextrous Annie, that life would be like lying in bed. For a girl who designs and makes her own dresses and hats, shampoos and sets her own locks, takes care of her nails and skin, refinishes her own furniture, tracks down her own antiques, knits her own sweaters, plans her own houses, cooks the food for her own parties, studies French, models in clay, plays the trapdrums—even writes her own poetry and brews up her own entanglements with boy friends—well—as Ann Rutherford sighed, "I feel like I'm always running to a fire. But," she confessed, "if I had to sit still, I'd die!"

Ann Rutherford was sitting comparatively still at that particular moment, in her pink and white dressing-room at M-G-M, where she had come for a quick lunch with me between scenes in "Pride and Prejudice." She didn't look exactly at death's door. In fact, I can personally



Miss R. is her own designer, too. If she sees a tricky bit of fashion at the studio, she's not averse to a little piracy!

These cozy photos notwithstanding, Ann can't be typed as a homebody. Sweetheart of 5 fraternities, she manages to get around!

TURNING OUT FIVE HITS AT ONCE IS A CINCH FOR ENTERPRISING ANN

RUTHERFORD, WHO BELIEVES IN TAKING THINGS INTO HER OWN HANDS

testify that Ann Rutherford, in the flesh, could "divy" up her natural helping of fresh beauty among four or five other spare selves and still have enough left to drive young males to drowning their sweet sorrows in double chocolate malts.

She has a round, little Valentine-heart face with a peach bloom complexion, eyes like dark brown agates and a cunning beauty spot mole on her left cheek. The rest of Ann was effectively curtailed by her pink, bouffant costume which billowed around her figure in terraces like a wedding cake. But I've never heard any complaints—five feet three, and a hundred and nine pounds well distributed are the official figures.

Ann fed Mary, Cecelia, Ramona and Theresa with daintiness but determination. She goes in for meat and solids. Having just turned twenty, she's still a growing girl. While she polished off two double lamb chops, a stack of French fries, peas, salad, and enough white bread to fatten the average star right out of pictures, she dropped her fork now and then to knit furiously, to give a quick

gander at the morning mail and doubtless to consider the complications of her social life for the next two weeks. All this time she was talking what is known as a blue streak and making it very interesting, indeed.

It's lucky, really, that Ann Rutherford is ambidextrous like this. She got in the habit of doing several things at once fairly early in life. The immediate results were sometimes tragic but, in the long run, they paid off. For instance, some seven years ago, when Ann was still Mary Cecelia Ramona, etc., and a thirteen-year-old Los Angeles high school freshman, she was huddled behind a history book one day studying the saga of the ancient Phoenicians. Ann could take the ancient Phoenicians or leave them at that point, so she absorbed a few dull details and then let her spirit soar by scribbling a poem. A firm hand gripped her middy blouse, and the teacher's voice read her poem to the giggling class. When she had finished reading, the teacher analyzed Ann's scarlet self in what is perhaps an all time low for hitting the nail on the head. Said she to our Ann: (Continued on page 81)

CESAR ROMERO never calls a spade an implement for digging. It is a plain spade. But when it comes to answering the query, "Who are the best women dancers in Hollywood?" he and his dark sultry eyes ask, "Who am I to judge them?"

All he is—as I hastened to remind him—is the best ballroom dancer in Hollywood, according to no lesser lassies than Joan "Dancing Lady" Crawford, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers and a dozen other dazzling damsels.

A slow smile traveled across his long dusky face. "You asked for it," he said. "This is where diplomacy ends and the truth begins. Stars, on an average, are no better dancers than their female admirers from West Chicken Coop Corners to New York City.

"But some are really dreams dancing and, of them, the smoothest I've ever met is Joan Crawford. She is my favorite partner for more reasons than I can enumerate. Joan is perfection. When we dance together, I feel as though we are one unit of

action. She has perfect rhythm, balance and posture. She seems to know where we're going before I do. I rarely have to give her the slightest signal pressure on the back or with my leading hand.

"There's something strange about Joan, though." Cesar straightened up in his chair in a sunlit publicity office at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. He flicked a speck of lint from the sleeve of his grey, collarless, especially tailored suit.

"Perhaps you won't believe it," he continued, "but underneath her womanly composure, she is as shy and self-conscious as a little girl. I first noticed this about six years ago when I came to Hollywood to play in 'The Thin Man.' We were dancing to slow dreamy music. A battery of camera men and bystanders were watching us. Flashlight bulbs began exploding. Joan started trembling. I knew she wanted to dance to the other side of the floor to avoid being photographed. To this day, she comes closer to me when she feels people are pointing her out, watching her or taking pictures of her.

"I've never bothered to ask her why

she feels this reaction. All I know is that she's such a splendid dancer that she certainly need not be troubled about spectators," Cesar said, his dark eyes looking thoughtfully ahead. He lit a cigarette, and the fat gold ring on the little finger of his left hand flashed in the sunlight.

"Now Loretta Young is the answer to a dancer's prayer. Man, she is lithe and willowy! I have yet to hear anyone who has been lucky enough to dance with her complain about her style. I'll never forget the first time we stepped onto a floor together. I didn't know what time it was, where it was or what the orchestra was playing. All I knew was that we were floating around.

"Unlike Joan, Loretta does not feel nervous when being watched—at least she doesn't give the slightest sign of it. She likes to be silent when she dances; she has an easy pressure on the shoulder. They usually say that Loretta is the independent-type girl, but I have always found her friendly and considerate. She is as cooperative a partner as there is. Take my word for it!"

Cesar ran a long index finger over

BUTCH THE BALLROOM DANCER



The smouldering-eyed Latin from Manhattan is building a bungalow big enough for two, but says he isn't ready to abdicate his bachelorhood.

Cesar, who once had to dance that he might eat, would forego an entrée for a Conga with Joan Crawford any time. She's his favorite.



the black-brown, square-cut sideburns that extend below his ears.

"But there are other stars who rate upper-bracketing with Joan and Loretta. For one, Ginger Rogers does. She has something that most women dancers don't have. It's an odd combination of poise and balance with perfect relaxation. In dancing, as in any sport, relaxation is an important factor. Usually a partner has good posture and balance, but she loses freedom of her muscles as a result. But not Ginger. No matter what the situation demands, she can do the step—anything from a waltz to the latest jitterbug step."

And what does Cesar think of jitterbugging?

He smiled. "I like it—for somebody else! It is all right for the younger crowds. But as for me, I'll take something easy like being a stevedore or a stoker in the hellish heat of a boiler room. It's not that these steps lack dignity. You can waive that objection if you're at an informal place and it isn't crowded. But it's bad taste to go bowling people over in your wild enthusiasm and knifing them in the ribs with (Continued on page 77)

**CESAR ROMERO GIVES YOU
THE LOWDOWN ON MOVIE-
TOWN'S DANCING DAUGHTERS**



BY JAMES
F. SCHNEER

Ann Sheridan's banter is a chaser for the Romero "moods," but she does break a few of Butch's commandments for dancers!



Ciro's

Sardi's Broiler

Cafe Lamaze

SUPPER MENU

Ciro's

SOUPS

EGGS

FISH

ENTREES

DESSERTS

The Brown Derby
1429 NORTH VINE STREET, HOLLYWOOD



Each year thousands of fans who know of no other way to reach their favorites address them at the Derby.

Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce admire the Derby's ice-sculpture. This piece is in honor of Fight Night.

WHY STARS LEAVE HOME

WHEN A man becomes successful in Hollywood, the first thing he does is provide himself with a good cook, an attractive dining-room and an attentive serving maid. That done, he reserves a table at one of the town's better restaurants and eats there five days a week.

This peculiar custom is no reflection on the cook, the dining-room or the serving maid. It is merely high and well-deserved praise for the eateries of Hollywood which in recent years have become the most famous dining-out places in the world. Today, almost

as familiar as Garbo and Gable—and certainly more accessible—are the Brown Derbies, Ciro's, Victor Hugo's, Sardi's and Cafe Lamaze. You can bet your last cent that an evening's tour of these spots will turn up more movie personalities than a day at Santa Anita.

Easily the most spot-lighted of all are the Brown Derbies, a chain of three restaurants originated ten years ago by Herbert Somborn, one-time husband of Gloria Swanson. It was Somborn who gave the Derbies their name, proceeding on the theory that a restaurant could make a hit no matter what queer

Sardi's delectable food, together with its no music policy, makes it a haven for hungry non-jitterbugs.

The Chaplins at Sardi's. Charlie talks a blue streak, and it's often an hour before the waiter gets his order.





BRUNETTE

WITH A BLONDE PERSONALITY

A STUDY IN GREENE

CAN 8,379 HARVARD MEN BE WRONG? A

MILLION OUTRAGED FANS SAY "YES"

By Irving Wallace



For six years Dick's face has been his fortune, but he doesn't approve of it, he'll have you know.

ON A certain afternoon a few months ago, the students of Harvard University went to their home-made ballot boxes and listed their pet Hollywood peeves. On that historic occasion, they voted young Richard Greene as the film actor "least likely to succeed."

When we passed Harvard's verdict on to Richard Greene, he clucked his tongue and replied, "I really don't mind such adverse criticism, as long as I'm sure it's intelligent and not purely malicious. I prefer a correction to a compliment. After all, adverse criticism can be helpful; while, on the other hand, you can listen to silly flattery all day, gain nothing by it and end up in a Fool's Paradise."

That was Richard's reply, very English and very tactful. Though well aware that Harvard's verdict was not "helpful criticism," he was in no position to defend himself. So, in a word, we take up the cudgels.

The college poll proved nothing at all—except, perhaps, that Harvard undergraduates possess the combined critical abilities of a roomful of very backward juveniles.

Of course, we freely admit that Greene may not be the greatest actor in Hollywood. His histrionic talents may not have attained the Paul Muni level—at least, not yet. But we absolutely refuse to admit that he is Hollywood's "least likely to succeed." That's utter nonsense—because he already is a huge success!

We see our first duty clearly. We must prevent angry mothers from boycotting Harvard, and we must not allow hot-tempered maidens to mail high explosives C. O. D. to Cambridge. It is our patriotic duty to explain exactly why Harvard students resent Richard Greene.

The explanation is obvious. All Harvard students are males. And, unfortunately, the average American male, handicapped by a profile that resembles a buzz-saw, retarded by a chicken-breasted physique, weighted by a

conversational gift limited to second-hand Bob Hope gags, resents anyone as well-built, handsome and articulate as Richard Greene of Hollywood.

That, ladies, is the reason why Harvard men voted against him. They saw in Richard those fine things they lacked. And they resented him, just as they resented Rudolph Valentino and Robert Taylor before him.

Being disliked for his attractive appearance is not a new problem to Greene. It has kept him awake many nights. "Do I consider being handsome a handicap?" asked Greene, echoing our query. "Well, definitely yes, presuming that I am handsome. It makes me too many enemies. Men, utter strangers or acquaintances, hate me because misled girls think I'm good looking. It's awfully embarrassing, really it is. And more than that, it's damned annoying—especially when men apply the phrase 'pretty boy' to me. Also, being considered handsome is a double handicap, because it immediately types you in Hollywood, confines you to ineffectual youthful roles and prevents you from obtaining meaty character parts."

We sat on a sofa, only two feet distant from Greene, when he told us these things. We sat close enough to touch him, so we feel competent to testify that Richard Greene, off-screen and in the flesh, does not look the pretty boy.

We could hardly detect his dimples. He appeared leaner and taller than we'd imagined. He seemed cultured, but it was a healthy, fresh and strong culture. He seemed a regular fellow, entirely virile, one who might know all the four letter words, consume iron ore for breakfast and indulge in Rabelaisian pleasures after dark.

While Harvard students might criticize his acting, they can't criticize his perseverance.

"My prime ambition in life today," he confessed, "is to become a good actor. A really thorough thespian, equipped for every role. If I've had any trouble, it's been mainly



It's no secret that Dick has one Field conquered. He and country-woman Ginny are inseparable.



In "I Was An Adventuress," Dick makes an honest woman of Zorina, a hardened jewel thief.

that I got to the top too fast. Nine major pictures in two years. I lacked experience and have had to pick up things in a hurry along the way. But I'm still absorbing knowledge like a two-legged sponge. I'm trying!"

And while Harvard students might resent Greene's well-chiseled features, they certainly can't resent his courage.

"I've been aching to go back to England to do my share in the war," he said, "but they won't let me return. They have too many army men on hand, and they don't need me. It was fine of David Niven to return on his own, but he's still trying to see army activity and can't, because they don't require his services—yet. The horrible day will eventually come, I suppose, when my country will need every man, and when it does, take my word, I'll be the first to go back. Meantime, I frankly feel I can do more good staying right here and, with the money I make, helping our cause financially."

TO KEEP the records straight, Richard Greene's current activities have been confined, largely, to turning in a performance in his most recent flicker, "I Was An Adventuress" with Vera Zorina. After office hours, his activities have been devoted to the soil and to Virginia Field.

Greene, springing from a family that had the stability of traveling salesmen, loves the soil. As he informed us, "My major desire is today being realized. I have bought a house and some land in the Valley north of Hollywood. I love the earth, and I want to build things of my own on it. I want to cultivate it. I want to construct a beautiful English stone wall, dozens of dog kennels and a thousand other things. When that dream is fulfilled, I suppose I'll have to find another."

Of course, the purchase of that property and that new house, encourages journalistic speculation and adds up, perhaps, to the mathematics of matrimony. Did the land and the house mean Richard Marius Joseph Greene, who

would rather read "Flash Gordon" than the current best-seller, was about to settle down?

The answer was a shrug of broad shoulders. And then, after the pause that refreshes, an afterthought, "All that talk in the papers about the exact time and date that I'm going to marry is fiction. I have no plans and, if I did, I wouldn't yet be in a position to announce them."

But when the time comes, will gorgeous, well-bred Virginia Field be the girl to move into that Valley home?

Greene, a practiced fencer, verbally parried. "This much I will say: I want no dull little glamour girl for a wife. I want someone I don't have to go to the Ritz with, someone I can fry bacon and eggs with, do you understand? I want a wife intelligent, but not intellectual. I want a capable mate, one with money sense. Those creatures whose entire lives center about fur coats and diamonds irk me. I prefer a girl who appreciates the simple and elemental things. Naturally, I want an attractive girl with plenty of feminine charm, but above everything else, I want a good companion!"

Did Richard Greene think Virginia Field possessed all these qualities? Well, he didn't wish to talk about Virginia, but dammit all, love is love, and he couldn't resist.

"It's true that I find Virginia Field more attractive than anyone I've ever met. She has it all over the glamour girls. She possesses all the qualities I would desire in a wife. Naturally, I love her very much. Virginia is a pretty girl, amazingly intelligent and fond of the things I like."

What philosophy was to Socrates, women are to Richard Greene—an open book. Of course, he wouldn't admit that. He is up to his ears in English reticence, but his torrid past speaks for itself.

The most torrid part of his past was his first love. At the mature age of six he fell madly in love with an older woman. She was a snappy (Continued on page 68)

Hollywood

SKIN

WANT TO WRITE YOURSELF A TICKET TO SUMMER ROMANCE, ADVENTURE AND SUCCESS?



Now is the time to use light, fluffy creams, whether for cleansing, lubrication or make-up foundation. Your skin must be protected against wind and sun, yet at the same time it must be allowed to "breathe" freely.



Arms, neck and shoulders that have long been swathed in heavy clothing will soon be exposed for the first time in many months. Smooth and protect them with creams, lotions, powders. And don't forget deodorants.



Your make-up should be carefully chosen not only to harmonize with your skin coloring, but also to create a fresh, cool and, above all, a healthy, natural appearance. Artificiality is especially taboo in warm weather.



Hands, to be glamorous, must be soft, smooth and dainty at all times. After every contact with sun or water, as well as after each manicure, massage your favorite lotion well into the fingers, hands and also elbows.



Legs and feet will come in for a lot of attention at beaches, pools and tennis courts. You will be wise to keep yours smooth and perfectly groomed. Depilatories and weekly pedicures are considered definite "musts."

THE DAYS when you could swathe a sallow, blemished or untidy skin in furs and silks, wools and satins and still look beautiful are vanishing very fast. Summer will soon be on our doorsteps, and that means low necks, short sleeves, backless dresses, bare legs and sun drenched days that demand smooth, clean, flawless skin, not only on our faces but all over.

A sedentary winter, robbed of sun and outdoor exercise; heavy foods with too few fresh fruits and vegetables; constant sudden readjustments from hot, dry, artificially heated houses to damp, cold, wintry weather; colds, fatigue—all these have taken their heavy toll on that most important single asset to your health and beauty—a fine textured, smooth functioning, radiantly healthy skin.

It goes without saying that, in Hollywood, where beauty is the stock in trade of every girl ambitious for any degree of fame or success, skin care and grooming is one of the first concerns of every feminine member of the movie colony. So let's pry into the beauty secrets of some of Hollywood's brightest stars and learn how they care for the skins for which they are so justly famous.

There's Virginia Bruce, for example, the flawless blonde; and Hedy Lamarr, the enchanting brunette; Ann Sheridan, the gorgeous red-head; and pretty, vivacious Helen Parrish, whose fresh charm is an ornament wherever she goes. What do these representative girls do to keep their skins so glowingly, radiantly lovely? The common sense formulas they follow are simple and intelligent, all rumors and build-ups to the contrary notwithstanding. The principles they practice can be adopted successfully by every one of you who really wants to have a beautiful skin.

First, you know that skin is not only an important foundation for beauty but it also constantly reflects the state of your health. Sallowiness, blemishes and poor skin texture of one kind or another are almost always traceable to an unbalanced diet (too many sweets, starches or sometimes meats), insufficient exercise, fresh air, drinking water or sleep; irregular elimination or too infrequent bathing. Physicians and beauticians agree that fine skin depends primarily upon good health. Local disorders such as eczema, ringworm, etc., or glandular disturbances (especially thyroid) may produce scaliness. For these conditions you should, of course, see a doctor. But ordinarily, a good healthy skin is something within the control of every average girl without benefit of anything more than energetic common sense.

A normal skin is neither too dry nor too oily. By virtue of its minutely horny construction it is able to cast off dirt and dead tissue. By means of its normal oil glands it is able to lubricate itself sufficiently for perfect health and comfort. However, the stress, strain and artificialities of modern living often exact heavy penalties from your skin and it becomes over oily, over dry or the pores become clogged, stretched and enlarged. Then coarseness, sallowness, blackheads, whiteheads, acne, etc., are the sad results. What to do?

Cleanliness, thorough and continuous, is of foremost im-

MAGIC

By Carol Carter

THEN GIVE A THOUGHT TO YOUR COMPLEXION

portance for both beauty and health. Your skin is a very busy organ. Not only does it have to provide a prepossessing exterior for your appearance's sake; but, even more important, it has to form an effective protection between you and the outside world of germs, dirt and disease. At the same time it must perform the full time job of a hard working organ of elimination.

Sooo—a bath a day is the very least consideration you can show it. Shower or tub—the preference is purely personal. But do use plenty of mild, oily soap and water. Also use a coarse wash cloth, brush or friction mit to stimulate circulation and to help in the job of freeing your skin of constantly accumulating wastes and toxins.

Fragrant oils, colognes, bubble baths and all those luxurious bath preparations are fine, too, if you enjoy using them. But they aren't exactly essential to either the health or beauty of your skin, though goodness knows they do provide a delightful sense of daintiness and luxury which has its advantages in building up a girl's morale, to say nothing of her glamour. After whichever kind of bath you take, use a big, clean, Turkish towel and massage yourself briskly all over to send the blood coursing through your veins and to wake up that sleeping color which should glow in every healthy skin. An after-bath lotion or a film of dusting powder add delightfully fragrant and luxurious final touches.

YOUR FACE, neck, hands and arms usually need cleansing additional to your regular bath. A good cleansing cream should be on every girl's dressing table. If your skin is oily, you'll want to use a liquefying cream. If it's dry, an emollient cream will do more for you. Apply either one generously, immediately after washing your face. Massage it in with deep, firm, rotary, upward strokes, being careful not to stretch the delicate face skin. Allow cleansing cream to remain on at least a couple of minutes, then remove with facial tissue or soft linen.

An oily skin is simply one whose oil glands are overactive. A good diet, including plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables, lots of drinking water, outdoor exercise and special attention to cleanliness are extremely important in your efforts to overcome it. Scrubbing the face with a soft bristled complexion brush and a mild soap, then applying an astringent or skin freshener, is an excellent daily habit. A cream of the vanishing type is best as a powder foundation for oily-skinned lassies. Be sure that you fluff your powder on lightly, never grind or rub it in to further clog the over-large and too-relaxed pores that accompany this condition. Frequent additional cleansing through the day with liquefying cream and astringent or some of those handy little prepared pads which you can carry in your purse or keep on your dressing table, will help relieve the annoyance of an excessively oily skin.

Dry skin is common in our larger cities where continuous scrubbing is necessary for cleanliness, and high nervous tension is always more or less present. It is also common among women who diet and deny themselves (Continued on page 74)



HELEN PARRISH
A Universal Player

CALLING

Iola Clark's office 'phone connects with private extension. She answers all calls with "Robinson's residence," relaying important ones to the house.



Peggy's been office-wife to Spence for two whole years but he still addresses her as "Miss Gough." She's 27, looks 21, and is unmarried.

SO YOU would like to be a secretary to a movie star?

You went to high school for four years. You're a typist. You're a stenographer. You think it should be a cinch.

But—how would you like to exercise a pair of wild horses in your lunch hour, introduce twenty-five people you don't know to a member of the United States cabinet, help your boss' wife be a columnist, buy woolen underwear for Annabella to ski in or explain to hundreds of adoring fans why they can't have a lock of your master's hair?

Yep; that's all part of the day's work to the widely-envied members of Hollywood's notebook and pencil brigade. No wonder they love their jobs, hate their jobs, swear to quit and vow to go on forever.

But none of those chores could discourage you? You still want to know the ingredients that go into the making of a Movieland secretary. Okay. Let's track them down.

First, take the case of Peggy Gough. Peggy works for Spencer Tracy. Two years ago, when Spence's former secretary met with an accident, Peggy, who held a clerical position on the Metro lot, walked into her job—and into a combination office-dressing room, next door to the one occupied by Greta Garbo.

"As it happens," says Peggy, "I've never seen Miss Garbo. However, when Mr. Tracy is working, I visit the set twice a day and, in the past few months, have taken dictation while either Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert or Clark Gable was sitting just a few feet away from me."

That doesn't sound too tough, does it? And neither does working from nine to five daily with a half a day on Saturday, or answering requests for Mr. Tracy's photograph and autograph, or seeing to it that his replies to fan letters reach a post-office box, or typing the stencil for the fourteen-page magazine young Johnny Tracy publishes monthly.

"Up to there, it's pie," agrees Peggy. "But when people begin to ask for such things as a button off the jacket Mr. Tracy wore in the last reel of his first picture, that's another matter! And don't think it's easy to make his admirers understand that my boss would be bald as an

eagle if he obliged everyone who wants a snip of his hair for a locket charm!"

Her typewriter and erasers aren't the only tools Peggy must have at her finger-tips. She keeps aspirins and an encyclopedia handy, too, for those occasions when she receives scrawls like the one sent by the little boy who'd seen "Stanley and Livingstone." The youngster didn't want an autograph. He didn't want a picture. He just wanted a few simple facts.

"You're a great explorer, Mr. Tracy," he wrote, "so will you please tell me how much it costs to take an expedition to Africa? I want to leave next Saturday."

Miss Gough, fortified by a sheepskin from the University of California, is made of sturdy stuff. She can take it. She knows that if you want to be a big star's Girl Friday, you have to keep your sense of humor on its toes twenty-four hours a day. And so, come hell or high water, come checks to be autographed or new scenarios to be judged, Peggy only smiles—and dimples. She'll bear up under any swipe, because she thinks that's little enough to do for an employer who is never cross, never demanding, never hasty.

"There's one thing, though," admits Peggy, "Mr. Tracy's a terrible tease!"

But she smiles when she says that, and you know she

ALL SECRETARIES!

doesn't really mind this little attention from her boss.

A college education isn't part of the background of 34-year-old Claire André, who is secretary to Joel McCrea, as well as the mother of a 16-year-old miss. Claire, an attractive brunette, didn't even finish high school, although she has managed, since becoming a working girl, to squeeze in night courses in costume designing, court reporting and Spanish.

Claire's husband, Carl, has been Joel McCrea's stand-in for several years. One day, Carl noticed that Joel's fan mail and business records were getting pretty well jammed up and suggested that he hire a secretary. But Joel is a westerner and doesn't do things fast. Two months later he shook his head and decided Carl was right. Then he asked for Claire, whom he had met only once.

Claire wasn't keen on the job. She'd worked with movie people before and didn't like them too well. At her husband's insistence, however, she visited the lot.

come to Hollywood and he accepted. Now his early ambition has been realized—he's practising diplomacy in a strange land.

Blond-haired and twenty-five, Walter Pick loves his job. "It's an exciting life," he says, "touching on every phase of modern living."

And he's not kidding. The variety of his tasks even includes acting as host at Douglas's swank dinner parties when Douglas himself is too busy to turn up. Recently, when cabinet-member Madame Frances Perkins came to Hollywood, Pick had to introduce her to twenty-five guests he had never seen before!

Besides taking Melvyn's son to baseball games and helping Mrs. Douglas keep up on the migrant problem, with his knowledge of political science, he aids Mr. D. with his numerous causes.

Walter lives with the Douglasses. He has been on the grind over three years, yet has (Continued on page 79)



Bill Gallagher, Ty's secretary, is at the beck and call of his boss 24 hours a day.



It's nice work if you can take it—and Walter Pick can. But it's only a means to an end for Walt who hopes, some day, to land a movie role.

"Well," drawled McCrea when he saw her, "I don't know whether I need a secretary or not."

"Oh yes," retorted Claire. "Well, I don't know whether I'd like working for you!"

They decided to try it for three months, but she's stayed three years. She labors five and a half days a week in a small office at the Paramount studios. In this two by four, with its walls covered with portraits of Joel, she does her employer's bookkeeping, reads and answers his fan mail and sees that he doesn't forget dinner engagements. Half of her time is devoted to handling the affairs of Joel's 1,000-acre ranch. And at the ranch, she must even exercise her boss' horses when he is busy and order the dehorning of his cattle when the proper season rolls round.

The story of Walter Pick is slightly different. Walter, who is Melvyn Douglas's right hand, studied at the Foreign Service School of George Washington University. He wanted to be a diplomat in a strange land. In New York, a few years after graduation, he ran into Melvyn and Mrs. Douglas, who is his cousin. The pair invited him to



Claire André, who was raised on a ranch, can discuss ranching problems as intelligently as any man. She calls her boss "Mr. McCrea"—he calls her "Claire."

HOW THEY THAWED OUT



Ironical that Madeleine, a rabid pacifist, is so often in war films and was a British captain's wife.



Tullio Carminati, Billy Gilbert and Madeleine in one of many tense moments from "Safari."



Jungle love with Doug Fairbanks is fine, but Madeleine's real heartbeat is a French politician.

MADELEINE CARROLL used to give one the impression that if you mentioned sex in her presence, she would blush, freeze or swoon.

Now you can walk up to her and say, "Miss Carroll, the suspicion is getting around that you have a large quota of feminine warmth"—and what happens? She smiles mischievously. Those blue eyes dance. And she doesn't hide the fact that she is finally hearing what she has been anxious to hear all along.

What she used to hear were things quite different. She grimaces comically in remembrance. Such things as Director Alfred Hitchcock's classic crack. Hitchcock was to do a picture based on the S.S. Titanic disaster. The producer asked him, "What do you know about icebergs?" Hitchcock lifted his eyebrows—Madeleine, telling the story, illustrates how high he lifted them—and said, "What do I know about icebergs? Man, I've directed Madeleine Carroll!"

She shakes her head about the reputation she seemed to have had for being on the frigid side.

"People used to wonder if anything

could thaw me out. Nobody," she says, with a mock sigh, "suspected that I had human warmth and only needed the opportunity to bring it out."

How did she ever acquire that Arctic reputation? Looking back, you can detect several possible explanations. First and foremost, she came from England. Justly or not, Americans don't give Englishwomen credit for being warm-blooded. Particularly if they belong to the social upper crust—as Madeleine did, by marriage. Furthermore, she was a college graduate, daughter of a professor. That made people think of her as an intellectual, a woman whose head would dictate to her heart. Then, too, press agents billed her as "one of the ten most beautiful women in the world." They weren't far wrong. But, by so doing, they placed her on a lofty pedestal, and people considered her aloof.

She puts most of the blame directly on the beauty publicity—and, indirectly, on herself. "At the time, I thought the beauty build-up was a great idea," she admits, frankly. "I was feminine enough to be flattered. Any woman likes to be called beau-

tiful. But I didn't foresee the effects of the build-up. It not only made me unpopular with other women, but it caused producers and directors to catalogue me as The Inspirational Type—a visual excuse for the hero to be pretty noble.

"It paid well, yes, but it was frightfully dull going. I wasn't having fun. And I began to sense that other people weren't having fun, watching this inspiring creature. I began to suspect that it would be only a matter of time before they resented seeing her—always with every hair in place, every expression beatific, every action chaste. She just wasn't human."

She tried to do something about it. For one thing, she tried to forget the camera and be herself. They wouldn't let her. When she talks, she has a habit of making faces, to help express what she means. "Madeleine," they would say, "you mustn't make those faces. They aren't becoming. And they aren't in character." Or, "Madeleine, you didn't keep your profile before the camera. We'll have to shoot it over."

The climax came during the filming

DON'T LET HER COLD, CLASSIC BEAUTY MISLEAD YOU—SHE EVEN HAD HOLLYWOOD

MADELEINE CARROLL



Madeleine, one of the world's ten loveliest women, spends less time in the "make-up chair" than any other star.

of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Toward the end, there was a parting kiss between the lovers—Ronald Colman and Madeleine. She approached the scene with the thought, "This should be a terrific moment, but it won't be if we both express our emotions like polite, reticent English people. I'm going to do my share to make it memorable." And she did.

The director, John Cromwell, liked the result. But that night the producer, David O. Selznick, saw the rushes. He called Madeleine at 3:00 A.M. "What on earth were you trying to do in that scene? You're so *sexy* in it," Madeleine beamed. So she had finally demonstrated that she was no iceberg! "I was only trying to behave like a woman desperately in love." He protested, "But this woman is a princess. She would be more reserved." "Princess or not," said Madeleine, "she is a woman in love." They had quite an argument. Madeleine didn't win it. A few days later, there were retakes. She had to change her performance.

But Madeleine didn't change her convictions. (Continued on page 91)

By
George
Benjamin

FOOLED FOR A LONG TIME

JUNE, 1940



He'll select your hats, sell your talent, look after your morals and, if you look anything like Margaret Sullavan or Lynn Bari, your agent may even decide to propose to you.

IF YOU'VE seen "Gone With the Wind," you know that Vivien Leigh is a sensation as Scarlett O'Hara. Even if you haven't seen the picture, you are sold on that idea. You have read the reviews. You know she won the Academy Award. You have read articles explaining her success.

Some of the articles give the credit to Vivien, herself, to her individuality, her talent, her will-to-succeed; others, to Producer David O. Selznick, who was astute enough to see her possibilities; to Director Victor Fleming, who handled her shrewdly, or to Author Margaret Mitchell, who created the colorful character Vivien portrayed.

The only person who doesn't seem to be getting any credit is the man who sold Selznick the idea that Vivien Leigh, an English girl, would be a remarkable Scarlett. That man is her agent.

His name is Myron Selznick and he is one of Hollywood's most successful salesmen of stars. He also happens to be a brother of David O. Selznick. Vivien knew what she was doing when she told him she wouldn't be averse to working in Hollywood if he could sell her as a dramatic vixen. The more Myron studied her, the more he saw her as one particular charmer. But how to interest David in another unknown—especially an English girl? That called for genius.

Myron displayed just that. He didn't go into a high-pressure rave about the girl. In fact he didn't even mention her name. He sprang her upon David as a

complete surprise. He took her out to the "Gone With the Wind" set the night that David started production by putting the torch to acres of old movie backdrops, for "the burning of Atlanta" scene. Myron waited until the fire had become spectacular. Then he walked up to his brother and said, "David, I want you to meet Scarlett O'Hara." David turned—and saw the vivid face of Vivien Leigh for the first time, lighted by flames that Scarlett was supposed to see. Myron didn't have to suggest a film test. David was startled into suggesting it, himself.

Vivien Leigh is a star today because she had a smart agent.

The same can be said of every star in Hollywood, from Lionel Barrymore to Shirley Temple.

You may photograph better than Hedy Lamarr or Robert Taylor, and be able to act circles around Bette Davis or Spencer Tracy, but you still need something else to become a star. Or remain one. You need a good agent.

This isn't a glamorous fact. It is carefully omitted from all of Hollywood's success stories. But it still remains a fact.

Every player in Hollywood is aware of it. Every player earning \$150 or more has an agent. And every player earning less would have one, only there aren't enough to go around. Particularly of the kind willing to gamble on unknowns who want to act, but haven't yet proved that they can.

Stars know what they are talking about when they



Gary Cooper



Greta Garbo



Margaret Sullavan



Ronald Colman

THEY SELL STARS

BEHIND THE SUCCESS STORIES OF GARBO, LEIGH AND EVERY IMPORTANT

STAR IS A SUPER-SALESMAN WHOSE PRAISES ARE SELDOM SUNG

By James Reid

advise unknowns with movie ambitions: "Don't come to Hollywood until you have proved your possibilities." Some day, some star is going to be honest enough to add, "and can afford an agent."

Why is an agent so necessary? Why can't an actor sell himself? The answer is this:

Once upon a time, there were no agents. Actors had to sell themselves. Most of them didn't do very well at it. They were in a class with gypsies. They lived precariously, constantly on the move. Here today, somewhere else tomorrow. They couldn't own anything that wouldn't fit into a trunk. The only way they could find employment was to be on hand when the work was passed out. When they did work, even stars earned little. Talent was valued low. There was a phrase: "Actors are a worthless lot."

Agents have changed all that. Today, actors are a respected race. If they have any standing in their profession, they also have substantial incomes. They have contracts guaranteeing them those incomes. They settle down in one place, raise families, have gardens, vote and make thousands of dollars a week.

Talent is a strange commodity. It can be neither weighed nor measured. But agents have brought something to the selling of talent that is used in the selling of any other commodity—business methods.

To give you an idea of the importance of agents in the movie scheme of things, there are approximately 110 agencies in Hollywood today. The William Morris Agency—the oldest, and one of the largest—sells more

than a million dollars' worth of talent a month. Of this, their take is one-tenth, or better than \$1,000,000 a year. Myron Selznick is suspected of making as much, if not more. (He is generally credited as the first to educate studios to pay featured players, as well as stars, those colossal salaries.) High in the six-figure-a-year bracket are Berg-Allenberg, Feldman-Blum, M. C. Levee, Sam Jaffe, A. and S. Lyons, Zeppo Marx, Edington and Vincent, Nat Goldstone—among others.

An agent is first, last and always a salesman. That is enough to make him useful to anyone with talent to sell. What makes him indispensable is that he is also a number of other things.

He is a shrewd judge of ability, and as shrewd a judge of the possibilities of roles. (And he knows, from day to day, every role that is being cast in every studio.) He is more than a job-finder; he is a career-builder. (It is to his advantage to be this, since he has a ten per cent investment in a player.) He is a personality-developer, a legal adviser, a business manager, a confidant of personal as well as professional troubles, a chaperon, an errand boy, a soft spot for a "touch" (loan, to you).

To show you how an agent operates, let's take a hypothetical case of a young player who gets a movie chance—a case that is a composite of hundreds. For the sake of convenience, let's call that player "you."

A talent scout for Studio A has spotted you in summer stock, a Little Theatre play, or possibly a Broadway show. You have been offered (Continued on page 87)

NOT FUN FOR ITS OWN
SAKE, THIS RIOTOUS PARTY,
BUT FOR A WORTHY CAUSE

Jimmy Stewart
tucks Olivia de
Havilland under his
chin and adopts a
tongue-in-the-cheek
attitude toward
those rumors that
she's ten-or-twelve-
timing him.

and their friends and families
and their friends and families
and their friends and families

through their international organization

Associated Actors and Artistes of America

request the pleasure of your company at the

"Gambol of the Stars"

at Eight-thirty o'clock

Thursday Evening, March Fourteenth

in the Grand Ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel

A distinctive program

Gay Lombardo's Music

Arleen Whelan, who is Joe
Pasternak's choice for Holly-
wood's prettiest, was hap-
pily reunited with Alexander
d'Arcy after a short spat.

Norma Shearer's attention
strays momentarily from
George Raft — whom she
met, by the way, on a blind
date—to Gary Cooper.



SOCIALLY YOURS,

SO THAT down-on-their-luck entertainers the country over needn't starve by the wayside or hop a freight home, the Associated Actors and Artistes of America held a gigantic benefit for itself and called it the "Gambol of the Stars."

The Association, better known as the 4-A's, is an organization embracing all guilds connected with the radio, stage and screen. Every man, woman and child in the entertainment world belongs to a guild for, like the pattern cutters in a cloak and suit shop, even the Crawfords and Cornells must hold union cards, if they expect to turn on their talent for even a day. Dues, contributed by more than 30,000 members, range from \$1.50 to \$100 yearly. The smallest sums, of course, come from extras on the Hollywood Central Casting office list, and the largest from stars who knock out several thousand a week.

Eight hundred people poured into the Hotel Ambassador's Coconut Grove and paid \$11 apiece to help the 4-A's help itself. For their money, ticket-holders danced to the music of Guy Lombardo, ate a five-course dinner and watched each other entertain in a floor-show that would have made the great Ziegfeld pea-green with envy.

The show, which started at 11:00 P. M., was m-ceed by Terpsichorean Artist George Murphy and opened with a Scottish version of a swing orchestra, rendered by the Hollywood Pipe Band. It brought forth an excited "Wonderful!" from Bette Davis who, escorted

by Bob Taplinger, Warner publicity head, was gowned in a black crêpe formal, trimmed with a frothy lace collar that looked like the frosting on a chocolate cake. Eddie Cantor, who appears at more parties than filet mignon, brought a stab of nostalgia to many an old-timer as, smeared with black make-up, he revived his "If You Knew Susie Like I Know Susie" and "Margie."

While Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart held hands, Mickey Rooney crooned his newest composition, "Oceans Apart." But it was left to a group of youngsters who have been poking fun at Hollywood with their musical comedy, "Meet the People," to stop the show. Applauding little Virginia O'Brien's take-off on a singing society girl, were Joan Bennett and Producer-hubby Walter Wanger. Joan's gown, created by Hattie Carnegie, had a pale pink bodice and a skirt that was a feathery mist of black and pink alternating lace inserts. Joan also sparkled her brilliant diamond and star sapphire ring, one of the biggest in film-land captivity.

Frank Morgan, the blubbery, blustering comedian, wound up the evening by attempting to explain the purpose of the 4-A's. He had his audience shaking with laughter, but if any of those present, from the bit players to the four-figure-a-week stars, left the Grove with a better understanding of their organization, it wasn't because Morgan's "A Word of Explanation" explained a thing!



Basil Rathbone, Frank Morgan and the latter's lovely daughter come up smiling after battling their way through the mob of fans in the lobby.



Marlene Dietrich shares a joke with playboy Tim Durant, one of her three escorts. Fashion note: Rings on her fingers, but outside the glove, no less.



Eddie Robinson, as a member of the floor committee, gaily free-lanced all evening. Here you see him with Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, a former script writer.

JULES BUCK, WHO
STALKS BIG GAME
WITH HIS CAMERA
AND TRIPOD, BRINGS
'EM BACK ALIVE



These new faces belong to Carole Landis and Kenny Morgan. Miss L. already has one movie to her credit and is now at work on her second.



Don Ameche was off-salary for refusing a movie role when this was taken, but still manages that smile. He even has Mrs. A. doing it.



Joan Blondell takes time out from her acting and household duties to read palms at Ciro's. "It can't be that bad!" shouts Mischa Auer.



Stuart Erwin, who looks groggy, himself, puts Pat O'Brien to sleep with a "funny" story. It's not often that Pat's caught napping.



George Montgomery, 20th Century-Fox player, substitutes for Brenda Joyce's best beau, Owen Ward. Her boy friend had to work that night.



William Powell and his twenty-one-year-old wife relax at Cafe Lamaze. They've been stepping out seven nights a week to show each other off.



Vic Orsatti, who usually flits from beauty to beauty, is on his fourth date with Helen Gilbert—which is practically "going steady" for Vic.



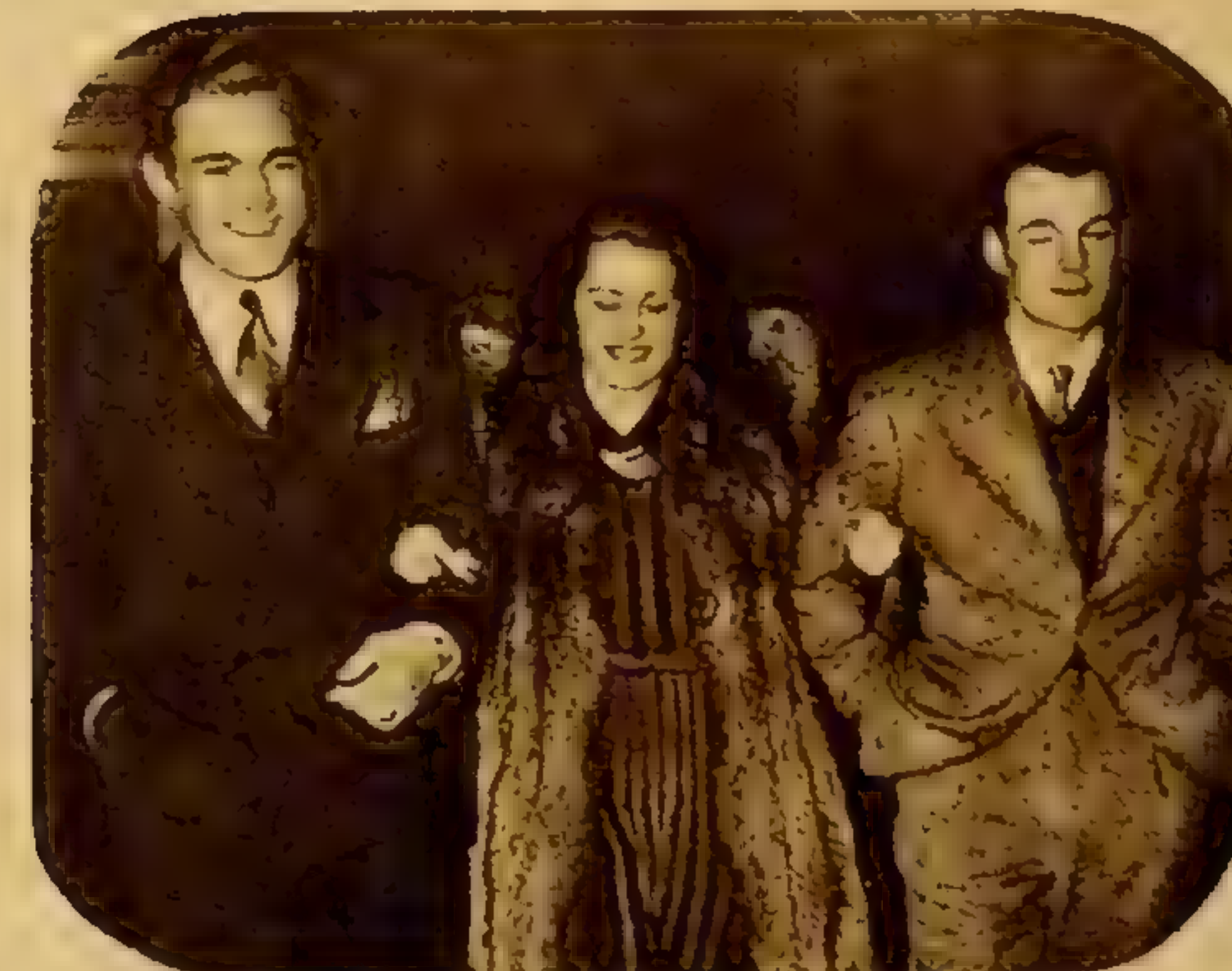
That look of contentment on the faces of Adolphe Menjou and wife speaks well of Sardi's. But this was before they'd seen the check.



Leave it to a Marx to figure out a new way to light a cigar. Minus his movie mustache, Groucho and his antics are as novel as ever.



Reginald Gardiner and Lucile Fairbanks (Doug's cousin) "swing it" at Hugo's. He's handing her the old line, but Lucile isn't falling.



Helen Parrish goes gallivantin' with Boy friend Forrest Tucker and Homer Sprinkle. Her silver fox coat was a birthday gift from Forrest T.



Burns & Allen have a home but never seem to stay in it. Dining with them and in high spirits is Lupe Velez, another night club habitu  .



Linda Darnell is the ever-constant companion of Bob Shaw. It's a sister-and-brother combination that originated in Texas, where both were born.



June Lang is being taken around town by James McKinley Bryant, well-known author. June is the former wife and client of actors' agent, Vic Orsatti.



Arthur Lake drinks a toast to the missus who's sporting a red, white and blue plaid jacket, topped by an off-the-face Flemish bonnet.



Director Litvak is the busiest man-about-town. This time, it's Barbara O'Neil, who emotes for Anatole on the "All This, And Heaven Too" set.



Mighty proud was Ida Lupino of Husband Louis Hayward's performance in "My Son, My Son." Her mother substituted for the absent spouse.



Rosalind Russell says she'll marry—when the right man comes along. And Mr. Right Man for the evening is John Durant, wealthy Los Angeles socialite.



Mary Astor and her husband, Manuel del Campo, film editor, leave their new baby long enough to have dinner at Ciro's on maid's night off.



Hedy Lamarr and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., desert their respective mates, Gene Markey and Myrna Loy, to make a tour of Ciro's sumptuous dance floor.



Lana Turner and Husband Artie Shaw ran into Greg Bautzer, Lana's "ex," the night this was snapped, and the three exchanged some icy stares.



Joan Bennett celebrates her birthday with Husband Walter Wanger and Producer Selznick, who seem none too happy. It was a thirtieth for Joan.



Not only has Andrea Leeds changed her mind about retiring, but Hubby Bob Howard has accepted screen test offers and wants to make a movie.



GOOD

THE CLICK OF A CAMERA, THE CLACK OF A TYPEWRITER, AND ZIP! A SCOOP IS BORN.

GOING NATIVE

Joan Bennett decided that her invitation to appear on the Bing Crosby air-show really warranted the purchase of a new bonnet. So the star spent a whole day making the rounds of her favorite shops looking for a chapeau worthy of the occasion. In a very exclusive establishment she came upon a becoming turban—the very last word according to the salesgirl—and, since it was unusual enough to attract plenty of attention, Joan purchased it right then and there. She arrived at the broadcast feeling as chipper and self-confident as only a woman in a becoming new hat can feel—only to find that someone in a similar headpiece had arrived first. It was Sabu, the young Indian movie actor, wearing one of his native turbans fashioned of the same material as Joan's. After the first horrified moment, Joan took it like a trouper. "We'll just have to see that we don't go to the same parties," she laughed.

TAYLOR VS. GABLE

We had the opportunity, the other day, to test the comparative popularity of two favorite stars in the Hollywood firmament. Conversation stopped abruptly at the Brown Derby one noon, women nudged their companions, buzzed excitedly and ejected delighted "Oh's" as Robert Taylor walked in. But Bob was no sooner seated when the door re-opened, and in came Clark Gable. No buzzing accompanied his entrance, just a series of long drawn out "Aaaaaahs."



ROBERT TAYLOR

AN ULTIMATUM

Jed Prouty is learning you can't argue with studio executives. Figuring that the Jones Family couldn't get along without him, he refused to make another picture without a substantial salary increase. Imagine his surprise at discovering that his bosses were willing to release him! In the next Jones family epic, Mrs. (Spring Byington) Jones can look forward to being a movie widow, unless her screen spouse learns his lesson in time to forestall such a tragedy.

THE DeMILLE TOUCH

A friend of Cecil B. DeMille's told him that his closing remark on the Lux Show had been picked up by one of her youngsters. The friend's little girl now kneels beside her bed at night, recites her prayers and ends with "And now, good night to you—from Hollywood."

A GOOD SCENT

Jean Parker's current heart interest, and very serious, too, is Douglas Dawson, the captain of Errol Flynn's boat. Though no wedding date has been set, Jean and the Captain have started to purchase things for their home. The first item was "Golden Boy," a St. Bernard puppy, the size of a small pony. Until their marriage, they thought



JEAN PARKER

it would be only fair to divide the puppy's time between them, each having "Golden Boy" for two weeks at a stretch. But the pooch clearly preferred Jean, and Cap was

somewhat puzzled. A chance meeting with the original owner uncovered the fact that "Golden Boy" loved all ladies who used perfumes with floral scents. The next evening, Jean was mystified at Goldy's complete devotion to Doug. What she didn't know was that he had a cake of violet perfumed soap in various pockets. After the pooch had jumped joyfully into the car when Doug started for home, he finally confessed.

DIDJA KNOW

That Marlene Dietrich is so grateful for the chance given her at Universal, she's turned down a \$150,000 offer from Metro and will stick with Universal . . . That Ida Lupino is a composer, and her "Aladdin Suite" has been played by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra . . . That Guy Kibbee began his theatrical career as a "prop" man . . . That Rochelle Hudson, who was once a steno, memorizes lines by first copying them in shorthand . . . That Rita Hayworth wears hosiery made from the sheerest steel thread . . . That Willie Best has a trunkful of horseshoes collected during his career in



CLARK GABLE

pictures . . . That Anthony Quinn's hobby is book-binding, and he's won several prizes at county fairs with his exhibits . . . That Edna Best's eighteen-year-old twins are working as extras in pictures under the names of John Barry and James Seymour . . . That Mrs. Spencer Tracy's recent emergency operation was just in the nick of time to save her life . . . That John Farrow is leaving Hollywood to serve with the British forces in France . . . That Maureen O'Sullivan has

NEWS



WE BRING 'EM TO YOU FRESH AS A MICKEY ROONEY WISECRACK—RIGHT FROM THE COAST

taken a small house in Beverly Hills, and the Farrow Bel-Air home is up for sale . . . That Fritz Mandl, millionaire and former husband of Hedy Lamarr Markey, is going to be a Hollywood picture producer . . . That you couldn't squeeze into the Cocoanut Grove when Benny Goodman opened there . . . That Marjorie Rambeau lost 42 pounds and is still "slimming?" . . . That Wally Beery asked her to put on 15 pounds for "20 Mule Team" and almost lost his leading lady as a result

BY LOIS
SVENSRUD



ANN SOTHERN

. . . That Ann Sothern's back on the Warner lot for the first time in eleven years . . . That Deanna Durbin had 28 changes in her last picture but doesn't give a hoot about clothes, personally?

JEAN ARTHUR KNOWS BEST

Rumor has it that Jean Arthur wasn't too pleased with the selection of William Holden to play opposite her in "Arizona." Jean complained that he might pass as her sweetheart in the first half of the picture, but if she ran true to form (she's usually a nervously-exhausted woman after the first few weeks of shooting and looks ten years older than she really is) he would look like her son in the last half. The director pooh-poohed her ideas but those in the know contend that William has a tough assignment ahead of him.

TIGHT SPOT

The Holden boys are accustomed to problems, however. Last month we told you



ERROL FLYNN

about Brother Bob and now we've met Dick, from South Pasadena Junior High. Dick's theatrical experience had been a one-day visit to Brother Bill's set while he was making "Golden Boy." But that didn't stop him from bragging about his knowledge of stage productions when the subject of the school's yearly play came up. The result was that Dick found himself stage manager and has been spending all of his spare time at the studio trying to pick up enough information to carry through his bluff.

ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Clark Gable stopping at Schwab's for a cup of coffee and a powdered-sugar doughnut en route to the studio for the day's work . . . Nancy Carroll standing on the corner of Sunset and Laurel Canyon waving at a taxicab and getting the horn from several passing cars . . . Joel McCrea and Frances Dee rolling down the avenue in a brand new black sedan, with four children in the back seat (only two of them McCreas, however) . . . Jeanette MacDonald paying off a corner florist, while her chauffeur loads pink and yellow gladioli into the station-wagon at the curb . . . Linda Hayes carefully parking a spanking new green roadster in front of the Glenn O. Raikes Voice Studio and anxiously looking back before entering the studio . . . Edward G. Robinson asking



JEAN ARTHUR

for "all the children's magazines" at a corner drug-store for his son, Manny . . . Lili Damita and Errol Flynn munching on French-fries at a drive-in stand and appearing completely at peace with the world and each other.

A FRIEND IN NEED

For years Errol Flynn has seen to it that his pal and side-kick, Johnny Meyers, was given a role in all of his pictures. Johnny's no great shakes as an actor, but as an extra he gets by. However, when Errol tried to get him a part in "The Sea Hawk," it looked as if Johnny wouldn't even qualify as an extra, since one requirement for the job was a beard. And try as he would, Johnny could not raise more than a stubble. But Errol came through again. He bribed a make-up man into designing a chin-piece for Johnny that not only had the director fooled, but made him the envy of every extra for the duration of the picture.

IN HIDING, STILL

A list of the people who watch the Jack Benny show from the secluded sponsor's booth overlooking the NBC stage would read like a copy of Hollywood's Who's Who; nearly every star of screen and radio has dropped in at one time or another. The other Sunday an NBC official escorted a lady to her seat just as the show went on the air. A droopy straw hat covered her eyes, a chenille-dotted veil flowed over her face, and her navy-blue suit was anything but striking. In short, the lady was no "looker,"



ROGER PRYOR



PAULETTE GODDARD



SPENCER TRACY

and no one paid her much attention. This probably suited the visitor to a T, for after escorting her out during the last five minutes of the show, the official returned and told the flabbergasted group that Jack Benny's mysterious fan was Greta Garbo.

AN EXPENSIVE HOBBY

Roger Pryor has a yen for all sorts of gadgets, and Ann Sothern is in despair of ever balancing the family budget because of her husband's expenditures. Last week, though, Ann felt more optimistic. Roger's latest buy had been an "electric eye" for his garage, but something happened to the mechanism, and he spent an entire afternoon locked in the garage before the servants heard his cries for help. However, when Ann came home from the studio the next day, she discovered her husband was back in the garage with two gadget salesmen, who were installing a loud-speaker system to connect with the house.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Baby Sandy is one movie star who won't have to worry if she's "through" in pictures. At the age of two and a half she already has a nice new profession to take over—that of hostess at the Van de Camp drive-in. Sandy has proved time after time that the mere addition of her presence can boom business one hundred per cent. Gilbert Hemming, the cafe manager, used to be a college pal of Sandy's dad, so the family often drops in for a meal with him. According to Hemming, the customers are always asking when Sandy is due for another visit and, if he knows in advance, they invariably show up with several friends.

ROONEY ON GLAMOUR

"This is the life," said Mickey Rooney when we met him on the "Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante" set the other day. Like a sultan surveying his harem, he looked over the crowd of thirty pretty co-eds lined up for that day's scene and gave a deep sigh of satisfaction. The "debutante" in the case, you know, is Diana Lewis and, according to Mickey, it's a far greater thrill to work with Mrs. William Powell than with Brenda Frazier, herself. "Mrs. Powell's got glamour," he said. That statement must be true, backed up as it is by two such recognized authorities as the Messrs. Powell and Rooney.

SHE'S A NATURAL

If there was ever any doubt about Norma Shearer and George Raft meaning business, it's now been banished once and for all. For Norma appeared at a party the other evening looking very girlish and admitted to the other feminine guests that her pale rose lip-stick was not a new fad, but just a gesture to please Mr. R. who likes "that natural look." And the final proof of Shearer's complete devotion was her finger-tips—also pale rose!

PAGING FRANK BUCK

The two Janes—Withers and Darwell—have more livestock between them than anyone in Hollywood. Jane Withers' menagerie is practically as famous as the Bronx Zoo, but Jane Darwell's is just now coming to light. Ever since Miss Darwell came to Hollywood, her backyard has been a refuge for every stray cat and dog that happened by, to say nothing of a few raccoons, rabbits, geese, turtles, turkeys and one beautifully mannered skunk. Miss Darwell's first thought on learning of her great success as "Ma Joad" was that she could now afford a ranch in the San Fernando Valley where she could begin building a stable around her newest backyard addition—a pedigreed Guernsey heifer. This was a surprise gift—and a welcome one, from Mrs. George DeVries, a Darwell fan in Sacramento.

FLEDGELINGS

Getting lost in their super-elegant station wagon is beginning to pall on the Clark Gables, and their latest diversion is learning to fly. As soon as they pile up sufficient flying hours, they plan to get their licenses, buy a plane and depart for parts unknown every week-end. Less hardy studios might blanch at the thought of their favorite children playing Lindbergh whenever the spirit moved them, but RKO and M-G-M are becoming calloused to the antics of these two renegades. Still, as one wistful Metro official put it, it was a little more comforting to think of them disappearing into Mexico than just disappearing into the blue.

REST CURE FOR TRACY

During the making of "Edison, The Man," Spencer Tracy threw himself so completely

into the part that, not only did he begin to look like Edison, but he even acquired one of his habits—notably and unfortunately, the one of sleeping only a couple of hours a night. The last day of shooting found poor Spence practically a sleep-walker. A vacation was in order, and no doubt about it! Without even stopping to comb his hair back to its usual left part (a right hand part was the extent of Tracy's "make-up" for the picture), he whipped off the set and onto a boat bound for a month's cruise in Mexican waters. Retakes have been postponed until after his return.

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS

Madeleine Carroll and Paulette Goddard have become very fast friends. They met on the set of "North West Mounted Police" and struck up the friendship over luncheon the first day. Both girls are on the same diet—that of fruit, vegetables and tea. Madeleine's purpose is reducing and Paulette's keeping up the old vim, vigor and vitality. Two women on the same diet, whether movie stars or neighbors, are bound to have much in common.

TWO LOVES HAS NANCY

Another local romance on the sizzling side is that of Nancy Kelly and Irving Cummings, Jr. Since Edmond O'Brien took off for New York, Nancy's been dating the director's son every night of the week and admits that he has the inside track on her affections. Irving, now under contract to 20th Century-Fox as a writer, is a smart lad as well as a tall and handsome one.

HARD TO GET

Jackie Cooper's heart does nip-ups at the mere mention of Leila Ernst's name these days. The two met on the set of the new Henry Aldrich picture, in which beauteous, blonde Leila was making her screen debut. However, far from being humbly grateful for any scraps of attention Old-Timer Cooper flung in her direction, she showed no interest whatever in Jackie's plans for her "after hours" entertainment, though his invitations became successively more elaborate and tempting. She gave him huge doses of what is known as "the ice." Jackie was getting no place fast trying to impress the blasé Leila as a young-man-about-town, and

(Continued on page 60)

Whitney Bourne's luxurious New York apartment is the meeting place of society and the arts. She spends a great deal of time in Hollywood where she follows a career in the movies.

Miss June Rothe, TWA air hostess, has learned to serve a 7-course meal—alone—to 21 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Charm, limited weight, nurse's training are other job requirements.

Glamorous Society Actress

**BUT BOTH GIVE
THEIR SKIN THIS
SAME THOROUGH
CARE**

QUESTION TO MISS BOURNE:

With a busy social life and a demanding career like yours, Miss Bourne, how do you keep your complexion so vibrant and fresh looking?

ANSWER: "It's a matter of regular skin care with Pond's 2 grand Creams. To keep my skin clear and glowing, I cleanse it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. And, of course, before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Aren't the sudden changes from California sun to New York weather hard on your skin?

ANSWER: "No, because my powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream—also serves as a marvelous protection against sun and wind and weather. I always use it before make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE:

Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as air hostess, Miss Rothe?

ANSWER: "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we *must* look attractive. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 Creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple—and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Does using two Creams seem to affect the way your make-up goes on?

ANSWER: "Definitely!" Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens my skin. Then a light, satiny film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better!"

Top-Flight Air Hostess

June dances on off-duty evenings

Arriving for premiere at Carthay Circle Theatre



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POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVF, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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(Continued from page 58)

was about to give up in despair, when she greeted him, one morning, with great excitement. "Gee, Jackie," she cried, "why didn't you tell me about how clever you are?" Jackie could only manage a "Wh-what?" It developed that Leila had just learned about those eight ribbons Jackie had won for cal-roping and riding at Palm Springs. "And here I thought you were just a movie actor," said the fifteen-year-old, "not a regular guy!"

ROMANCE DEPT.

Bette Davis is going places with Tom Lewis, radio advertising executive who was recently rumored interested in Loretta Young . . . Tim Durant, the busiest young man in town, escorts by turns Olivia de Havilland, Rosalind Russell and Marlene Dietrich, but refuses to divulge his favorite . . . Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye of M-G-M are mighty fond of each other . . . Jackie Coogan and Sugar Geise think the sun rises and sets just for them . . . Arleen Whelan is getting a big rush from Ken Murray while Alex D'Arcy mopes around town all alone . . . Richard Greene hovered around the hospital day and night when Virginia Field was there for a sinus operation. If it isn't love, a lot of time's a-wastin' . . . Reginald Gardiner set an all time high by appearing at Ciro's with five beauties from Earl Carroll's show . . . Judy Garland thinks Bob Stack is a swell guy, and he thinks Judy's a swell gal—as who doesn't . . . Lew Ayres would like to date Olivia de Havilland oftener, but she prefers to give most of her leisure time to Jimmy Stewart . . . Anita Louise, scotching all those rumors that started when she left on a personal appearance tour, came right back to where she left off with Buddy Adler, and it's wedding bells very soon . . . Phyllis Brooks visits the night spots regularly with Pat Di Cicco, but takes time out for tea with Cary Grant occasionally . . . Marjorie Weaver and Walter Brooks are soooo interested in each other . . . The Artie Shaws spurn the night clubs. Marry in haste and repent at leisure is the silliest maxim ever thought up, contend the Shaws . . . Orson Welles and his ex-wife are ready to forgive and forget.

SHORT SHOTS

Stuart Erwin is busy authoring a child's book, called "The Cat With the Hobnail Boots" . . . Since Rochester came into his own, there's been a premium on colored comedians in Hollywood, and any negro who can read a comedy line is working overtime. . . . Jane Darwell's niece, Daphne Darwell, is crashing the movies the hard way. Following her aunt's suggestions, she won't even be screen-tested until she's had a year of schooling on the Fox lot. . . . Gracie Allen says she hopes all the babies she has to kiss during her presidential campaign will look like Tyrone Power. . . . Myrna Loy is going to keep up the old family ranch near Helena, Montana, and use it for a hide-out. . . . Hedy Lamarr's short tresses are the topic of the town. If you want to get on the glamour bandwagon before the others in town, girls, crop the curls before "Boom Town," Hedy's latest, is released. . . . Gary Cooper's booked passage on a freighter for parts unknown and will be gone several weeks . . .

AND STILL THEY COME

You may be seeing another Lane sister in the movies. The latest one to join the go-west movement is Leota, who made her grand opera debut last year in New York. Warner Brothers screen-tested her some time ago, but have evinced little interest. The lovely Leota is unruffled by this and more determined than ever to crash the pearly gates of a studio—if not Warner's, then another. And Rosemary, Lola and Priscilla are just as determined that she'll make the grade. Our money's on Leota. With a trio of press agents like that, the gal can't miss.



SONJA HENIE



CARY GRANT

BITTERSWEET

Linda Darnell's trip to New York was the most exciting thing that ever happened to her, and not just because it was her first visit to the Big City, either. The principal excitement was the wardrobe with which the studio presented her. Linda's had pretty clothes, and lots of them, for pictures. But this was the first time she's ever had dresses and hats and shoes that were the last word—and that belonged just to her. There was so much hustle and bustle over fittings, train schedules and last-minute studio work, that it wasn't until the train was pulling out of the Los Angeles station, and Linda had blown a last kiss to Robert Shaw on the platform, that she looked suddenly crestfallen. "Gee," she said, "I just happened to think. The clothes won't be so much fun after all. Because Bob won't be able to see how pretty I look in them!"

STUDIO ORDERS

Cesar Romero is having troubles, too. He hasn't been able to get a haircut since he became the "Cisco Kid." "Every time I finish one of the pictures," Cesar complained, "I start for the barber. But just as I get settled into the chair I get a note—'Don't cut. We're going to make another one.'"

BEAUTIFUL—AND WISE

Carole Lombard turned her dressing-room into a business office during the four days in which she was rehearsing at the Lux Theatre for a recent broadcast. She had the furniture removed and a desk installed, complete with typewriter and secretary. If rehearsals were scheduled for 4:00 P.M. she arrived on the dot of 2:00, dictated letters and kept business appointments until time for rehearsal. Carole cleared the mystery by explaining that she had determined to take care of all business matters before going home. Clark's career, it seems, is going to be the only one discussed in the Gable home.

VERSATILE ATHLETE

Sonja Henie and Dan Topping are a bona fide item. Since returning from their Hawaiian vacation the two have been practically inseparable. What's more, Dan's even taken up skating. When you think of it, Sonja's record in athletic prowess is enough to discourage any man but an Olympic champ. She's won championships in swimming, tennis, skiing and, of all things, auto-racing.

PLEASANTLY SURPRISED

On the set of "Waterloo Bridge" everyone waited for Vivien Leigh to show signs of a "Scarlett" temperament. But they waited in vain—for never has an actress shown more willingness to cooperate with cast and crew. She asked for just one special favor during the filming of the picture, and that was to get off the set ten minutes early one noon. She had a date, Vivien explained to the director, and didn't want to be seen in the black cotton stockings which she was wearing for the day's scene. At twelve sharp Laurence Olivier arrived on the set, picked up the chiffon-stockinged star at her dressing-room door, and off they went for lunch.

NOT A HAYWARD FAN

If there's one guy Louis Hayward can't stand to see on the screen, it's Louis Hayward. At the gala premiere of "My Son, My Son," Ida Lupino stepped out of their limousine with her mother. "Louis was all dressed and ready to come along," she explained to curious friends, "but he got the jitters just as we were ready to leave the house. Said he just couldn't go through with it." When "My Son, My Son" was put on the airwaves a week later, Producer DeMille recorded the dress rehearsal and played back the record to the cast. To the entire cast, that is, with one exception—the Hayward boy. "If you'll excuse me," he said to DeMille, "I'll step outside and smoke a cigarette. I guess I'm not a very good audience for myself." (Continued on page 65)

Three fights a day.....



Those upsetting "scenes"—those long-drawn-out conflicts about eating—do not *have* to happen. Countless mothers have proved with Clapp's Strained and Chopped Foods that such troubles can be avoided. They've shown how important it is to offer foods whose flavors and textures *please* the baby and suit his stage of development.

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Babies take to Clapp's!

17 Strained Foods for Babies

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12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Junior Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce • Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.



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MAY 12TH**



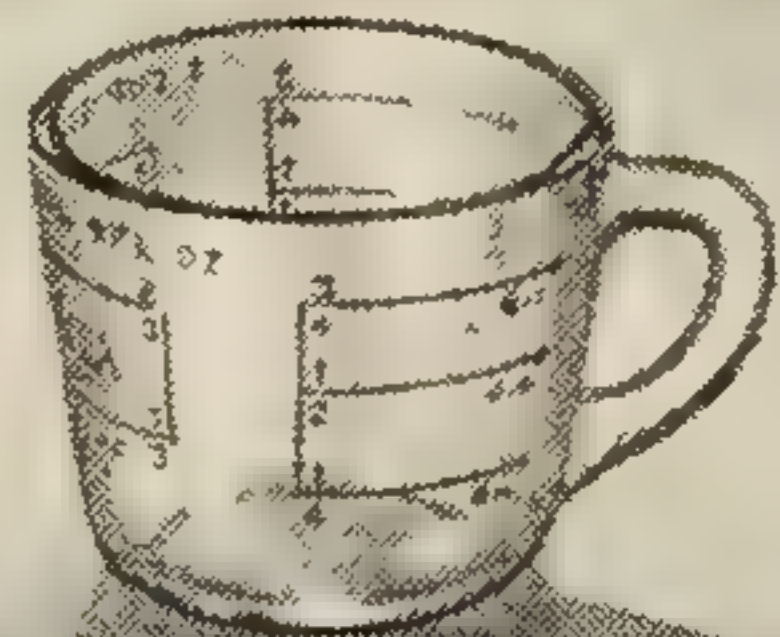
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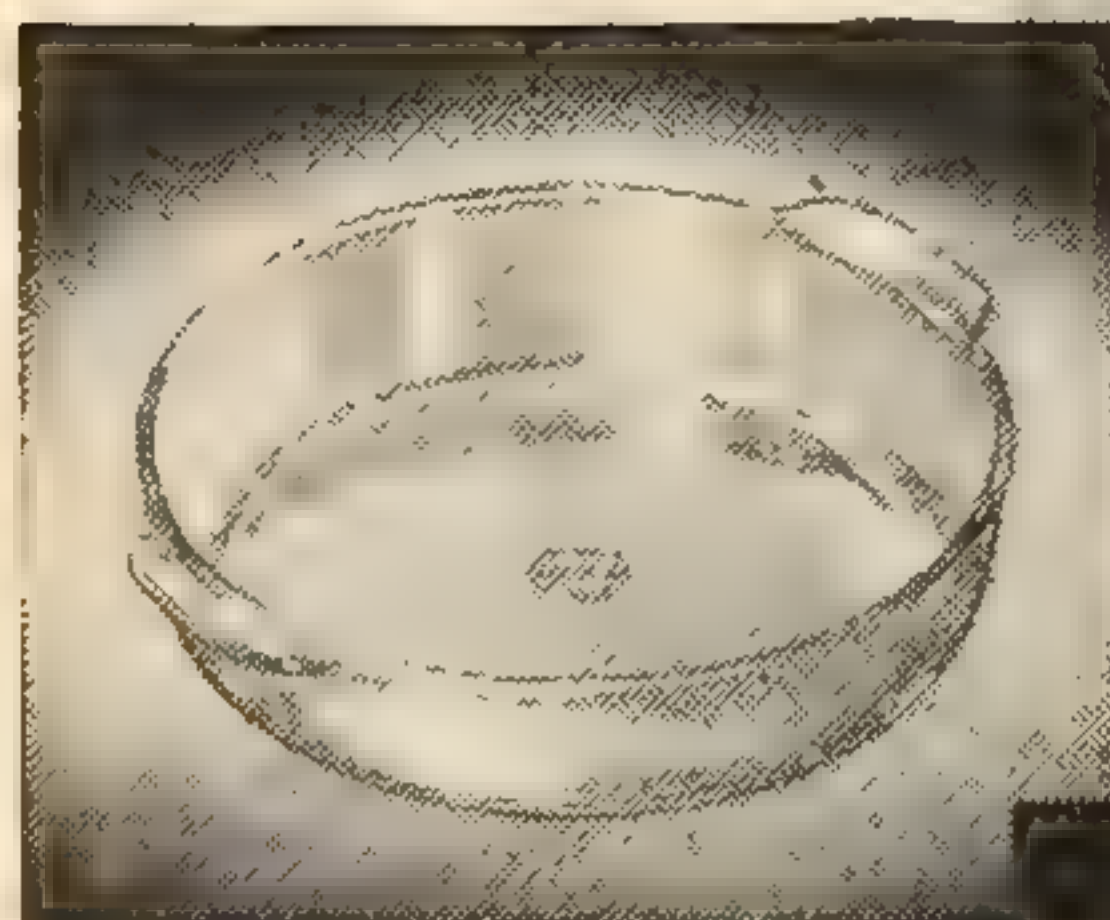
MAKE Mother happy with clear, gleaming Pyrex ware! 9-piece Ovenware set above includes six custard cups, wire cooking rack, 9½" pie plate, and new 8-oz. level-full red-marked measuring cup. Set #179 packaged, ready-to-give, only 79c. Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York.

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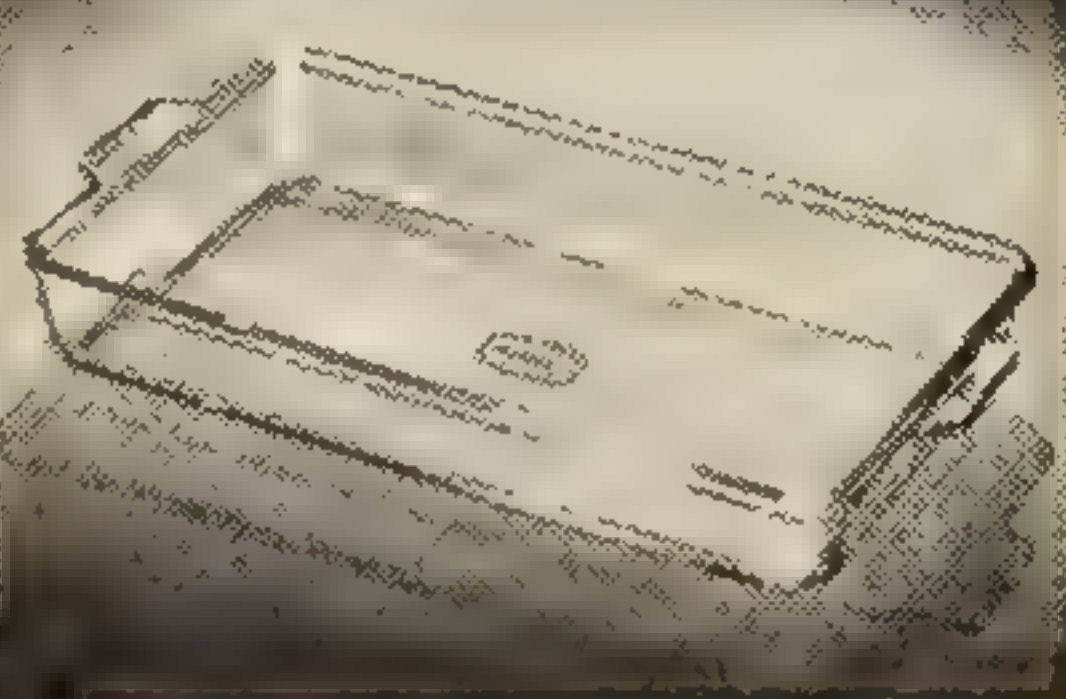
NEW THIS YEAR! 8-oz. level-full measuring cup with easy-to-read red markings. Heat, cold, and acid-resistant. Easily cleaned. Only... **15¢**



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SANDWICHES—AN OPEN AND SHUT PROPOSITION

(Continued from page 11)

CORNUCOPIAS: Already-sliced bread may be used, or thinner slices cut from an unsliced loaf. Remove crusts, spread each slice on one side only with softened butter. Roll in cornucopia shape, butter side in. Seal where one side overlaps the other with butter. Chill in refrigerator in covered bowl until butter hardens. Fill with any desired filling and chill again, if desired. Garnish the filling with a sprig of mint, parsley or watercress.

FROSTED SANDWICH LOAF: Remove crusts from an unsliced loaf, which should then be cut into four or five slices, lengthwise. Put slices back together in loaf shape, having softened butter and a different filling between each slice. Press firmly together, wrap in waxed paper, chill under a weight. Spread loaf with cream cheese which has been seasoned, then softened with cream or mayonnaise. Garnish attractively. Slice and serve.

RIBBON SANDWICHES: Proceed as for the sandwich loaf except that, after chilling, the layers (unfrosted) are cut in inch-wide slices and placed on the sandwich tray. In either type, Loaf or Ribbon, an especially attractive effect is achieved by alternating white and whole wheat bread. Ribbon Sandwiches, unlike the Loaf, may also be made with four or five slices of already-cut bread.

WINDOW SANDWICHES: Cut slices of bread into circles with a cookie cutter. Make a "window" in half of these circles by cutting out the centers with smaller cutters—either round ones, star-shaped or other fancy ones. Spread the uncut circles with colorful filling, top with the fancy-cut circles.

ICED BRIDGE SANDWICHES: Cut slices of bread with bridge card cutters or use other fancy shapes. Spread with any desired filling and "ice" with softened cream cheese. A sweet bread such as orange bread, gingerbread, etc., may even be iced with a regulation Cream Cheese Frosting.

PINWHEELS: Remove crusts from a loaf of unsliced bread. Cut loaf into length-

wise slices, the thinner the better. Spread slices with different soft fillings. Roll each slice separately and firmly, the narrow way of the loaf. Seal the edges with butter. Wrap in waxed paper and chill in refrigerator. Slice down through each roll as when cutting jelly roll, to make individual pinwheels.

ROSEMARY'S IOWA SPECIAL

To ½ cup chopped cooked chicken, which has been seasoned with salt, pepper and onion juice, add 1 slightly beaten egg. Spread this mixture between slices of bread with crusts removed (2 slices per person). Cut each sandwich in half and dip in mixture of 1 egg beaten with ½ cup milk. Fry in deep fat to a light brown. Drain on white paper toweling.

VARIATION: Omit egg from chicken mixture. Spread, cut and dip as described above but, instead of deep-fat-frying, sauté sandwiches in hot fat on both sides until golden brown. Other fillings may be used.

FROZEN FRUIT SANDWICH

- ¾ cup cream
- 2 tablespoons powdered sugar
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla
- a pinch of salt
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 cup mashed banana
- 1 egg white, beaten
- sponge cake or plain loaf cake

Whip cream until it will just hold a peak. Add sugar, vanilla and salt. Combine lemon juice and mashed banana, fold gently into whipped cream. Carefully fold in egg white, beaten until stiff but not dry. Line a refrigerator tray with waxed paper. Cover the bottom with thin slices of cake, fitted close together. Add banana mixture. Top with more cake, cover with waxed paper and press down lightly. Freeze quickly until firm. To serve, cut into inch-thick slices and top with additional whipped cream, garnished with sliced bananas, if desired.

Don't believe it when they tell you that all comedians are Gloomy Gus-ses off-screen. Here's evidence to the contrary. Charlie Ruggles, Martha Raye, Alan Mowbray, Joan Davis, Benny Rubin and Joe E. Brown panic themselves at Dave Rose's home-coming party for Wife Martha. She's been personal-ap-pearancing, you know.



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ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL
WITH LUX SOAP

JOAN BENNETT
WALTER WANGER STAR

LUX SOAP HELPS
SKIN STAY SMOOTH,
ATTRACTIVE. FIRST
PAT ITS **ACTIVE**
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RINSE WITH WARM
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YOU FINISH WITH
A DASH OF COOL

Try this
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HOLLYWOOD's lovely screen stars tell you Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather does the trick—gives gentle, *thorough* care. Try **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** *regularly* for 30 days. See if Hollywood's fragrant, white beauty soap doesn't work for you—help you keep skin smooth and soft—*attractive*.



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LIGHTLY TO DRY.
NOW IT FEELS
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SOAP FACIAL IS
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DEAR and gentle reader, how *can* we make you realize the difference to you when you use Tampax? Doesn't it mean something to tell you that over two hundred fifty million have already been sold? Doesn't *that* give you assurance? There is an old saying "What others can do, *you* can do."

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Tampax now is made in *three sizes*: Regular, Super, Junior. These meet every individual need. You can travel, dance, golf . . . use tub or shower . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months' supply) will save you up to 25% in money.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

ing practical joker who plays politics, and Henry Armetta, the Italian fruit peddler, contribute their share of laughs every time they make an appearance.

A few slapstick scenes in the picture are as old as the Scotch jokes of thriftiness, but for the most part, the screen play, written by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald, is as fast-moving as Mitchell's Irish temper. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—Warner Brothers.

★★½★ Buck Benny Rides Again

"There's one of your kind in front of every drug store," Ellen Drew exclaims to the handsome hero early in this galloping opus and, while to many this will sound like an excellent critical judgment of Jack Benny's comedy, there is no denying that "Buck Benny Rides Again" is fair-to-middling Benny. And since, as Benny goes so go the nation's radio editors, perhaps it should be recommended without more ado, particularly as "Rochester" (Eddie Anderson) again "steals" a goodly portion of the footage, apparently with Mr. Benny's grateful consent and cooperation.

As usual in a Benny plot, it is sometimes a little difficult to make out who is fact and who is fiction, if that matters, so we have prepared a little guide to the cast of characters: Jack Benny, for instance, plays Jack Benny; Phil Harris plays Phil Harris, (getting his teeth rather conspicuously into the part;) Andy Devine plays a ranch owner named Andy Devine; but Ellen Drew plays an imaginary member of a close-harmony trio called Joan Cameron, of which the other two members are called Peggy and Brenda Tracy, for some reason. We hope this proves helpful. The whole thing is heckled by an off-screen radio voice, easily identifiable as that of Fred Allen. And well it might be, too.—Mark Sandrich, producer-director.—Paramount.

★★½★ The Road to Singapore

"The Road to Singapore" is one of those recurrent tropical disturbances with Dorothy Lamour back in a sarong and with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope kidding everything and everybody in sight, including the Paramount cameraman. Bing as the irresponsible son of a San Francisco shipping tycoon, with a penchant for hitching trans-Pacific cruises on the paternal fleet, and Bob as his impecunious companion, too lazy to comb a beach, are probably the only two people in the world who could render such aimless fooling bearable. Even so, you will have to see it to believe how aimless it is. Bing, a fugitive from matrimony, in the very pretty shape of Judith Barrett, runs off to a tropical island with Bob Hope. Both the boys rescue Dorothy Lamour from Anthony Quinn and discover that even women on tropic isles, alas! are cursed with domestic instincts.

Since tropical pictures with tropical-weight plots are to Paramount what prison pictures are to Warner Brothers, the screen public by this time should be able to take or leave such periodical seizures as "The Road to Singapore." This one's most nonsensical sequence depends for its comic effect on Bob Hope's reaction to a primitive Paramount marriage dance in which, as a climax, the

male pursues his coyly fleeing partner into the jungle. Needless to add, it is not likely that any record of such a dance will be found in leading works on anthropology. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—Paramount.

★★½★ Shooting High

Riding and singing his way through his latest picture, "Shooting High," Gene Autry has a new companion in the person of Jane Withers, who plays a shouting Cupid with a forceful bow and arrow.

A family feud, a Hollywood picture company on location and a trio of big city gangsters provide the smiling, affable Gene with a plot that almost takes the picture out of the usual cowboy and robbers fare. But the film winds up in true thriller style, with the hero capturing, single-handed, the gangsters who have escaped with the money from the home-town bank. It provides Gene with ample opportunity to show off his horse and lasso tricks, and will give the Saturday afternoon audience of kids something to shout about. Jane Withers could have helped matters by making fewer faces and keeping her voice down to a quiet yell. As Gabby, the Hollywood hand-shaking press agent, Jack Carson gets a whoop of admiration every time he appears. Marjorie Weaver, playing the part of Gene's sweetheart, looks pretty throughout the picture, but her acting ends at that point. Hobart Cavanaugh and Katharine Aldridge turn in good work with Cavanaugh, as the town constable, responsible for many of the laughs in the film.

Children will put their stamp of approval on the new Autry adventure, and if you're a fan of Jane Withers or Gene Autry, you'll be entertained, too. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—Twentieth Century-Fox.

★★ The House Across the Bay

With George Raft in the cast you know that "The House Across the Bay" must be Alcatraz and that Mr. Raft is a gangster who visits there at the government's invitation. With Joan Bennett in the line-up, you further surmise that there are going to be some heart-rending farewell scenes, lots of good-looking clothes and a couple of would-be suitors in the offing. In this case, the latter are Walter Pidgeon and Lloyd Nolan, who manage to complicate things enough to insure plenty of activity, even after Raft is relegated to "The Rock." In more detail, Raft and Miss Bennett are married. She's afraid that rival gangsters will bump him off, so decides that a year in the safe-keeping of the government will be her husband's best means of protection. Joanie reckons, however, without Lloyd Nolan, who double-crosses the pair by trumping up a charge against the hero that will keep him in the hoosegow for ten years. In the meantime, of course, he figures he'll be able to win the leading lady for his very own. This is Walter Pidgeon's cue to step into the picture, and by the time it's all over he's become the object of Miss Bennett's affections, with Mr. Raft killing off Mr. Nolan and then getting himself out of the way by an attempted prison-break. Directed by Archie Mayo.—United Artists.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 60)

WRONG GUESS

The other day Jimmy Cagney noticed that Humphrey Bogart appeared upset. "What's the trouble?" asked Jimmy. "You look like the woes of the world are on your shoulders." Humphrey nodded, "I don't feel so good—it's this cold weather." Cagney was concerned and asked if it was rheumatism. "No," said Bad-man Bogart, "it's my petunias." Warner's screen thug, believe it or not, is Hollywood's most ardent gardener.

FRIENDLY MEETING

All those stories of feuds between Mrs. Gene Markey and Mrs. Walter Wanger can be discounted. The other day Hedy Lamarr Markey and Joan Bennett Wanger found themselves staring at each other across the tables at Saks' tea-room. Joan attempted a smile, and Hedy returned a wide, friendly grin and patted the empty chair beside her. In no time at all, they had joined forces and were obviously having a fine time getting acquainted.

A SIMPLE REQUEST

Shirley Temple came home from school the other day bursting with a story about one of her lucky schoolmates. The girl, Shirley told her mother, knew a boy who took her riding every afternoon in his out-dated Ford. "I'd like a beau with a jalopy," said Shirley wistfully. "Or anyhow, a jalopy."

BONITA LOOKS AT MARRIAGE

This business of being an old lady in "Those Were the Days" has aged Bonita Granville considerably. She's acquired definite ideas on life and love, particularly on the latter. "Of course, I plan to marry," she said the other day, "and when I'm twenty years old. But," she added firmly, "I don't intend to make the mistake that most movie women make when they get married—none of this good sport, smile-if-it-kills-you stuff for me. I'm going to get up on a pedestal and stay there, come hell or high water." So would-be suitors of Bonita would do well to shine up their armor.

MERMAID

On the "Pride and Prejudice" set, Edna May Oliver was showing fellow actors the plans for her new Brentwood home. Since Brentwood happens to be one of the swankier residential neighborhoods around Hollywood, there was considerable amazement when the plans showed only a modest Cape Cod cottage of four rooms. "That's all I need," said Miss Oliver. "But the building restrictions of the neighborhood make it necessary for me to have an estate. So I'm adding a swimming pool." The last thing in this world that Miss Oliver needs is a pool, for every morning, rain or shine, she hitches a trailer to her car and drives to the ocean for a swim. She even has a clause in her contract saying that she doesn't have to appear any

Lady Esther says

"Do you know that a

GLAMOROUS NEW SKIN

is 'ABOUT to be BORN' to you?"



Why let your new skin look dull and drab? It can bring you new beauty if you help remove those tiny, menacing flakes of older skin!

RIGHT NOW your old skin is departing in almost invisible, worn-out flakes. Why let these tiny flakes menace your loveliness? Why not help your *new skin* bring new youthfulness to you?

You can, says Lady Esther, if only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove those tiny flakes of worn-out skin beclouding the glory of your new skin!

Run your fingertips over your face now. Do you feel little rough spots left by your old, dry skin? They're the thieves that steal your loveliness—make you look older! My 4-Purpose Cream loosens each tiny flake—and the other impurities. It helps Nature refine your pores—and reveal the fresh youthfulness of your "new-born skin"!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him about so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I'll be amazed if your doctor tells you that vitamin deficiencies should be remedied by your *face cream*.

But ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't *absolutely true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities and worn-out flakes of older skin... that it helps Nature refine your pores... and thus brings beauty to your new-born skin!

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LADY ESTHER, 7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.
FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, post-paid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

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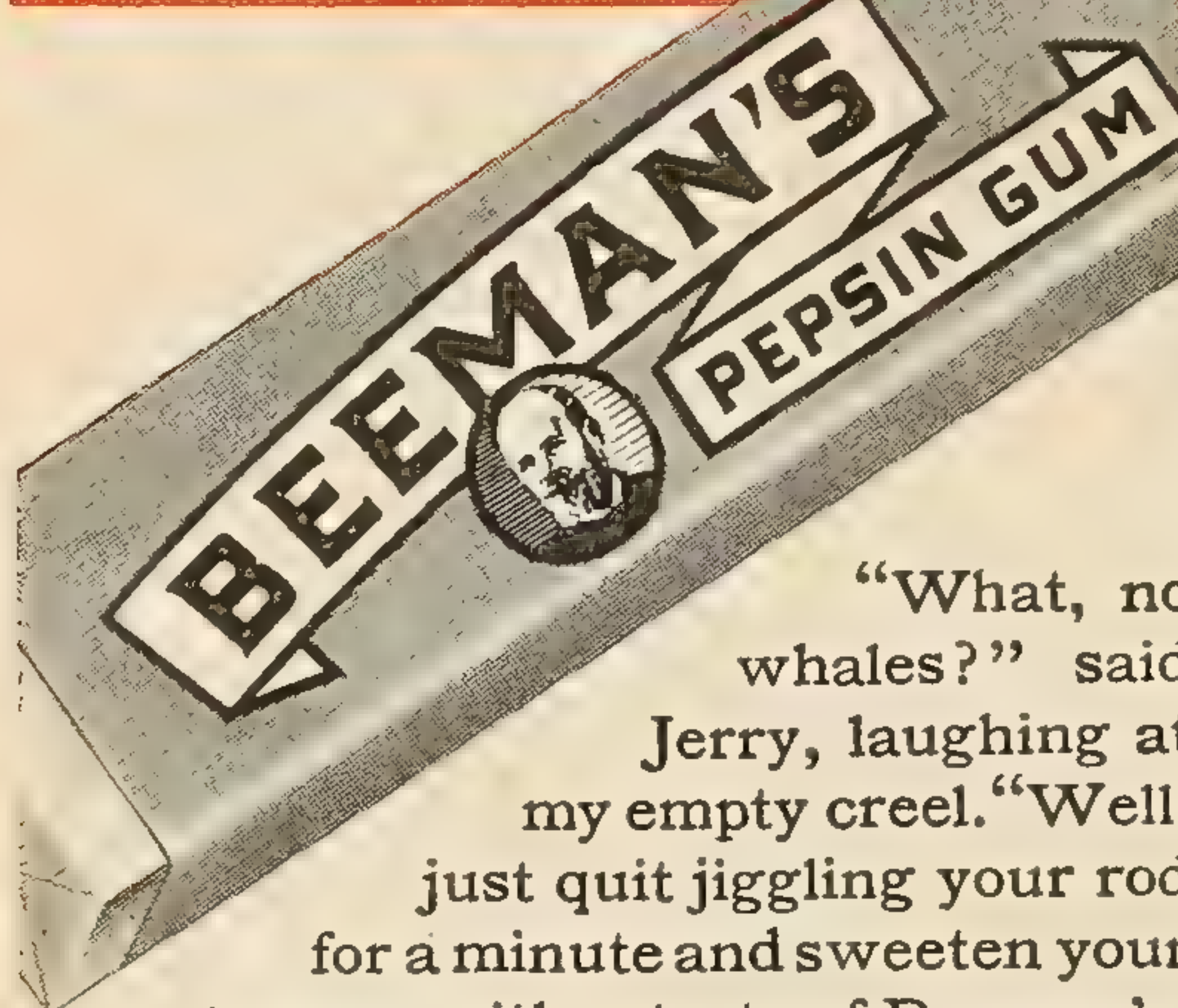
Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



"THERE'S NO CATCH TO THIS" SAID THE FISHERMAN



"What, no whales?" said Jerry, laughing at my empty creel. "Well, just quit jiggling your rod for a minute and sweeten your temper with a taste of Beeman's. That's real flavor, my lady. Refreshing enough to change any fisherman's luck!"

"Beeman's!" I cried. "Jerry, you angel—you know I can't resist it. Beeman's flavor is so luscious! So smooth and tangy. Refreshing as a breeze at sun-down. And look—!" But Jerry was already reeling in my line—with a whale of a catch! I'll say Beeman's brings me luck!



morning for work until eleven o'clock, after her dip in the briny deep.

CELEBRITY

In the Broadway Department Store the other day, Jane Withers got into the elevator with her mother. A woman in the back of the crowded lift whispered, "That's Jane Withers." The whispering campaign was on, and Jane tried to look very unconcerned. But when a saucer-eyed little girl breathed an awed "I wonder what she's doing here," Jane turned and smiled at her. "I'm shopping," she laughed, "for a new bonnet. Want to come along?" Needless to say, a delighted little girl stepped out of the elevator with Jane at the millinery department.

ONE GOOD TURN—

Clark Gable hasn't enough to do—with his twenty-five costume changes in "Boom Town"—but has even gone in for technical advising, as well! Gable was an oil-field worker himself, way back when, so one day on the set he offered a few tips to the director and was promptly encouraged to give out with more. "Not for nothing," said Gable. "Okay, I'll buy your lunch," offered the director. "Lunch and a bottle of beer," said Gable, always the business man.

SIT-DOWN STRIKE

When Ann Sothern came to Warners for the picture, "Brother Orchid," her first request was for a rocking-chair. Ann can't relax between scenes unless she can chew gum and rock in perfect rhythm. The prop men made a frantic search of the studio, but had to report that there was no such thing to be found. They would, however, send a truck to Metro to pick up the rocking-chair which Ann had used there. And that accounts for the strange scene witnessed by many people in Hollywood, as a truck went through the town bearing an old rocking-chair with "Ann Sothern" printed in large letters on the head rest. Incidentally, that makes two chair addicts on the "Brother Orchid" set, for Edward G. Robinson has a huge red leather lounge chair which is indispensable to his relaxation when making a picture. It's simply lettered "Private."

Barbara Read has a clever new way of perking up a severely tailored suit—flowers planted in the pocket! The young star of "Curtain Call," whose stormy marriage to William Paul ended after a few weeks, was re-married in February to Don Briggs.



JOHNSON AND JOHNSON

Laraine Day is probably the most talked about actress in Hollywood today, after her big success in "My Son, My Son." Her name is really Laraine Johnson, and she acquired her first dramatic training with the "Johnson Players"—a troupe composed of Laraine, her twin brother, Lamar, two older brothers and a sister. Their theatre was the Johnson backyard in Roosevelt, Utah. Laraine claims that the real star of the company was her twin, and now she's going to try to inveigle him into a screen test.

HONEST INJUNS

The Marx Bros. are hard at work on another picture, to be titled "Go West." But they're running into snags, for the script calls for Indians and the boys are determined to have honest-to-goodness wild Injuns or none. A call to Central Casting would bring out hundreds of domesticated Hollywood Indians, but the studio is sending scouts to Nebraska and South Dakota reservations to round up the kind that will suit their stars. The one qualification—and this is the item that has the scouts gnashing their teeth—is that they have to be wilder than the Marx brothers!

HOUSE FOR SALE

Alice Faye has come to the conclusion that she was never meant to have a home. The beautiful place which she and Tony Martin had built in the San Fernando Valley burned to the ground before they had a chance to move in. Undaunted, they arranged for an even lovelier place to be built on the same spot. And now, with the house half-finished, it's up for sale. Alice says that the sudden divorce decision reached by her and Tony has destroyed all the interest she ever had in it. But she thinks that if they had ever had the chance to get settled in their home, she and Tony would have made a go of it.

SPONGERS

Frances Langford and Jon Hall are putting the \$3000 insurance, collected on their play-house which burned down, in a good old savings account. At first, the Halls thought they would build a swimming pool with the

money. But then they learned that Ken Murray was having one built so, as Frances said, "Why should we waste our money on a pool—when Ken has one right around the corner?"

PARTY BOY

Manny Robinson, Edward G.'s small son, is the outstanding host of the season since the great success of his recent birthday party. Mrs. Robinson was responsible for most of the gayety, it's true, but it was Manny's own idea to collect his guests in a black Maria. The police-wagon had a heavy day of it for, besides Manny's own particular pals, the guests included fifty youngsters from a San Fernando Valley orphanage.

BRENDA'S BEAU

Brenda Joyce, in spite of fame and fortune, is remaining true to her college sweetheart, Owen Ward. The studio is so concerned over the unglamorous aspects of this, that they are trying to get Owen to be a movie star, too. So far, they haven't been able to talk him into a screen test. One movie actor in the family's enough, according to Owen, and he'll just stick to public accounting.

CAN YOU TIE IT?

On the set the other day, Ray Milland was given a package from a fan in England. On opening it, he found it contained a gift—an orange and red plaid tie. "It's evident," said Ray, blinking at the colors, "that the censors are either laying down on the job or else they're color-blind."

TABLE TALK

Bette Davis' dressing-table on the set is an old battered one which she's had for years. It's specially designed and very convenient because it is set on wheels and can be pushed around at will. When Charles Boyer saw the many handy features of the table, he ordered one just like it from the studio carpenter shop. In true studio style, however, the new table was built along much fancier lines—a streamlined and gleaming affair of chromium, that looked like a Busby Berkeley prop. Boyer was horrified when he saw it, and his fellow-actors didn't make him feel any better. They had ganged up on him, at Bette's instigation, and spent the morning giving him disapproving glances and making remarks about "the vulgar taste of some of these actors" whenever they came within earshot. Finally, Bette couldn't stand Boyer's completely crushed look another minute and confessed that they all knew it was a mistake and, what's more, offered to swap dressing-tables on the spot.

NO CINCH FOR DEANNA

If you ever sigh for the luck of these movie youngsters who don't have to grind away at books and exams, just consider Deanna Durbin's case. She works eight hours a day at the studio, but before coming to work she has to have her regular school lessons—and study periods, too! Deanna's devoting all her leisure this summer to "cramming" on college entrance requirements. When we say "all her leisure" we mean, of course, with the exception of those Saturday night dates with Vaughn.

"Why not dress him like a girl and be done with it!"



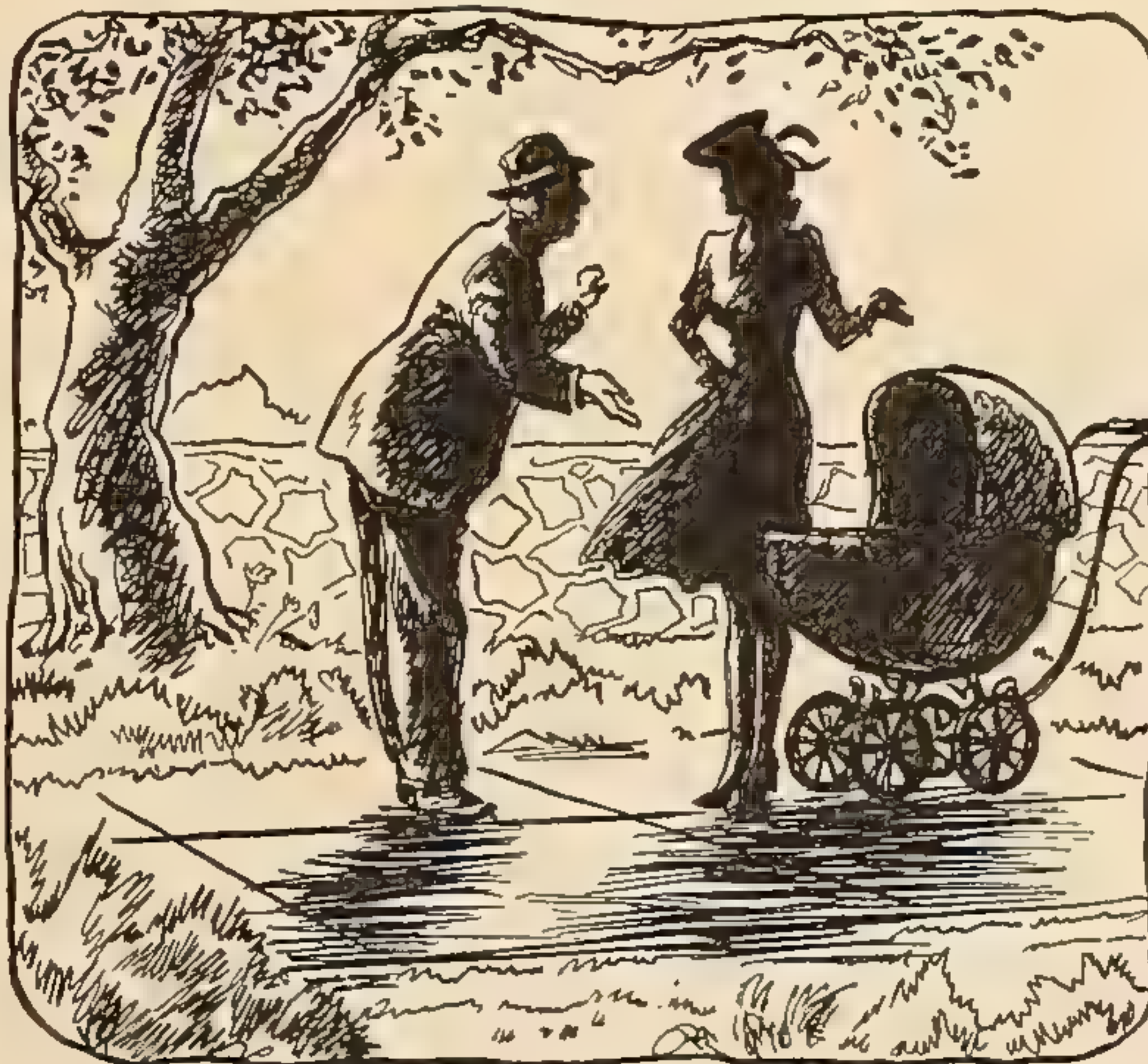
1. FATHER-IN-LAW: Now look, I know you wanted a girl. But you got a boy! Come to your senses and treat him like one!

MARY: Who says I'm treating him like anything else?



2. FATHER-IN-LAW: Don't make me laugh! You've got enough SPECIAL gadgets, for that child, to open a drug store.

MARY: Why, of course I use special things! Name me a mother who doesn't!



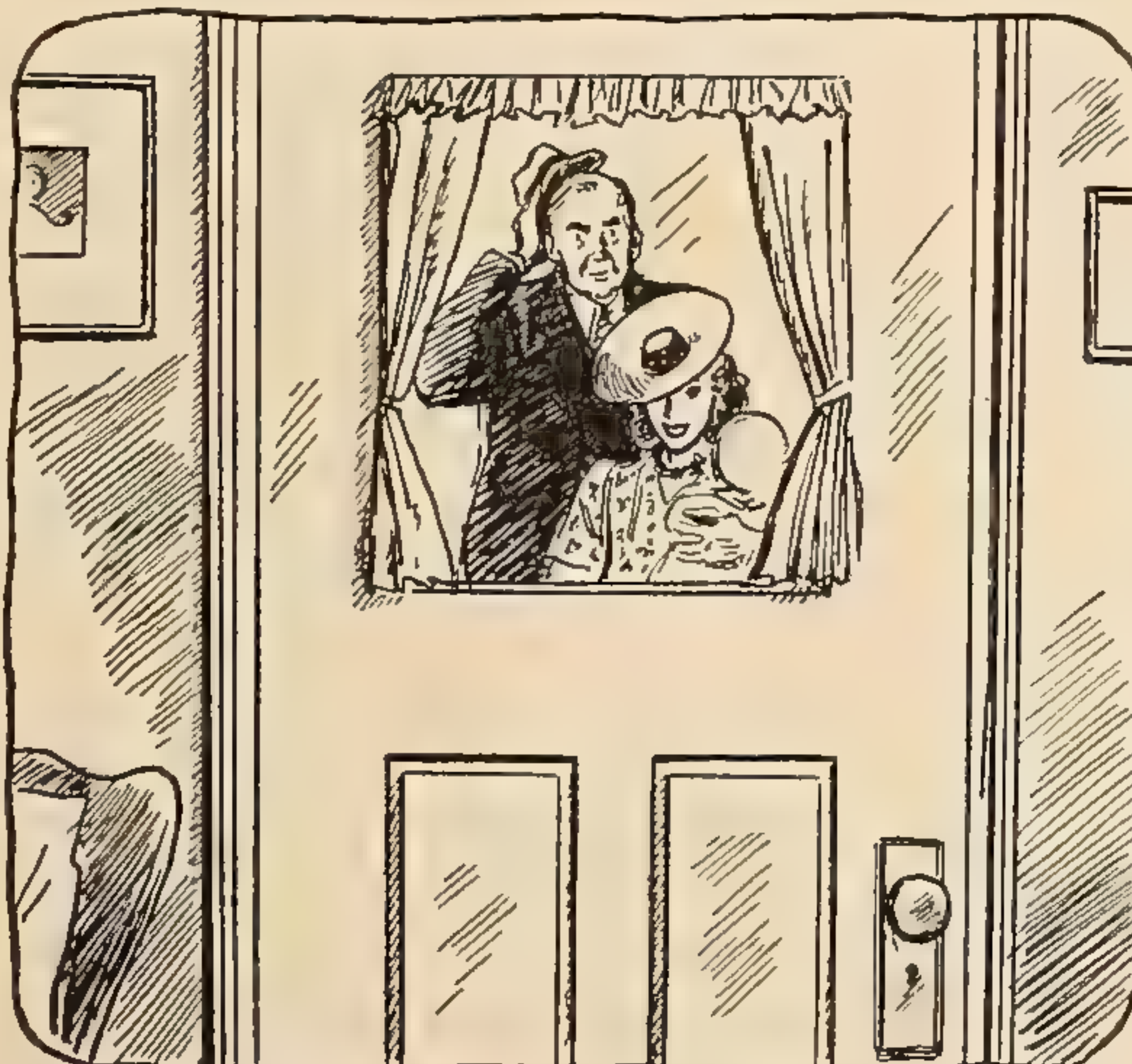
3. FATHER-IN-LAW: I still call it nonsense.

MARY: Look...my doctor says a baby's system is the most delicate thing on earth. *Everything* a baby gets should be made especially for him...even a special laxative!



4. FATHER-IN-LAW: A special laxative, too?

MARY: It's logical, isn't it? You wouldn't dream of giving an infant the same foods you eat. Then why give him a grown-up's laxative?



5. FATHER-IN-LAW: Um...sounds reasonable.

MARY: Certainly! That's why I use FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. It's made ONLY for children...hasn't a single "adult" drug. So it's mild enough for the tiniest system. You couldn't ask for a safer laxative.



6. FATHER-IN-LAW: Sounds good so far... but will he take it?

MARY: Just watch! It'll warm your heart to see him go for the wonderful taste of Fletcher's Castoria...I wouldn't know what to do without a bottle of it in the house!

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children

Put your Best FINGERS Forward!

These 12 stunning
colors help you to
glamour and charm!

A NEW NAIL POLISH
color gives a girl's
heart a lift! And these 12
new colors give her a
dozen chances to add new
charm to her hands and
new glamour to herself.

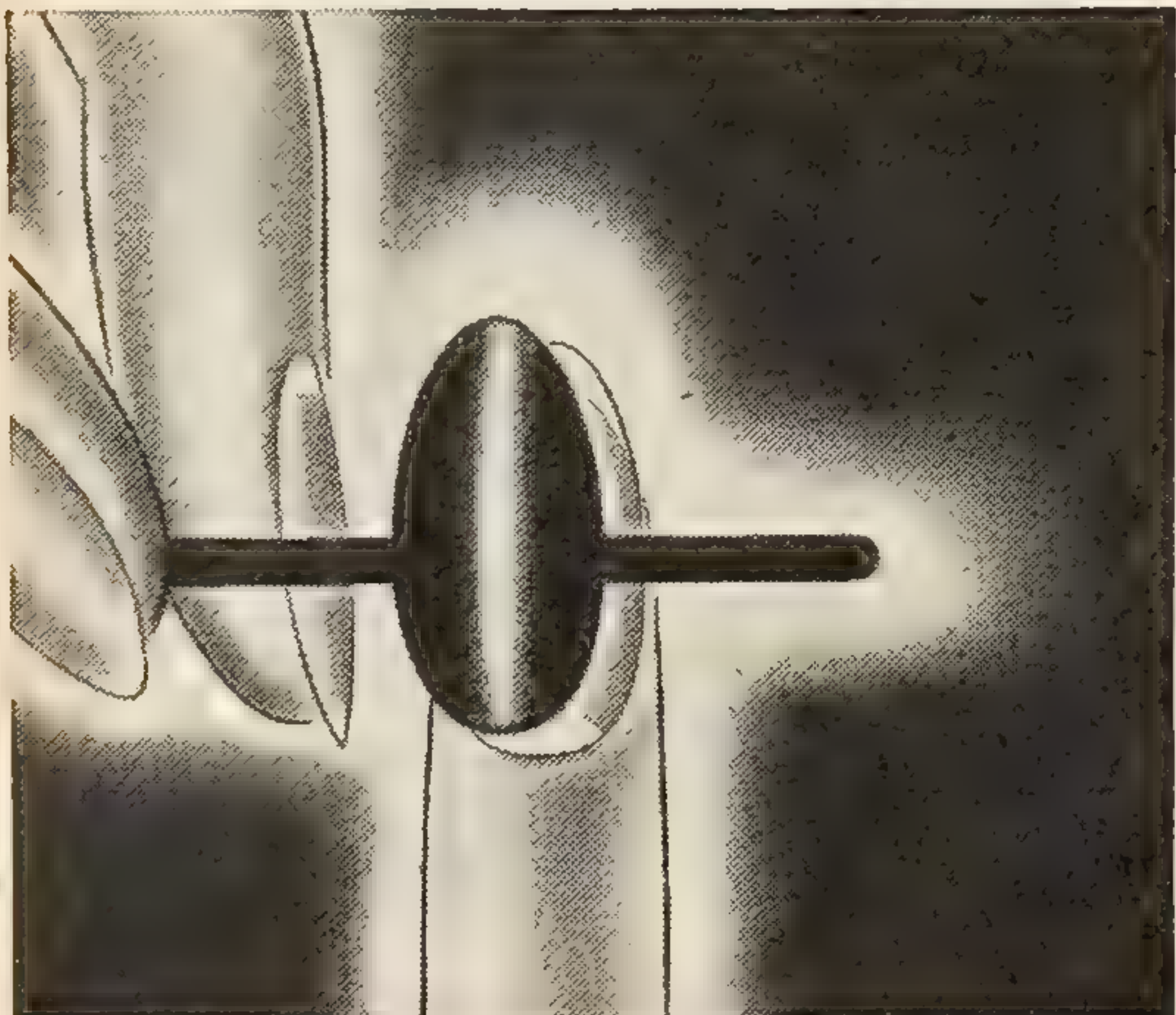


For they are as "fashion-right" as Park Avenue can make them and durable, *durable*, DURABLE beyond your fondest hopes. Two coats last actually longer than 7 days. Yes, this Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish is a great advance over any other polish you have ever known!

I offer you, says Lady Esther, a wonderful, new way to find exactly the shade that is luckiest for you. Read the coupon—send for my 12 "Magic Fingertips"—pale shades, soft, dusty tones . . . dark and vibrant colors. Put your best fingers forward with the smartest new shades on your fingertips.

Lady Esther

7-DAY NAIL POLISH



Shown above is one of my 12 "Magic Fingertips."

★ 12 shades FREE! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7110 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Only with my 12 "Magic Fingertips" can you choose at home your most flattering shade. Each is shaped like your own nail, and each wears a different, new Lady Esther shade, *exactly as it will look on your hands*. Send today. Find your luckiest shade free! (56)

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A STUDY IN GREENE

(Continued from page 43)

brunette named Betty, all of eight years old, and she lived downstairs. She made her mark on Master Greene's heart.

Our hero was shy with women until he went on the stage. Actresses, aggressive and sophisticated, cured him of that. But he has always been very proper about girls. When he first came to Hollywood and learned by the papers that he was engaged to Arleen Whelan, he almost dislocated a knee cap racing to the publicity office, shouting, "Oh, I say, it's positively indecent! I don't even know her! It's not fair to Miss Whelan!"

Today, slowly becoming Americanized, Richard Greene will speak candidly about his affairs of the heart but, we repeat, within proper limits.

THOUGH he enjoys dancing, he doesn't like night clubs. He told us he went to Ciro's last week and that it was his first night club in nine months. "Virginia and I prefer to hang around with the gang," he said. "Like most couples, we're fortunate in having excellent intimate friends and a grand secondary group of acquaintances. We have our happiest times attending little parties with the gang. You know, simple parties in someone's home, where we dance, sing, joke and devour cold beef for dinner."

Sometimes Greene escorts Miss Field, to whom he is rumored engaged, to small eateries like A Bit O' Hungary and The Beachcombers.

Concerning females in general, Greene didn't mind putting his foot into it. "Sure, like any other fellow my age, I have definite ideas. Since I've been over here, I've learned to like American girls perhaps more than the girls I knew in England. Maybe it's because American girls are easier to meet and get along with. But, and I hope no young ladies take offense, they have one habit I can't stand: Too many of them make themselves unattractive by chewing gum."

Chewing gum has made America the land of wide open faces and, though Greene objects to the practice in the opposite sex, he himself always has a wad in his mouth. He doesn't care to play cards with women. He thinks it's as safe as tangling with a truck. He doesn't mind women smoking, if they know how to smoke properly—and he thinks none of them do. He wishes, sadly, that Hollywood lassies wouldn't dye their hair.

Addicted to sending his loved one roses and gardenias, he likes Virginia to wear a flower when they go out, and he is delightfully moon-eyed when she sports a delicate perfume.

There is only one more romantic note to make: When he first arrived at Zanuck's thespian temple on Pico Boulevard, he announced decisively that he would not marry for five years. And now, after two summers in Hollywood, he may any day go the way of all flesh and prove that two can live as cheaply as one.

In brief, feminine readers are advised to withhold mash notes. Richard Greene, at this writing, is hanging out the matrimonial S.R.O. sign.

But speaking of mash notes, we have always been curious about stars and their fan mail, and so we asked Greene if he actually ever saw a fan letter.

"Of course I read my fan mail. It's obvious I don't have time to do so daily,

but once a month the studio sends over a bundle of the most interesting and sincere fan letters, and I spend an afternoon reading them and personally answering the best. I have a little black book in my desk. In it are listed the names and addresses of my favorite admirers, whose letters interested me, and with whom I've been corresponding since I came out here."

For the benefit of those who came in late, Greene was born of actor parents, in Devonshire, was groomed to be a painter or a writer, and wound up playing a walk-on at the traditional Old Vic Theatre in London, where Laughton and Donat gained their fame. That walk-on was in "Julius Caesar." Though he was supposed to do nothing but carry a spear, Greene, being what his name implied, tried to steal the show. Instead of standing at rigid attention, he leaned against a prop column, spat lustily a few times and engaged another spear carrier in animated and ribald conversation. It was all for realism, but it stole fire from the star of the show and the next day Greene was looking for employment.

He obtained a job in the Gracie Fields' picture, "Sing As You Go." That was in 1934. He was given one line, "Not yet." He rehearsed that line, those two words, for thirty-six hours. He spoke them. And then, when he went to see himself and hear his two words, he learned he had been entirely cut out.

Success came on the stage, at last, in that three act cream puff labeled, "French Without Tears." Talent scouts saw him. In one week he was transferred from London's fog to Hollywood's heat, and he was kissing a strange woman named Loretta Young in his first picture, "Four Men and a Prayer."

That's how it happened to young Richard Greene. And if the reader still doesn't believe that Hans Christian Andersen was writing fact and not fiction, well, it's not our fault.

NO longer a Hollywood freshman, Greene has now acquired a perspective on the daffy village and its odd inhabitants. We wondered what he thought of his co-workers, and he stated, "Hollywood isn't a zoo, as we in England are led to believe. The bulk of the movie folks are very sane. Naturally, in a place where so much money is made, there are apt to be shallow-minded squanderers. But by and large, most movie workers attained their positions and high incomes through hard work and miserable years of struggle. If they desire a mansion and a swimming pool—fine!—I think they jolly well deserve them!"

Contrary to the general impression, Richard Greene is no fashion plate. In his early days, the only time he wore decent clothes was when he posed, self-consciously, for English collar and hat ads at five dollars a sitting. We asked him about his clothes, not because we are of a snoopy nature, but because we always wondered just what a movie star hung in his closets.

"I possess about fifteen sack suits," admitted Greene, "along with two tuxedos and one full-dress suit. Sport outfits, however, are my forte; I have almost two dozen. Usually I pay about \$80 to \$120 for a suit, and I feel it's a good investment, because looking decent in public is a movie actor's business."

"Actually though, since I've been out here, I just don't dress up any more, and I seldom shave. In fact, the only time I try to appear halfway presentable during the day is when I come to the studio.

"Ahead of everything, I prefer blue jeans. You can wear them all the time and for years without their going out of fashion."

Greene's pride and prejudices, in regard to attire run to liking tan shoes, pullover sweaters, sloppy old felt hats, grey-colored suits and cheap canes. He doesn't care much for the popular Hollywood rubber-soled bootery. He abhors silk shirts and wears garters only with dinner clothes.

His last extravagance was a pair of thirty-five-dollar custom-made riding boots. Compared with Menjou's or Astaire's, his wardrobe is shamefully modest.

During the course of conversation, when we dared inquire about his most embarrassing experience, Greene went red. He wouldn't talk. "There have been some very embarrassing things," he blushed. "One just can't talk about them."

He confided a yen for writing. "I'm still a tyro," he said. "Not a word published." He considered Daphne du Maurier, who gave birth to "Rebecca," his favorite writer. He thought he would like, one day, to write a three act historical play about Bonnie Prince Charley, and then, à la Noel Coward, perform in it.

AND if ever he wrote his memoirs, he would tell his most thrilling experience in America. "It was a silly thing. It was the time, a year ago at Palm Springs in the desert, when I rode a bucking bronco for a full minute. It was something I had always wanted to do, and which I would never do again. Why, listen, it took me the entire afternoon to swallow my heart. But what a thrill!"

In his memoirs, he would also recall his most terrible experience. "Terrible is right! It was in England, some good years ago, when I was chased dizzy by a wild bull. I hid in a shed, quaking, for two dreary hours—and had to break a date it had taken me months to make!"

Besides enjoying hamburgers, cowboy ballads, Ray Noble, amateur photography, hunting trips, chess, "The Volga Boatman" and his pet cat named Jacqueline, Greene continues to enjoy picture-making.

Hard working, energetic, constantly absorbing tricks and technique, Richard Greene is one of Hollywood's seven most popular males.

There is as much possibility of Richard Greene being Filmdom's "least likely to succeed" as there is of his sending his children, if and when, to a place called Harvard.

And, ladies, if your brother or husband or that fresh fellow next door insists on calling Greene a pretty boy, just tell him to paste this in his hat: That any man who can frankly tell women what's wrong with their hair, bridge, smoking and manners, any man who can stay on a leaping bronco fifty-two seconds longer than the average cow-puncher—well—he's got to be more than a mere pretty boy. He's got to have "moxie." And if your mother hasn't yet told you, we're telling you that "moxie" is a synonym for the stuff they string inside tennis rackets.

That's what Richard Greene has—and believe us, if he had nothing else, that attribute alone would be enough.



FASHION DICTATES

NEW *Glamour* FOR YOUR EYES

It's a "must" in the Fashion outlook—and it's here to stay. Glamour that gives your eyes new importance with every costume you wear. All it takes is smart harmony in eye make-up. And that's easy with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Simply choose your Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in harmonizing shades . . . and notice the thrilling difference. It's fascinating to step up your beauty and style so *naturally* with Maybelline—the eye make-up that's smart because it's always in good taste.

THE EYES OF FASHION

by
Maybelline

Costumes of yellow, chartreuse, rust, brown, green, or any of the deep "Woodland" colors call for Maybelline black or brown shades of Mascara with matching eyebrow pencil. The harmonizing shades of Maybelline Eye Shadow are Brown and Green.

With blue, wine, black, fuchsia, all the purplish colors, wear Maybelline black or blue shade of Mascara and black eyebrow pencil, lightly applied. And to harmonize, Maybelline Eye Shadow in shades of Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray or Violet.



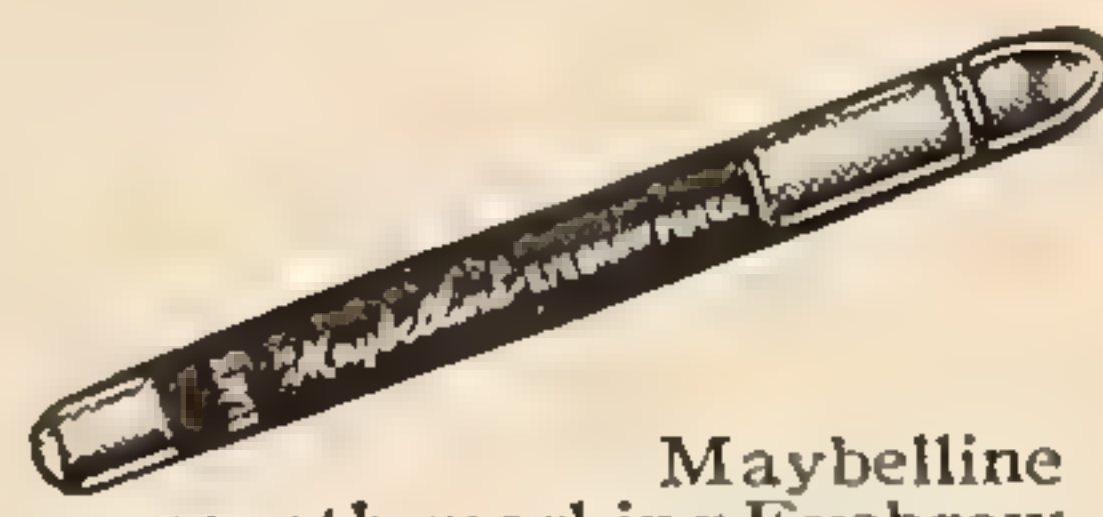
Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in zipper case, 75c.



Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow in dainty pastel box.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil with point protector.

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FREE!

WHY STARS LEAVE HOME

(Continued from page 39)

pug-ugly Maxie Rosenbloom tripping in for his 5 o'clock tea and crumpets!

Second to the Derbies, but first in the night club field since the Trocadero hung out its "For Rent" shingle, is *Ciro's*, a super-swank eating, drinking and dancing spot which pulls its trade from the *Social Register* as well as from the front ranks of *FilmLand*. Here, cigarette girls tout their wares for twenty-five cents a pack, and the man who tips them less than a quarter is a cheap-skate. Here, *Mischa Auer* bows to the waiters. And here, a party of six movie people, in one evening, ran up a check for \$365!

BUILT at a cost of \$150,000, *Ciro's* is housed in a modern-style building painted the color of coffee when you've put too much cream in it. Its interior, as described by one leading man who ought to know, bears a startling resemblance to a lady's boudoir. It has a pale green background and ceiling, and maroon-colored padding running scalloped up a third of the wall and clear around the room. And, off the record, our leading man appears quite as much at home in such feminine surroundings as do the numerous women he brings there.

Music for *Ciro's* is provided by *Emil Coleman*, a man blessed with an amazing memory that enables him to recall at a flash the favorite tunes of all steady customers. These he orders struck up the moment a familiar face looms on the threshold. Needless to say, it's mildly confusing to his musicians, who are usually unprepared for a sudden switch from "Oh, Johnny" to "They'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain."

Liquor at *Ciro's* is provided by any waiter who's asked for it. Right here we'd like to drop a tip to potential *Ciro* drinkers. When ordering champagne—unless you are the happy possessor of an unlimited purse—always specify exactly how much you'd like. If you don't, your waiter will assume you want an unlimited flow and just keep filling 'em up until someone remembers to stop him. Since the stuff averages \$10 per bottle, it's generally advisable to keep an eye on the proceedings.

Food at *Ciro's* is perfection itself. Every ingredient in every dish is absolute tops and the finished products are so alluring, they have made many a famous femme forget the clause in her contract that would hold her poundage at 103!

Victor Hugo's, which seats 600 people (about twice as many as *Ciro's*), is another paradise for lovers of fine victuals. But if the great Frenchman whom it honors ever saw it, he'd probably howl in his beard at the sight of his name blinking in neon lights with "Benny Goodman" or "Rudy Vallee" in huge letters beside it. It's certain, though, he'd cool off once he passed through the arched doorway into the beautiful Garden Room, where a softly-lighted bar, circular dance floor and trickling fountain offer relaxation to some of the highest-priced nerves in Hollywood. He'd also be comforted by the knowledge that the restaurant leaves semi-nude chorus girls and the stale jokes of m-cess to less distinctive dining places and uses only good food and "name" bands as customer bait. Both of these are "can't miss" attractions for the younger set, and regular *Hugoites* include *Judy*

Garland, *Ann Rutherford*, *Deanna Durbin* and *Vaughn Paul*.

Overseeing the entire works is *Henry DeSoto*, a restaurateur of twenty-five years standing. Besides being a capable manager, *Henry* is one of the best sources of scoops on Hollywood romances, because he keeps a practised eye on cooing twosomes and can always tell by what is ordered and what is eaten just how an affair is progressing. His process of deduction is simple—and generally involves steak. Steak is the easiest dish to order, and when a couple calls for it he knows they're "on fire" and are taking the first thing that comes to their minds. Then, when they hardly nibble, *Henry's* positive the "I do's" are not far in the offing!

To date, with the aid of his unique method, *Henry* has foretold the marriages of *Hedy Lamarr* and *Gene Markey*, *William Powell* and *Diana Lewis*, and *Betty Grable* and *Jackie Coogan*. He is sorrowful, however, because he has not yet perfected a pat formula for the prediction of bust-ups.

Far from the shouts of "Cut" and "Let them roll"—in atmosphere at least—is the star-studded, no-music eatery known as *Sardi's*. Here go the *crème de la crème* of *Moviedom* when they want peace as well as nourishment, for within *Sardi's* caricature-bedecked walls is a quiet that few can find at home.

Sardi's attracts *tourists*, too, and it has been noticed that many an out-of-town visitor who can take or leave his movie stars, is enraptured by the portable, plug-in telephones that can be set up at any table. In fact, a number of them ask to have an instrument placed between their silverware and bread basket, and then don't even lift the receiver!

In their class is *Hugh Herbert* who calls for a phone as soon as he walks in, but just sits and stares at it throughout his entire meal. *Jackie Coogan*, on the other hand, once made thirty-six calls in two hours in an attempt to get a last-minute date. P.S. He stayed at home with a good book.

THE chummiest spot in town is *Cafe Lamaze* which, like the average drug store luncheonette, can't seat more than seventy-five persons at any one time. Of course, the similarity ends where it begins, for while \$3 will feed a family of six at a luncheonette, it's only the beginning for a single spread at *Lamaze's*. But then, how many luncheonettes are equipped with a small orchestra or feed their guests chickens that but a few hours earlier were squawking in *Andy Devine's* back yard? None, according to the last Gallup check-up.

Principal novelty at *Lamaze's* is the method of serving relishes and fruit desserts. No one remembers who thought it up, but now foot-high, cone-shaped ice mounds, encasing glowing electric light bulbs, are studded with radishes, grapes, olives, etc., and placed in the center of every table. Quite a brain-storm, wasn't it? But it takes 2,000 pounds of ice a day to keep it going!

And there you have them—seven good reasons why almost every Hollywood dinner hour finds the cook and the serving maid sitting in the kitchen playing *parchesi*. But don't go envying their soft jobs. They still have to snap to attention when their master rolls in at four and yells for a steaming pot of tea!

"DON'T CALL ME A GREAT LOVER!"

(Continued from page 27)

of August, when their long-awaited divorces become final.

Of all this star-bright femininity, did he have any personal preferences?

"I played opposite Gertie Lawrence nine years ago, and she was as easy and pleasant as Greer Garson is in this picture. Really, I've been fortunate; they've all been fine and brilliant actresses. But, as you may be aware, I would rather play an act opposite Miss Leigh than all the others combined.

"Another thing, I don't find much difference between the American women I have met and those I have known that were French, Irish, Russian, English or any other nationality. The American woman is made up of all the others—and as an individual, she combines the best qualities of other races and nations. I find her very kind. She is usually warm and wonderfully helpful. I don't understand why it is, but American young ladies have a curious trick or ability of making you think you know them better than you really do."

At this point Olivier was summoned to play a touching scene with Miss Garson. It was a big "Pride and Prejudice" moment, and I sat watching the classic come to life. Contrary to common opinion, "Pride and Prejudice" is anything but a stuffy costume piece. It is a bright comedy, set in a small English village of the 1820's. It is the tabloid saga of a zany mother who is trying to land rich husbands for her five daughters. Miss Garson is one of these daughters, and Mr. Olivier is the catch of the season. The conflict arises when Greer Garson tries to crush Laurence Olivier's great pride, and he tries to shatter her overwhelming prejudice.

After Robert Z. Leonard had taken the same three-line scene over and over, seven times in all, the company moved to another set. Greer Garson rested standing up, leaning against a perpendicular canoe-shaped brace to keep her hoop-skirt from being mangled, and Olivier trotted back to the interview inquisition.

Strands of his dark-brown hair hung limply on his forehead, and he appeared very handsome and tired. He sat down slowly, carefully. One false move and those breeches would expose him to the wrath of the Will Hays decency board.

He began to talk about his immediate future. His speech took on an irresistible earnestness. He was speaking of the project closest his heart, the version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" he had personally cut and adapted for the American stage.

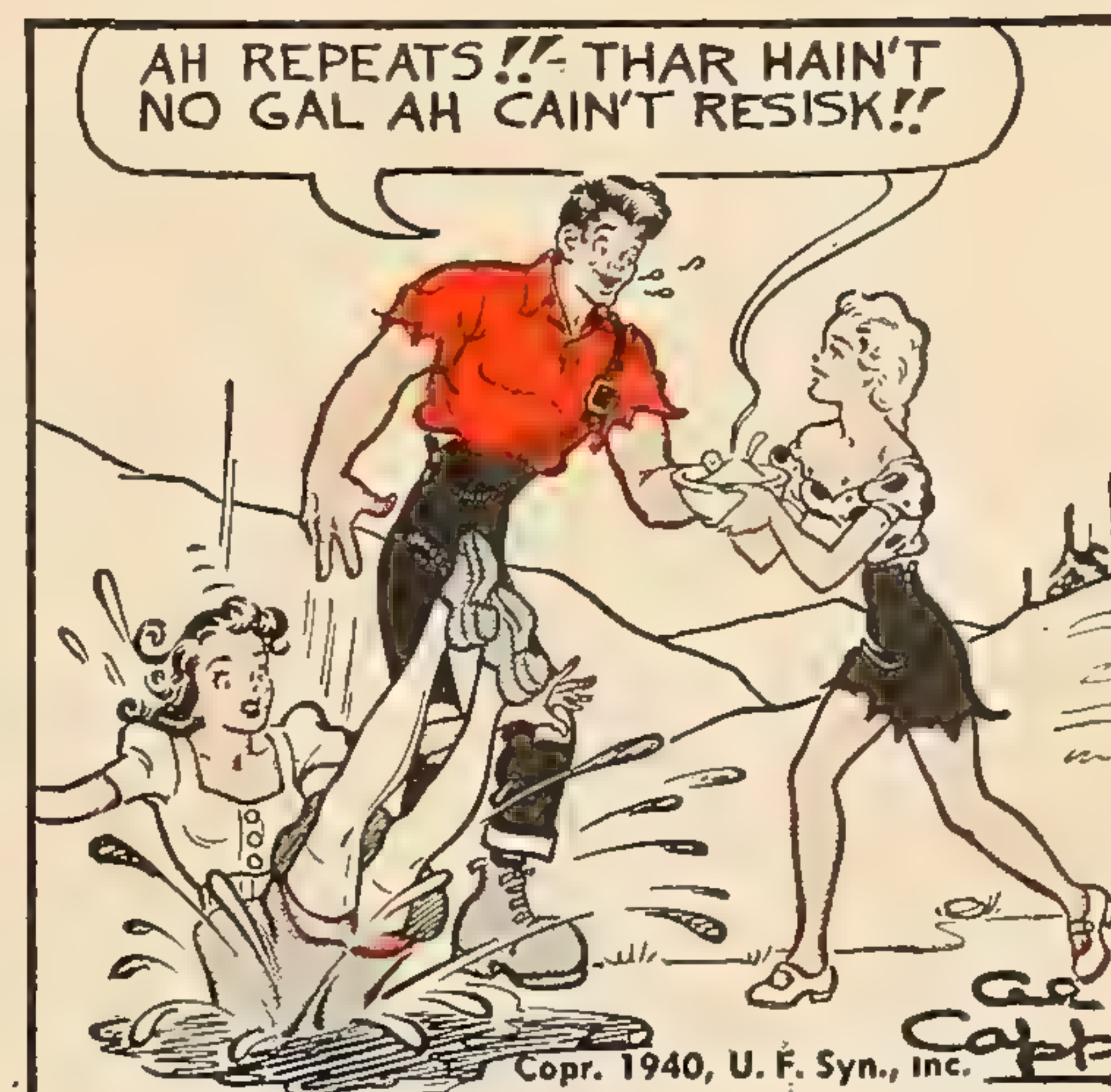
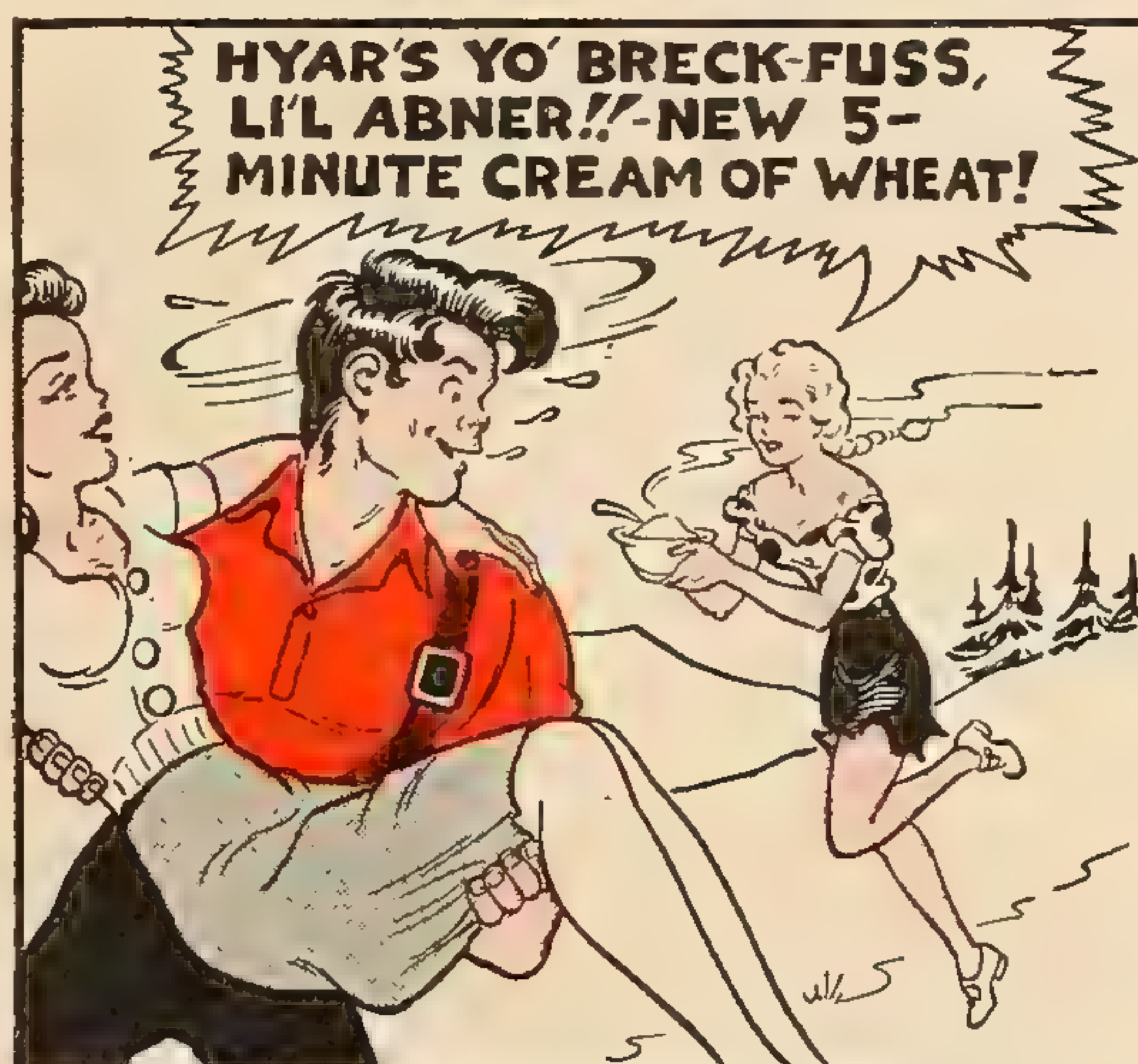
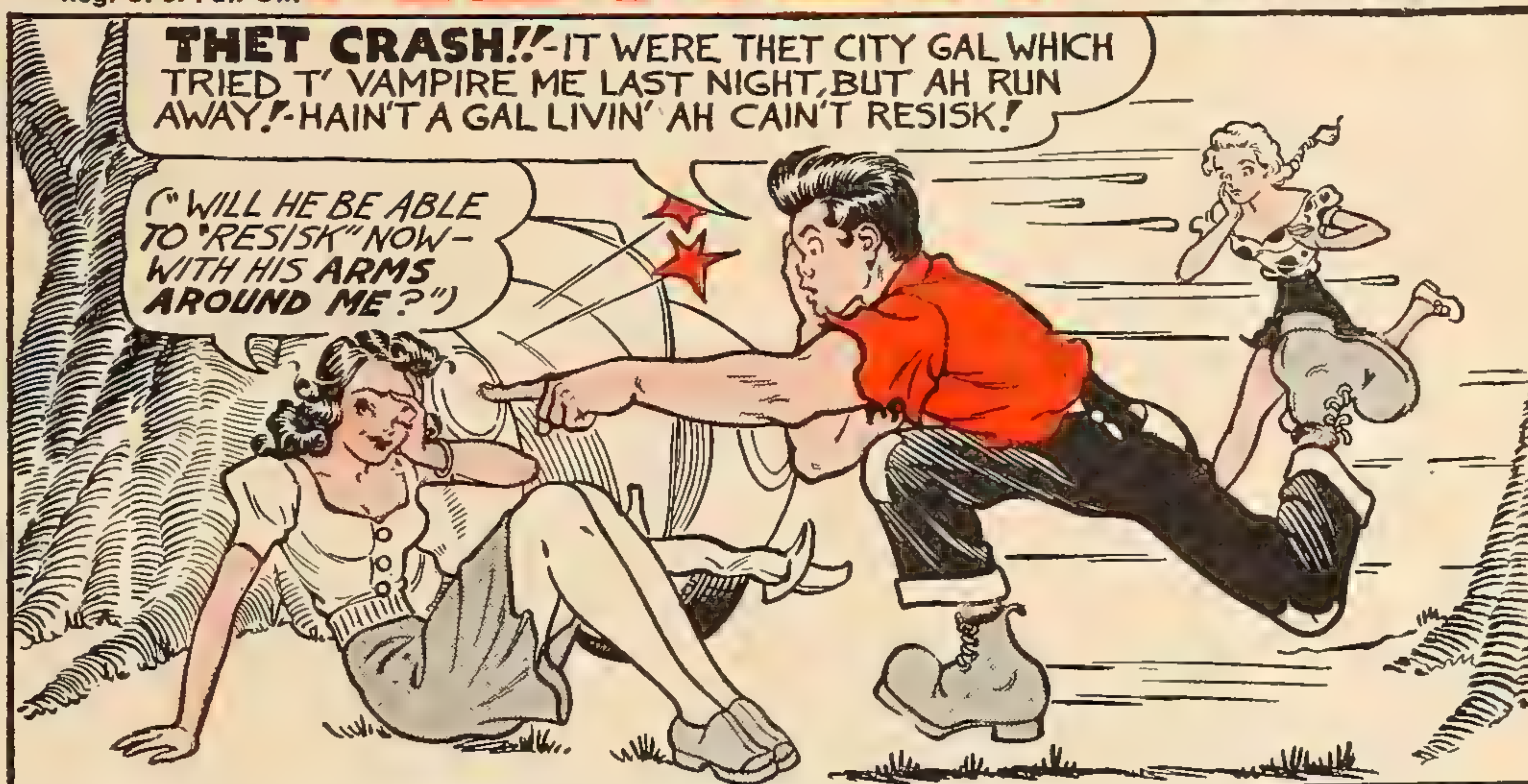
He and Miss Leigh—he always refers to her as "Miss Leigh"—were declining numerous picture offers to return to the stage in a play dear to them both. They were going back to the stage now, instead of in three or four years, because they didn't want to be known as "movie stars taking a fling at the legitimate stage."

"Romeo and Juliet," scheduled to open in San Francisco early in April, and play Chicago and New York until early August, would not be a mercenary project for Olivier. It would be something every human dreams of—something participated in for pure enjoyment.

Besides acting in the drama, Olivier has produced it, directed it, written

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Keep cool in this Molded Frock with Square Yoke . . . and Shorter Hair. Use DeLong Bob Pins to Set the Rolls and Keep Them Neat.



some of the music and laid out the ten sets. Even Orson Welles couldn't improve on that.

Never, perhaps, in all the modern history of the dramatic stage has there been a happier and more colorful combination of principals and production. Two internationally famed lovers of fact, Olivier and Leigh, projecting themselves into the two most famed lovers of fiction, Romeo and Juliet.

But, man and sir, to hear Olivier speak of Shakespeare, to detect the quickening of his speech, the lift of his voice! To watch his face, animated, his eyes bright, his boyish excitement! Why, it's an event remarkable. Olivier's voice brings you back to the old Mermaid Tavern, to the coffee house and the tankards of ale.

I asked Olivier why he was so certain Miss Leigh would make a stunning Juliet. I asked him to be frank. He was. Smilingly, he murmured, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety." Miss Leigh has youth with strength. Beauty with character. Pathos with comedy. And exceptional fire. The thing most persons don't know about her, and I do, is that she is an extraordinarily good comedienne. She's going to surprise everyone. Scarlett is over and done with. As Juliet she will be sweet, clever, young and very tragic and will invest the character with a subtle comedy, hitherto, I believe, unsuspected in the role."

NATURALLY, "Romeo and Juliet" is synonymous with talk about romance. A legend, I repeat, has already been woven about Olivier—that as a romantic type he is sometimes pensive, sometimes smoldering. Intimates have labeled him an enigma, aloof and distant, and I have heard women, upon viewing him on the screen, sigh and call him a "Great Lover."

All of which, naturally, is most embarrassing to Laurence Olivier. He thinks of himself as a human being, an actor, a student of music, a thousand things, but not as a romantic legend. And that, after all, is easy enough to understand. Just call your husband, or brother, or father a "Great Lover"—watch him either blush or bristle.

"Of course I don't wish to be called a Great Lover," Olivier insisted. "The appellation is so absurd. I don't feel like one, so I don't think I am one."

"I suppose the publicity I've had, the roles I've played and my attachment for Miss Leigh have all aided in the Great Lover myth. But believe me, I would rather be known as a second-rate character actor than an over-publicized glamour boy."

"My parts as Heathcliff in 'Wuthering Heights' and Max de Winter in 'Rebecca' may have created the wrong idea and made me out a moody Don Juan. But, of course, those fans who take pleasure in the illusion of my so-called glamour are welcome to it!"

Laurence Olivier, fortunately, has a sense of humor. Sudden and intense hero worship, which made Valentino vain and turned other matinee idols to flight and temporary insanity, leave Olivier a trifle amused. He is too honest with himself to think of himself as an exciting figure, as anything more than a hard-working actor.

And purely as a hard-working actor, looking toward his more distant future, Olivier, in his deliberate manner of speech, explained that he would divide his time between stage and screen. But honestly, he prefers the stage. He thought participating in both was fine, saying, "Each theatre contributes essentially to the other. Both are important."

He had too much on his mind to worry about what far-off tomorrows held in store for him. He was too immersed in the many projects at hand. But—

"I do firmly believe circumstances continually change one's life and career course. Up to now, I've been awfully lucky. I just pray it continues!"

However, past performances show that what Olivier modestly considers "luck" has actually been a steely perseverance and drive toward the top.

Now, at the age of 33, Olivier can look back on a life penned in greasepaint.

His family tree dripped with French Huguenots. Today, the Huguenots' only claim to immortality, besides bringing the bedbug to the New World, the fact that Olivier comes from their kind. His father was a clergyman—the High Episcopal Church in England. Olivier began emoting at nine, and at fourteen, in celebration of Shakespeare's birthday, he clapped a wig on his head, wore petticoats and played the wench Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew" at Stratford-on-Avon.

At school he did Puck in "Midsummer Night's Dream" and sang lustily in the choir. Of course, acting and singing were considered sissy stuff by the older lads at school, and they tormented young Olivier. This drove him within himself, and as the late mental medicos, Freud and Adler, would assure us, furnished him with the introspection and the push to later succeed against all odds.

After an eventful stage career and one unsuccessful try at Hollywood, M-G-M brought him back in 1933 to work opposite Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina." He was beginning to mistrust Hollywood and so came over with only one bag of clothes. This precaution was justified.

According to the most accurate story, Greta Garbo wanted John Gilbert for her leading man. She didn't want a comparatively unknown English youth. In the clinches, she refused to give out.

Recalling the incident, Olivier smiled broadly, and confessed, "I have never been bitter toward Miss Garbo. Actually, so much has happened since then I've forgotten the entire thing. It happens every day. I have a colossal admiration for Miss Garbo, but I do feel her leading men are apt to be obscured. It is a great credit to Robert Taylor that he came off so brilliantly with Miss Garbo in 'Camille.'

"In reality, being dropped from the Garbo picture was a big break for me. It gave me a magnificent opportunity in 'The Green Bay Tree' on Broadway."

CHECKING back, Olivier likes to remember his fine friends, Ralph Richardson, the grand English actor, Anthony Bushnell and many others. He likes to remember his most thrilling experience, playing the uncut version of Hamlet in 1937, in Denmark, at an outdoor festival. "I played before nearly 4,000 people at a time, and the show ran four hours. Sometimes we gave two performances in a single day, and that meant eight to nine hours of continuous acting. It left me limp, but Miss Leigh, who played Ophelia, thrived on it. And very beautiful she was in the part!"

Laurence Olivier, reminiscing, was reminded of a story. It seemed he was in a road show, and one day the company reached his home town of Latchworth. It was a stirring moment. None of his family had seen him perform, so Laurence bought dozens of tickets for the relatives, the neighbors and even the cook.

They all crowded in to watch their local boy make good. The show played two hours. After it was done, the cook

came waddling backstage to get straightened out on a little matter:

"What did you think of me, cook?" inquired Olivier.

She seemed bewildered. "Well, I don't know, Master Laurence. I kept looking for you and looking for you, but I didn't see you."

"What?" bellowed Olivier. "What's wrong, woman? You heard the bell after the tea interval, didn't you? Well, I rang it!"

Laurence Olivier laughed heartily after telling the story. It's one of his favorites. It's one he likes to tell to those who regard him as a smoldering romantic.

ON THE SET

(Continued from page 33)

by the way, looked in on the operations and is reported to have given her unqualified okay to the Hollywoodization of her relative.

The script of "All This, . . ." which was two months in the writing, calls for 68 sets, none of which is very troublesome. The cast is a comparatively intimate affair, consisting of 50 members who have speaking parts and 200 extras who walk or run through the various scenes without uttering a sound. Ordinarily, such a set-up would make for painless production, but as luck and history would have it, four young children are necessary to the plot.

CHILDREN, the saying goes, are natural-born actors—but you couldn't prove it by Director Anatole Litvak. Poor Mr. Litvak is having himself one bad time trying to make Boyers and Davises out of the youngsters assigned to him for, with the exception of thirteen-year-old Virginia Weidler, they are not screen veterans.

Most inexperienced is four-year-old Richard Nichols, chosen from over five hundred little boys for an extremely exacting role. Richard, incidentally, was not awarded his part the moment he shuffled into the casting director's presence. Actually, of the five hundred kids who turned out, twenty-two were screen-tested before the selection was narrowed down to him and a certain Jean DeRiver. When, after heavy consideration, the job was awarded to Richard, the mother of Jean did not faint dead away. But the casting director nearly did, for, since it no longer mattered, Mrs. DeRiver revealed that her son was really a female named June! Most amusing sidelight on the incident is the fact that, although the child had been costumed by the wardrobe department several times, no one had ever seemed to question her masculinity!

Remembrance of such duplicity isn't sweetening Mr. Litvak on the youngest generation. Neither are his present trials. The last time we saw him, his face was livid, and his breath was coming hard. No, Mr. Litvak was not going mad. He was merely trying to show Richard how to do a scene in which the boy, desperately ill with pneumonia, struggles for a bit of relief. Richard, we are sorry to say, did not find the emoting contagious. Instead, being highly entertained by such antics, he giggled into his hands while the rest of the cast, feeling their nerves going raw, waited for the proper mood to hit him.

Notwithstanding, Mr. Litvak professes a tremendous love for little shavers. Notably, he has no children of his own.

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KAY GRIFFITH, 20th Century-Fox Player in "Maryland", wearing the "Mademoiselle"—slenderizing suit of youth. There's a new fashion note in the shirring of the attractive square neckline. The fabric is *Velva-Lure*, soft, rich, velvety, \$5.95 in U. S. A. Other Jantzen styles \$4.95 to \$10.95.

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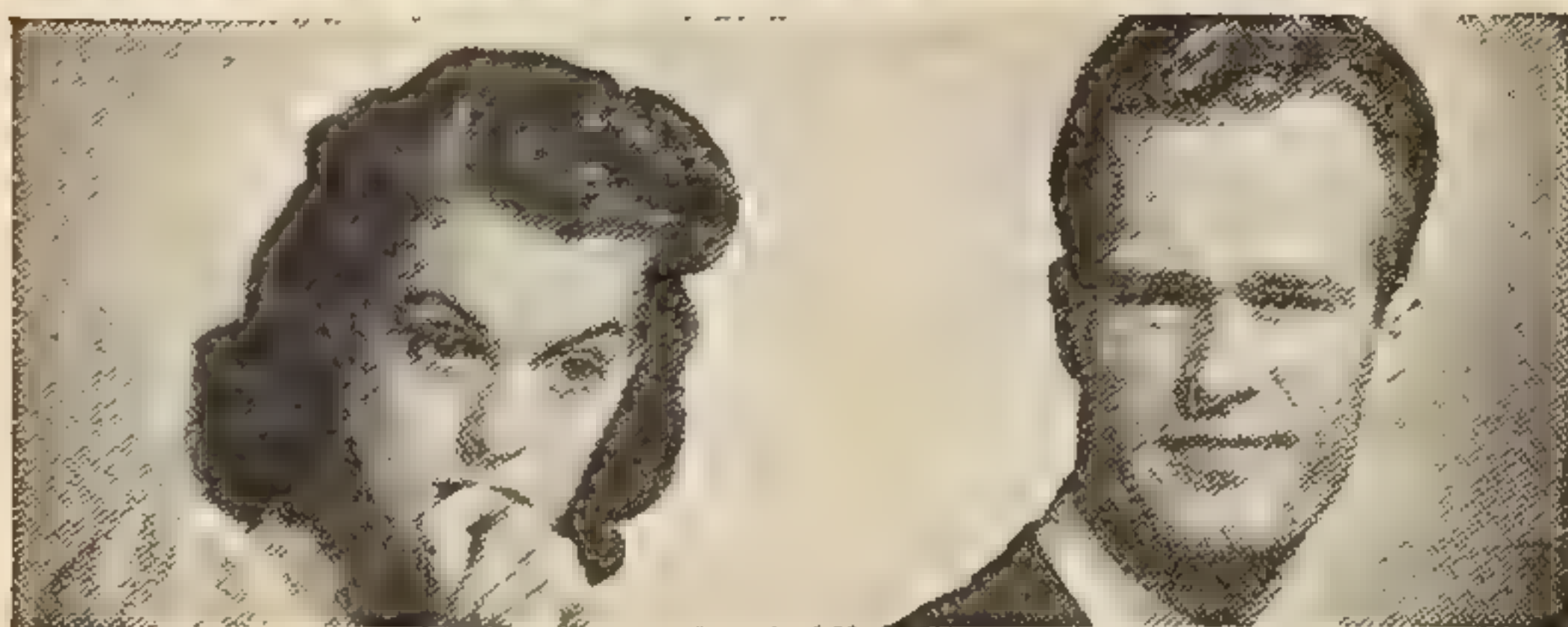
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NAME

STREET

CITY

CHECK UGLY PERSPIRATION

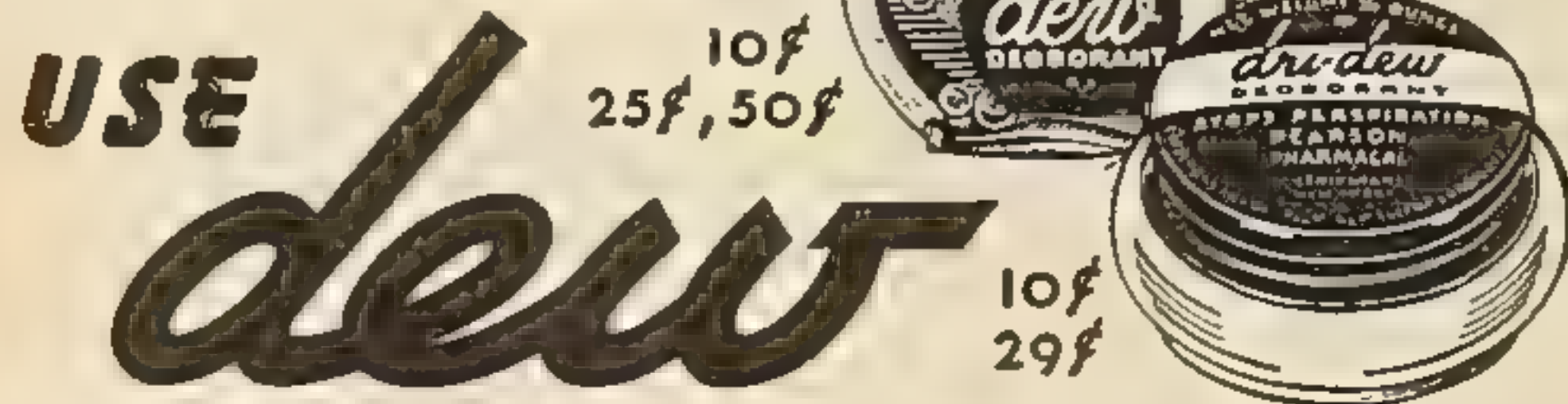


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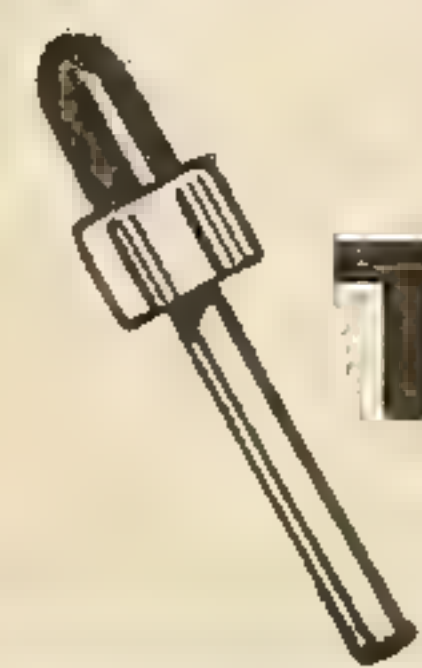
KILL ITS ODOR



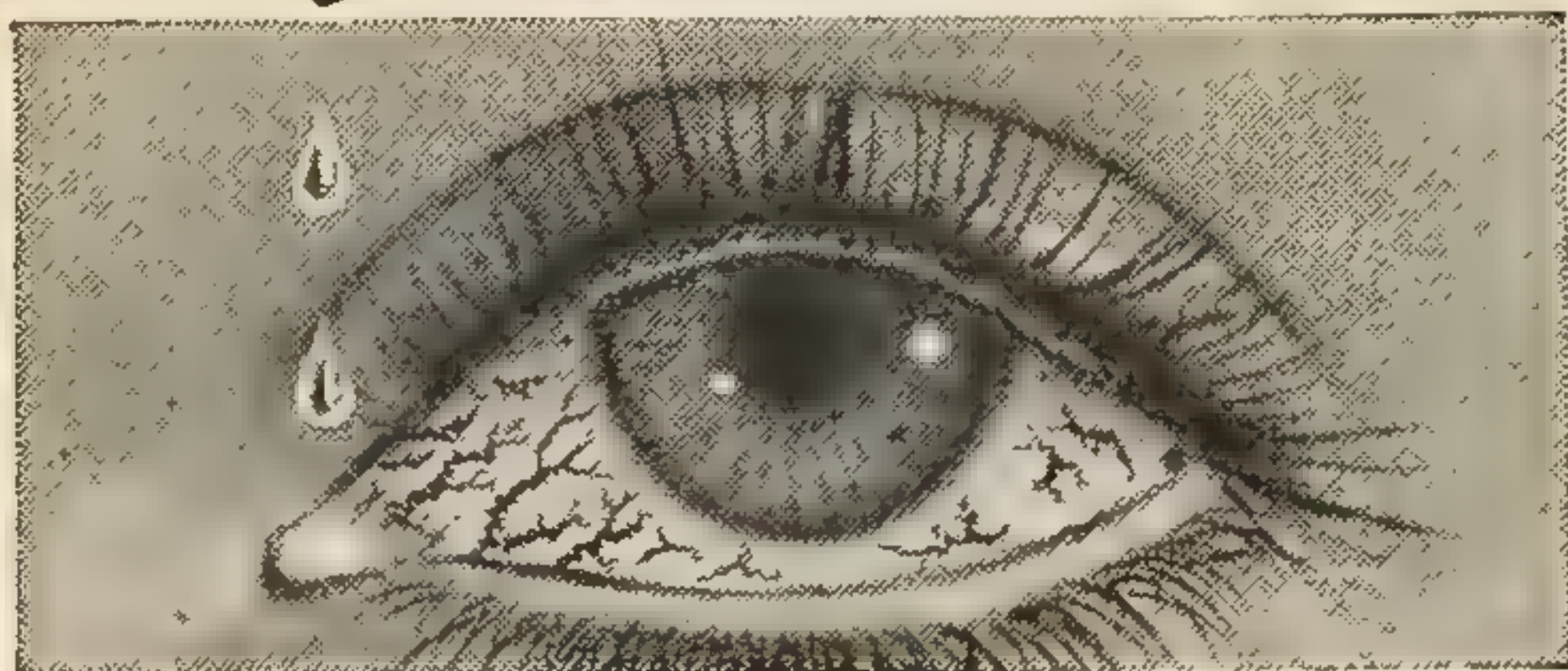
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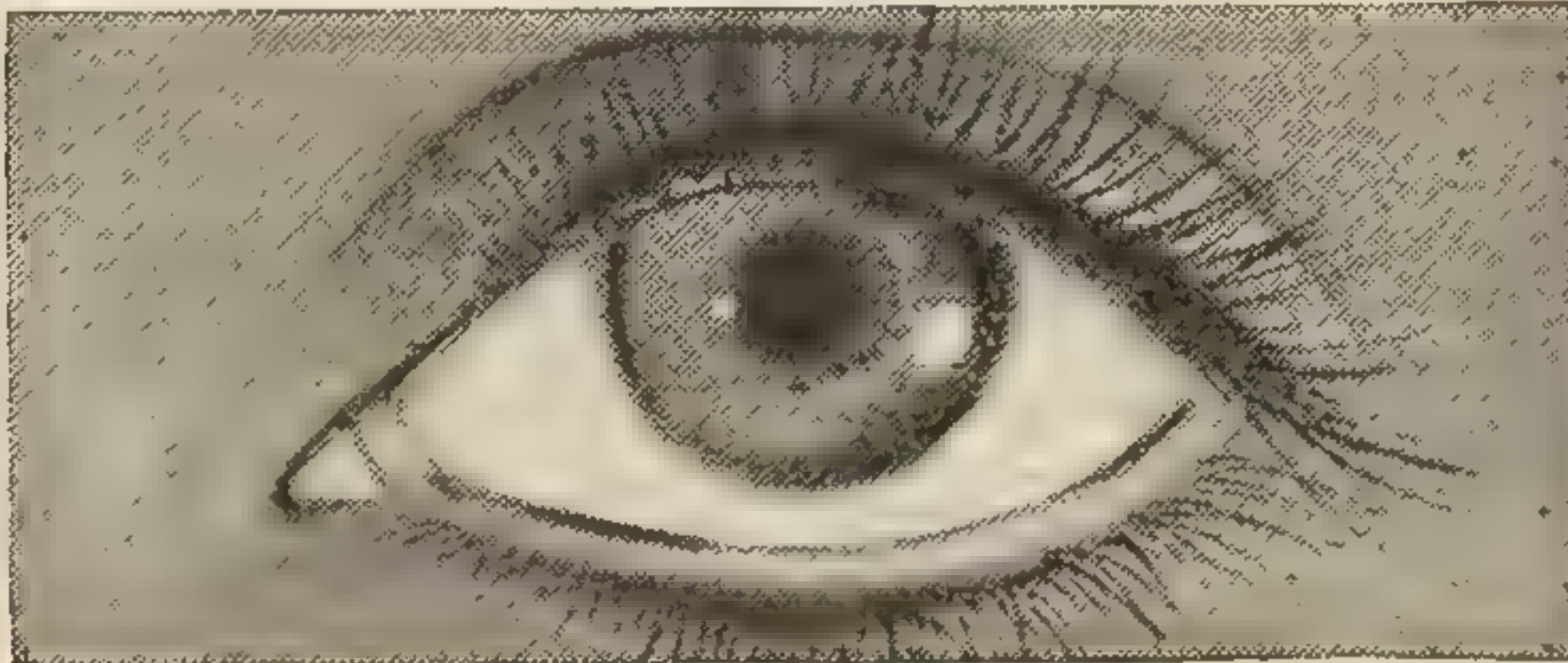
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USE



EYE-GENE

HOLLYWOOD SKIN MAGIC

(Continued from page 45)

foods rich in the fats their systems need. Poor health, fatigue, dry climate and hard water also contribute to this condition. If your skin is very dry, cleanse it thoroughly with cold cream or one of the emollient, oily cleansing creams. Protect it with rich lotions and lubricating creams night and morning and use one of the heavier, richer foundations under your make-up. Dry skin wrinkles and shows age much earlier than oily skin so, if this is one of your pet problems, by all means pamper yourself with extra massage deep and firm and rotary in direction, never superficial or with a downward motion [of course, always using a rich lubricating cream.]

Oily skin is much more susceptible to blackheads, whiteheads, acne and other blemishes than is the dryer type, so extra thorough cleanliness with soap and water, creams and astringents should be the constant watchword of all you who possess it. Enlarged pores are really dilated oil glands which have come to appear like large pits around the nose and nearby cheek areas. Besides persistent cleanliness, stimulation with cold applications of ice or ice water is often helpful. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices and cut down on rich, highly seasoned foods. Crisp green salads and all kinds of fresh fruits and vegetables should be your special forte.

THE causes of acne are often obscure, though disturbances of the oil glands are involved somewhere along the line. The treatment here again is meticulous daily cleansing with a complexion brush, soap and warm water. Steaming the face over a basin or with hot towels followed by application of cold water and an astringent often helps. Go easy on the make-up while your skin is in such a condition. Get lots of sunshine and fresh air. Keep yourself to a diet free from starches and sweets, and you should get satisfactory results. If you don't, see a doctor. Never take chances with chronic skin blemishes.

Try to break yourself of the bad habit

of touching soiled hands to your face. Infections which cause many kinds of blemishes often originate in such thoughtless mannerisms.

All cosmetic care of the skin is based on the three important principles of cleansing, stimulation and softening. We've gone pretty thoroughly into the business of cleansing. One more point we might add before we go on to stimulation. And that is, never apply new make-up over old—or over a soiled skin, either. Cleanse away every trace of both and start fresh. If you aren't at home where you can use soap and water, you can always carry a small tube of cleansing cream or a flat, purse-sized box of those ready-to-use cleansing pads we mentioned before. If you don't want pores that are clogged and distended and a complexion that looks more like paste than the clear, fine-grained thing of beauty that it should be, do heed this little warning. And never use a powder puff that isn't perfectly clean. A fresh puff every day is not only a mark of feminine daintiness but also an important protector of complexion loveliness.

Under the heading of skin stimulation you want to put down not only local massage but also sunshine, outdoor exercise and, to a lesser but still important degree, indoor gymnastics. Brisk after-bath rub-downs with cologne, lotion or just a clean, heavy towel—all are excellent skin stimulants.

Face patting and massage exercises are good when correctly done. Gently slapping the cheeks with your open palms covered with cream, muscle oil or lotion creates a gentle suction which stimulates and refreshes. Patting the forehead upward from the eyebrows with a firm, rhythmic movement of hands covered with a lubricant, relaxes and helps to modify those horizontal lines which make us look so much older. The massage motion along your jaw line should be a fairly smart slapping upward, from chin along the jaw bone, with hands again well lubricated.



Miss Howard placidly takes a letter from her beautiful boss, Joan Crawford, amid the clatter and confusion on the "Susan and God" set.

BUTCH, THE BALLROOM BARON

(Continued from page 37)

flying elbows. I'm no grandpappy but, frankly, I can't take an evening of jittingbugging. It's a little too much on the physical culture side."

Cesar Julio Romero II—the Cisco Kid to you—went Terpsichorean at the age of five and, as he says, "to the tinny music of an old graphophone, whirled around the kitchen with Victoria, our negress cook, who was built along Aunt Jemima lines."

Years later, while a popular professional dancer on the Great White Way and in the swankiest night spots in many big cities, he danced with the A to Z in variety of partners—some of America's best. That is why Hollywood will not protest in the least when Cesar says that Mrs. Lewis Milestone, wife of the producer, Sally Blane and Binnie Barnes are among the Grade A partners in cinematic circles.

"They are so good that you just feel it. You can't analyze it and say they are tops because they do this or that well," he explained. "They are the best just because they are. See what I mean?"

I did more or less. Yet I wanted to know more about how Movieland's stars and glamolettes act within the arms of the romantic Romero, whom Joan Crawford calls "Butch, the Ballroom Baron." Rumor has it that Cesar has danced with every eligible female in Hollywood. When asked about this, he laughed the kind of laugh that comes from mellow good humor.

"Preposterous," he said. "I have danced

with so few of the girls in this town."

Well, if "so few" amount to packages of pulchritude like Marlene Dietrich, Ann Sheridan and . . .

"I mean," Cesar quickened the pace of his words, "all this business about my dancing with everyone who sets foot in the wilds of a Hollywood night club is myth. And, in this case, a myth is as good as a mile."

"As for dancing with Marlene Dietrich, actually the first time I really had the opportunity was last night at a party given by the Jack Warners." He leaned forward, speaking earnestly.

"She is a woman who has everything—culture, poise, allure. And her dancing has everything she possesses. I cannot understand where some people get the notion that she is cold and distant. She isn't. There is not the least bit of aloofness about her. She never closes her eyes when she dances; I remember that clearly. She follows every step without the slightest hesitation, indecision or error."

FOR a moment Cesar was silent. He squashed his cigarette in the gargoyle-shaped ash tray and began thinking aloud, gradually putting oomphasis on Ann Sheridan.

"Take Ann Sheridan!" (Which would be no hardship.) "She's a girl few people know well. She's constantly bantering. Her humor is natural, and you love it. I do, especially, because I'm moody quite often. She talks more than any other

star while she dances. Then again, sometimes she closes her eyes entirely and is very quiet.

"I don't know why for certain, but Ann often kids about her dancing. She says she's going to notch a leather belt at home for every time she autographs the shine on my shoes with the soles of hers. Actually she's a lot better than good on the ballroom floor."

"I think she has an inferiority complex to a certain extent. She's a trifle camera-shy on the floor; she's a little like Joan Crawford in that respect. Ann radiates warmth and friendliness. Occasionally she hums a tune softly while we dance. It's pleasant. Often she's told me how this 'oomph girl' business has affected her. She's still worried about too big a build-up and a possible let-down."

Cesar, who has never danced with tears in his eyes, doesn't mind a girl's humming or singing while dancing. A cheerful little earful is all right, if the singer doesn't try to entertain the entire room and if her voice isn't scratchy. In fact, Cesar catches himself vocalizing at times.

"Sonja Henie is a hummer when she dances," he confided. "Slow music usually makes her sing softly. She's a girl who is a spontaneous, tireless dancer. When my legs are wobbly, she still has energy to burn. On a date with either Sonja or Loretta Young you can be sure you won't sit out a number the whole evening. They dance a full program."

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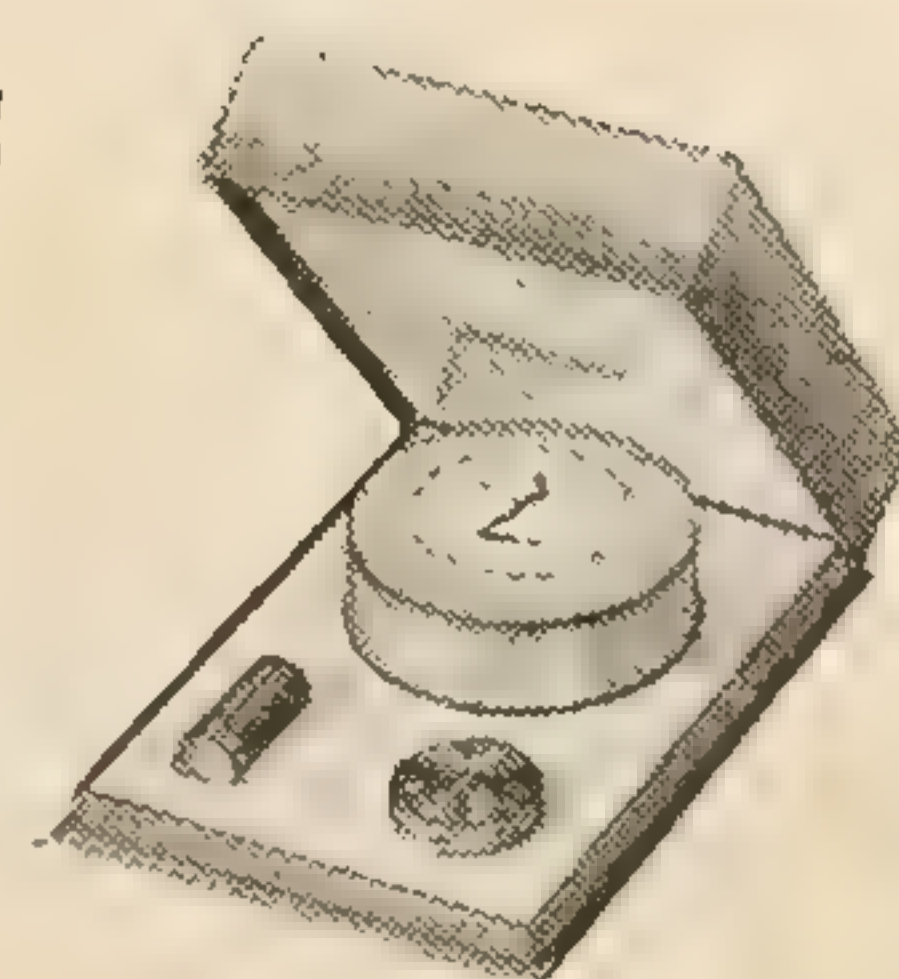
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"One odd thing about Sonja. She dances beautifully. Then, occasionally, you find her trying to lead you. Gently you exert pressure on her back. Then she realizes what she has been doing, smiles, relaxes and goes on smoothly. She's easily as graceful on the waxed floor as she is on ice," he said.

Columnists would have us believe Cesar Romero confines himself to two activities: nightclubbing with filmdom's fairest and emoting in pictures.

Truth is, bright lights have lost their magnetic attraction for Cesar. He spends most of his nights in his Brentwood apartment, relaxing from a day's work by reading anything and everything from Steinbeck to "Ferdinand the Bull."

His favorite topic is the nine-room, Mexican ranch house he's having constructed on a 100 by 300 foot hillside lot in Brentwood.

"It won't be long now," he said, "and Joe, my colored houseboy, and I will be moving in—to peace and quiet. But don't get me wrong. This building project doesn't mean that I'll turn Kermit the Hermit. I'll still go out dancing and to parties occasionally. Nor does it mean that I'm choosing a co-ruler for the House of Romero. There's no immediate danger of my getting married."

ALL of which implies that Cesar hasn't asked Joan Crawford, Ann Sheridan, Loretta Young, Sonja Henie, nor any unknown quantity in Movieland to take fittings for a ring. However, he says that the girl to whom he puts the important question will not have to be a Crawford on the dance floor. "So long as she is fairly lissome, light on her feet and has rhythm—that's enough. If she has the beauty of blonde Virginia Bruce, brunette Dolores Del Rio or copper-haired Marlene Dietrich, I shall be more than satisfied. Life isn't just a song and a dance; I know that. Beauty isn't enough, either. I want someone with a good sense of humor to cheer me up when I'm moody; I want a person with intelligence and kindness, and one who, more or less, likes what I do."

Well, there's the formula, girls.

Legend has it that Cesar Romero has never been seen to make a misstep on a ballroom floor.

"Don't believe a word of that," Cesar says and insists that if Hollywoodians actually do think highly of his dancing it is because they have never seen him do a nosedive.

Some years ago in Jersey City, New Jersey, before he was his suave, tuxedoed, 1940 self, he danced with "a sweet girl named Lillian Mundt." They whirled wildly with the music and seemed to have been made for each other until they ran into the foot of a nearby dancer. Whack! Cesar's leg struck the other person's.

"Up we went and over." He laughed loudly. "I plopped on my back, and she landed on top of me. It was on the edge of the crowd, right near the stag line. One of my friends in the line turned Brutus and commented in a foghorn voice, 'How the mighty Cesar hath fallen.'"

Despite the fact that the Ballroom Baron's list of the five best male dancers in Hollywood does not include himself, Cesar is Number One Male Dancer. And girls hereabouts would trip the light fantastic in stocking feet on carpet tacks to get him as a partner.

Incidentally, George Murphy, George Raft, Fred Astaire, Lee Bowman and Paul Draper are the Romero choices.

"There aren't many excellent dancers among the actors," he said. "You would be surprised how many prominent males

take dancing instructions. Now it may sound peculiar that I think Fred Astaire is excellent on the ballroom floor, for when he's out in public, he just dances. Once he said to me, 'I don't dance for show purposes when I'm at a night club. I forget about cameras, sound and tapping and just get lost in the shuffle.'"

The Commandments For Women Dancers which Cesar framed while lazing in the soft chair of the sunlit publicity office, are worth noting:

1. Thou shalt not chin thyself on thy partners shoulder, nor hook your arm around his neck and anchor him down.

2. Thou shalt not dance on thy partner's feet. (Stand on your own two.)

3. Thou shalt not kill romance by over-cuddling, sticking to your partner like fly paper.

4. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's partner. (At least not openly in winks, come-on looks, or smiles over your partner's shoulder.)

5. Thou shalt not lead thy partner. (Born leaders are all right in biographies and in business, but on the dance floor they are as popular as the boors who windmill around knocking into everyone around them.)

6. Thou shalt not deliver a monologue of chatter during the dance.

7. Thou shalt not display affection. (There's a time and place for everything. It may be "Stardust" or muted trumpets or a couple of whiskey sours that put your inhibitions in their place. But reserve the lipstick smooches on his cheek till A.D.—after dance.)

8. Thou shalt not wear a hat that will keep him at a distance.

9. Thou shalt not forget that personal cleanliness is next to godliness. (And carelessness is next to impossible for the girl who wants to be popular. Dancing means exercise, and exercise means, well, it means that perhaps one happy couple may become two sorry people.)

10. Thou shalt not stand straight as a poker nor bent as a bow. (Position may not be everything in life, but in dancing it is important. An in-between posture that is relaxed is best. And the tall girl with a shorter partner should not try to cut inches from her height by bending in the middle. Because height becomes width, and width increases Southern Exposure. It is well to be tall gracefully, and beware of being caught short.)

BUTCH, the Ballroom Baron hasn't danced his way to screen renown. He's specialized in being any of 57 varieties of cad. When casting directors think of a movie triangle, they immediately visualize Cesar Romero as the third angle.

Cad has been the word for Cesar until recently, when he took over the heroic Cisco Kid roles where Warner Baxter left off. It was for "The Cisco Kid and the Lady" that he polished up his rhumba. He actually danced before the camera.

To dance or not to dance may be the question, but not for Romero. It is immaterial to him if his dancing is recorded on celluloid. He likes the novelty of Cisco Kid assignments, and doesn't mind being triangular.

"I don't like to receive hisses, nasty fan letters or time bombs," he said. "But so long as being a cad keeps me in the movies and in the money and gives me a chance to dance with Joan, Loretta, Sonja, Ann and the others, I don't mind. Not bad compensation, is it?"

Not bad at all. And, conditions being the same, who wouldn't cultivate sideburns, acquire an accent, study the rhumba, and become an All-American Cad to be in Cesar Romero's oxfords?

CALLING ALL SECRETARIES!

(Continued from page 47)

never had a vacation—has never wanted one. He's six feet tall and looks like your favorite collar ad. Once he won a scholarship to the New York School of the Theatre and studied there for two years. He also directed a summer theatre group for three seasons. He'd still like to be an actor but doesn't intend to ride in on the boss' pull. He has a comfortable berth at present, and he's willing to let the other matter take its course.

Though they seldom pat him on the back, Walter knows that Melvyn and Helen Douglas are genuinely interested in him. They proved it once, very beautifully. It seems that Walter was in love and suddenly, one afternoon, his girl announced her engagement to someone else. When the Douglases heard the news, they wired from Tucson, the immortal words: "Dear Walter, don't be too unhappy about Patty. We will raise your salary so you, too, can buy a ring. We love you." Things like that keep a man satisfied with his job.

Bill Gallagher's story is a variation of a familiar theme. Five years ago Tyrone Power was in New York working with Katharine Cornell. His guardian, who is Bill's uncle, came east and introduced the boys. Later, when Ty was settled in Hollywood, he remembered Bill, sent for him and they've been inseparable ever since.

Gallagher, a 31-year-old fugitive from Fordham University, considers keeping Ty level-headed his main duty. After a preview, when the leeches and yes-men gather around and buzz nauseating flat-

tery into the young actor's ear, Bill takes him aside. If Bill thinks the others aren't honest, he says, "Boss, the picture was a stinker! If you listen to those blood-suckers, I'll bawl hell out of you!" Bill further endears himself to his employer by showing him all bad press notices and repeating all adverse comments he hears about him.

Working at home, or in a studio dressing-room or on an airplane en route to South America, Bill takes dictation in longhand so that Ty can read it back himself. He also purchases Ty's shoes and shirts and frequently shops for Annabella.

HIS great fun, though, is fussing with Ty's electric trains. Mr. P. was always interested in trains but never had the patience to build them. Bill was always interested in trains but never had the money to build them. Now Bill does the detail work, and Ty is happy to come around and play.

"It's a swell job!" exclaims Bill, "especially since Ty's married. I once had to go everywhere with him—to the dentist, to the doctor, to the bank. But Annabella's taken over half my duties so I have more time to myself."

Iola Clark is a twenty-four-year-old eye-ful who's fairly new at her job. Trained in high school and business college, and having pushed a pencil for an insurance company and an aluminum company, Miss Clark is now in the employ of Edward G. Robinson.

Three months ago, a friend of the

Robinsons, hearing they needed a secretary, drove Iola to their ranch and introduced her. After spending three sleepless nights anticipating the interview, she landed the job right off.

Today, Iola is fast becoming a veteran. She works in a cottage in the shadows of the ornate Robinson abode. Since the Warner Brothers studio takes care of Robinson's fan letters, she handles only radio and personal mail. She's at her desk from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon.

Sometimes, she is not only a secretary, but a nurse, editorial assistant and guide. She takes young Manny Robinson to his father's broadcasts, helps Mrs. R. in the preparation of her weekly magazine column and escorts Robinson's visitors, art critics and collectors through the house, pointing out the Van Goghs and Picassos.

Despite the infinite and upsetting variety, or maybe because of it, Iola loves her work. She loves the things that go with it—the association with a fine man, the people she meets and the carefully prepared lunches served to her by the family butler.

And now, having met five typical Hollywood aides and opened the door on their business lives, do you still want to be a secretary to a star? You probably do.

Sure, maybe sometimes it is three kinds of hell. Maybe it's not confined to anything as sweet and simple as shorthand. But it is a good living on a merry-go-round of thrill and gossip.

They never thought she'd land him!



BUT HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED...

I HEAR TOM AND CLAIRE'S ENGAGEMENT IS ON THE ROCKS

DEFINITELY! BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME TOM. TOO BAD NOBODY EVER TOLD CLAIRE TO SEE HER DENTIST ABOUT HER BREATH



CLAIRE SEES HER DENTIST...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



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Cream Deodorant
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The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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No. 616—You'll go places all summer long in this soft-textured cotton, left. Nautical as a hornpipe, even confirmed landlubbers are crazy about it.

No. 614—You'll want this dream of a ribbed cardigan, below, in mouth-watering pastels and, of course, in dead white as a foil for that tan of yours.



If you've finally tucked away your woolly Brooks and are already pining for their comfortable casualness, take heart, for here are two brand new summer loves. Both are of pebble-twist cotton and are zephyr-light in spite of their sturdiness.

Every smart girl knows that summer is really the season wherein a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, and it would take a mighty stalwart chap to resist you, jaunty and gay in the little striped number above, or alluringly feminine in the cardigan, right.

Wear the pullover for your gamin moments. He'll think you're the world's best sport when the sailboat tips over, and you come up drenched but smiling, knowing your sweater's color-fast.

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I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

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Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.

SUCCESS WITH A WHOOP!

(Continued from page 35)

"You are just a butterfly floating on the crest of a wave of idleness! You think you can skim along without doing any work. You'll never, never get anywhere!"

Burned to a fine cinder, Ann swished right out of class and didn't go back that afternoon, or any other. Instead she took a walk and the more she walked the madder she got. When she was hitting somewhere around the boiling point, she passed a Los Angeles radio station, KFAC, and the white fire of indignation flared up with an idea. She popped right in and said, "I'm having difficulties. I've got to have a job." And the funny thing is—that's what she got!

Not very many thirteen-year-old girls, of course, would stand a chance of walking in, unknown, unhonored and unsung and landing a job in a radio station. But Ann at thirteen was really a veteran actress. "In fact," chattered Annie between chops, "I was a has-been. I was all washed up at nine. What I'm doing now is really my comeback!"

Her father, John Rutherford, alias John Guilberti, was a famous tenor with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, before he reformed and became a San Francisco broker. Her mother was a Mansfield, and the pride of her Kentucky tribe was a cousin named Richard Mansfield, a pretty fair Shakespearean star, as everybody knows. You see, it was in the blood.

Ann herself had toddled away from her toys to play in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" with a San Francisco

stock company when she was still in kindergarten. She kept up kiddie acting until her front teeth developed yawning gaps. Then she resigned herself to school—until the ancient Phoenicians forced her into poesy, and poesy forced her into public disgrace.

Anyway, KFAC put her in a radio thriller called "Nancy and Dick and the Spirit of '76." With the money she drew, Ann could afford a tutor who wouldn't fuss about reading her poetry. She was very happy in her radio work, too, because, as I said, Ann would rather talk than—well, maybe not eat, but she does like to talk.

A FEW weeks ago, for instance, when her studio sent Ann east on a personal appearance tour, a studio writer said he'd write her something to say on the stage. "Oh, no!" said Ann, "I'll just talk."

"But what about?" inquired the writer. "Oh, lots of things," said Ann. "That's easy." She rattled on through twenty-one states, chattering from theatre stages for twenty minutes at a time and never missing a lick. She never had a script.

In Washington, where some Southern senators entertained her at lunch in the Capitol, Senator Radcliffe made the mistake of saying, "And now we'll hear from Miss Rutherford." It was very edifying, they say, to see Solons "Cotton Ed" Smith, Radcliffe, Byrnes, Speaker Bankhead and all, sitting around just listening for a change—and to a twenty-year-old Hollywood girl at that. But there

isn't much even a senator can do when Ann gets going.

Of course, talking is the main idea in front of a microphone. So Ann was a natural at KFAC. The Spirit of '76 was absorbing but not enough to keep Ann out of multiple mischief. Around the broadcasting studio she was soon running in and out of every program in the place, being a baby's gurgle one minute and an eerie scream the next. One day an agent, John Lancaster, who is Ann's manager today, dropped by and heard a particularly blood-curdling yelp, saw the fair face that uttered it and was impressed. He dashed in to the manager. "I want to meet the girl who does all the screaming around here," he demanded. That was Annie.

Well—before she knew it Ann was making a screen test at the old Fox studios, in a cast-off dress of Janet Gaynor's. All of which shows you can sometimes crack Hollywood by yelling loudly enough. Not that the Fox test did it for Ann, for it really happened later at Republic. Ann did a little discreet fibbing about her age. You can work only six hours a day by California law when you're sixteen, and Ann wanted to work. She said she was eighteen, changed her name from Mary to Ann and became the horse-opera queen of San Fernando Valley, with Gene Autry and John Wayne and Republic's crop of cinema cowpokes.

What Annie did at Republic was typically Rutherford. She arose at the crack of dawn and worked far into the night. She made thirteen pictures in nine

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months, until her mother stepped in and firmly yanked her into court to break her contract. "By which time," recalled Ann, "the circles under my eyes had turned to ruffles!" But that shows you what her studio is up-against trying to keep Annie comparatively relaxed without pinning her down with a hypodermic.

The sad truth is that Ann Rutherford is a natural-born fussbudget, chatterbox, busybody and one-girl perpetual motion machine. She knows it, but she just can't help it. She's a young lady in a rush—to get something done.

"On the set," Ann confessed; "they're calling me 'the little eavesdropper.' That's because I'm always snooping around listening to Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier's conversation. I know it isn't nice, but I've simply got to develop an English accent!"

SHE keeps a hunk of plastolene for modeling in her otherwise dainty studio dressing-room, "just to keep busy" in the rare minutes she has away from the set. She hauls her knitting bag all over the lot. Wherever she goes, needles are clicking like a turnstile. She's always whipping up a poem, dipping into a book or doing something between takes.

At home, in the duplex flat where Ann lives with her mother, grandmother and older sister, Judith, restless Annie keeps buzzing busily around like a jitterbug bee. She practices on her baby grand piano, or gives French a whirl with her lingaphone records. She furiously clatters out long letters to her friends on the typewriter. She polishes up her collection of toby-jugs, punches away at a needlework chair cover, starts changing the furniture around or fusses around her cages of canaries and parakeets.

If she can't think of anything better to do, Ann drags a big bass drum and set of traps out of the corner. The drum has a lovely yellow moon painted on the head, and when Ann turns a switch the moon lights up. Then she beats out time to radio dance bands, which is pretty tough on the family and the neighbors.

Usually, however, Ann has far more to do than rattle out riffs. She makes practically all her own clothes, except shoes (which are her pet extravagance) and the crazy lapel jewelry (which is her weakness). She sketches her own designs, snips a pattern and sews it into a quick Rutherford creation. If she sees a particularly tricky fashion at the studio, Ann's not averse to a little piracy. She can copy like a cat and hum a dress out of her sewing machine or a hat off her frames between dinner and bedtime.

When the studio packed her away on personal appearances, Ann had just two hours to get ready. There was hardly time to pack, let alone shop. Ann didn't have a thing to wear in the cocktail hat department. So she tossed her needles, thread, scissors and hat frames into her traveling bag. Before she'd crossed the desert, two bonnets, a blue with a bustle and a red velvet with a fox head, hung on her clothes hooks. "I wore them all the time, too," asserted Annie. "I've got pictures to prove it. What's more, they looked darn cute! Everybody said so!"

That's another nice thing about Ann. If she thinks she's good, she doesn't keep it a secret. For instance, Ann admits she makes just about the best potato pancakes and sausage in town when she entertains her friends at Sunday morning breakfast. She states flatly that she doesn't go to beauty parlors because they're uncomfortable, and she can shampoo rings around the best of 'em, anyway. She'll tell you about the needle-

point footstool she has just refinished and admit it's a masterpiece. And Ann's very frank about why she makes her own clothes. "I know what I want," explained Annie, "but I can shop all day and never find it. So I make it myself!"

A young lady with a mind of her own will get along almost anywhere and is bound to win friends and influence people. Nobody at her studio, where she's a spoiled pet, wants Annie to change. But they do admit that, when they got her, they had no idea what they were getting.

M-G-M first pulled Annie to Culver City for a rather sentimental, sticky short subject, "Annie Laurie." Ann, they thought, was exactly the sweet, wistful type to picturize the old Scotch ballad. They have reaped some headaches instead of haunting heart throbs via Annie incarnate, but things have always turned out for the best, so everybody's satisfied.

For instance, maybe you didn't know that Mickey Rooney wasn't the original choice for Andy Hardy. The Hardys started out as a little picture called "A Family Affair," and Ann Rutherford drew the part of Polly. Frankie Thomas, not Mickey Rooney, was then tagged for the boy role, but Frankie turned out to be too tall for Ann, and Ann was already signed up. There was quite a production *impasse* then and, of course, Ann was the joker. Mickey was dragged in to match up and—well—you know what happened. To say it was a happy headache is an understatement.

Just a few weeks ago when "Pride and Prejudice" was being cast, Ann was picked to play Jane. She didn't know about it, of course, being en route home from the East on a train. All her Hollywood wire had said was "Hurry back. Part in 'Pride and Prejudice.'" But Annie bought the Jane Austen classic and buried herself in it from one dining-car gong to another—in spite of the diverting birthday cake Mickey Rooney had sent her which tinkled "Happy Birthday to You" every time the train jolted. What happened was that Ann fell madly in love with the part of Lydia, who was as different from Jane as day and night. Jane was sweet and goody-goody; Lydia was something of an eighteenth century terror. Ann didn't want to be goody-goody. Terror stuff was what she craved for a change.

IT was a little disconcerting to the big shots to face an angry Rutherford, who rushed off the train to the front office, stamped her French heels and argued, "If Mickey Rooney can drink and smoke and swear like a trooper in 'Boys' Town' and do all those shocking things—why can't I be a little shocking for a change?"

They didn't have an answer to that, so Ann is playing the shocking Lydia. Her studio bosses are not exactly shocked, but they are surprised. It looks like a perfect job of casting—so again everybody's happy.

From all of this, Ann Rutherford has collected a cheery little creed about her-

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self and fortunes—that everything happens for the best. "There's a law of compensation in Hollywood and everywhere else," declared Ann, shaking her fork for emphasis. "You can't kid me. I know there is." Well, I'd never try to kid Annie, let alone contradict her. It would be much too long and harrowing a process, I'm sure, and such a strain on the eardrums! I just nodded, and Ann explained.

She was called up, for instance, to do a punkish part in "The Bride Wore Red" with Joan Crawford, some time ago. Ann didn't like it, so she kicked like a mule. But she gave in finally when Producer Joe Mankiewicz appealed to her better nature. Result—when Joe later made "A Christmas Carol" he spotted Annie in a grand part.

She was all set last year to do "Winter Carnival" on a loan-out to Walter Wanger, when a Hardy Family picture came up. M-G-M yanked her right back home, and Ann was just crushed. But "Winter Carnival" turned out to be a pretty dismal turkey at the box-office, and the Hardy picture was a wow.

Last September, when the entire Hardy Family was set to sail for England on a two months' vacation tour, war suddenly smashed the trip into a thousand pieces. Ann could have died with disappointment. But a week later she found herself on the train hurrying East to be queen of South Carolina's Cotton Carnival. She had more fun than she could ever have had abroad, and found a \$1,000 bonus waiting for her when she got back to Hollywood!

Annie swears she fully intended to plunk her thousand into a government bond, as she does all the other grands she accumulates with her salary checks. But, with the draft neatly folded in her

purse, she happened to walk by a fur store window. "And there," explained Annie, "was the most darling mink coat!" Three guesses where the thousand went, as a down payment!

However, Ann Rutherford considers the mink coat a solid investment. After all, ambition is okay and idle hands are the devil's playthings and all that, but there's no doubt about it—in the hectic life she leads, her social career is suffering. Maybe, thinks Ann, the mink will help to get her back into the good graces of her boy friends.

FOR instance, the other night one of her swains planned a dinner party in Ann's honor and had the soup, entrée and favors all set. Then a couple of hours before the event, Ann found she had to work at the studio. "You'll just have to give me another dinner party," said Ann over the phone to her dismayed host, "I have to work tonight." That sort of thing, says Ann, doesn't pile up votes in a popularity contest. She herself whipped up a gala birthday event at the Coconut Grove for sixteen couples, then she got so excited about going on her trip she forgot to call it off. When she tried to wire the sad news from the East, she didn't have enough addresses. Half the party showed up—and there wasn't any Ann or any party! That sort of thing doesn't help, either, says Ann.

As a matter of fact, Ann Rutherford claims a special talent for getting into jams with the boy friends. In Washington, D. C., the Sigma Nus made her their official sweetheart. Then in Cincinnati the Sigma Alpha Epsilons laid their hearts officially at her feet—and how could she refuse? In a couple of other cities the Sigma Chis, the Alpha Tau Omegas and assorted Greek brother-

hoods presented her with jeweled badges and official oaths of undying love. At this point Ann began to get pangs of conscience. She knew her heart wasn't big enough for everybody. "I thought at first I'd better tell them I was already taken," sighed Ann, "but the pins were all so pretty! So I decided I'd just as well get a mess of them and be an All-American girl!" But she does hope all the scattered brothers don't get together and compare notes.

Ann still remembers too well a fine fix she got caught in just the other night in Hollywood. Somebody sent her sister, Judy, a corsage of tiger orchids. Judy had had a spat with a certain suitor, so she supposed he did it. But the boy in question showed up later, toting gardenias. Ann was going out, so she thought she'd just wear the tiger orchids. That was swell—except where she went she ran into the boy who had sent them to sister Judy!

Things like that, Ann says, are why she hasn't a steady beau, although Rand Brooks, Edward Arnold, Jr., Donald Kahn and a good half dozen other local Lotharios are doing their best about remedying that situation.

But nobody has a chance, Ann states firmly, until three or four years anyway. "I'm not even shopping now," smiled Annie. "I'm just not in the marriage market." But she's planning to build a house (yep, drawing the plans herself.) When she does that she's going to paint a blue gate and hang it out in front, like the Pennsylvania Mennonites do when they have a marriageable daughter.

"Then," grinned Ann Rutherford, "when the right man comes along, I'm going to settle down and have five children!" And from the way she does everything else, I wouldn't be surprised.

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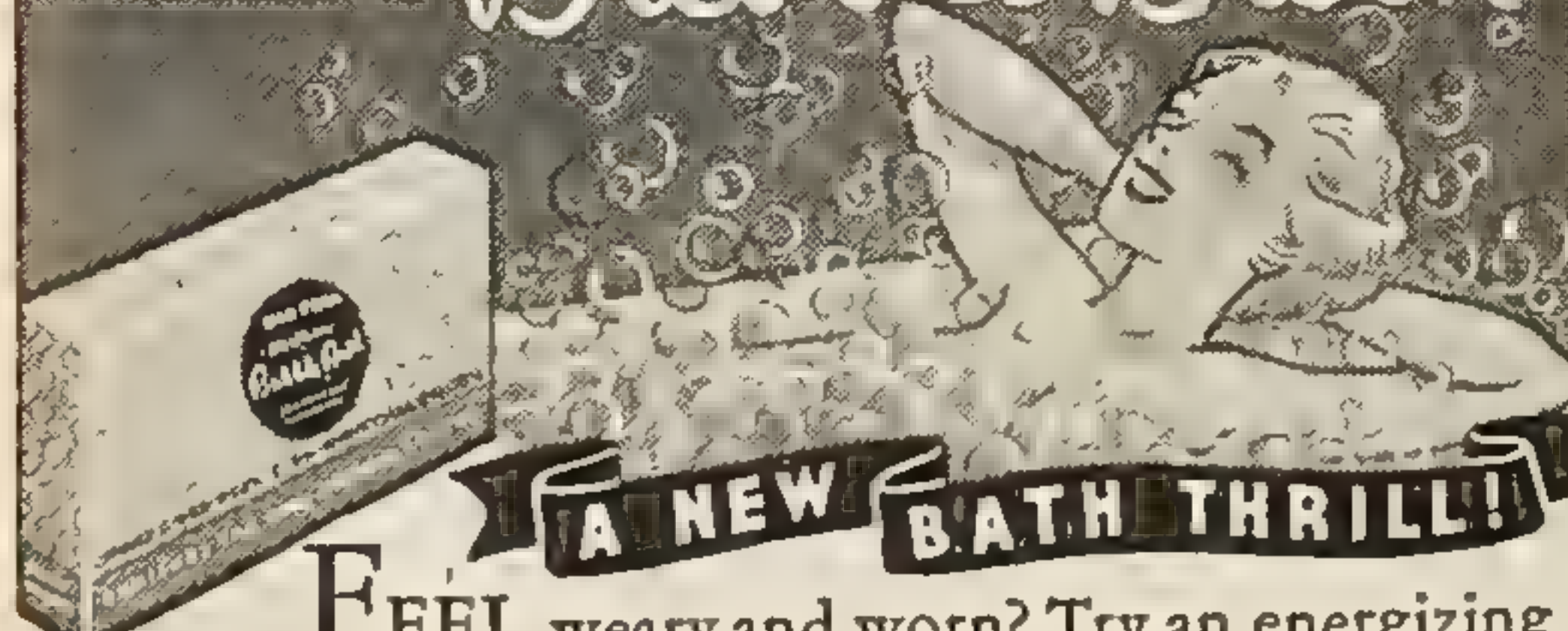
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BRUNETTE—WITH A BLONDE PERSONALITY

(Continued from page 41)

"Miss Morison, this is Mr. . . ." (For the sake of the gentleman in question, because if his face isn't red it should be, we will omit his name).

She might have been a trained seal from the way he looked her over. Then, "You won't do!" he barked. "You're not the type!"

Too taken aback to protest, too crushed to ask what type she was supposed to be, the young actress just sat there and looked at him with eyes that would have melted a monster. And when the studio officials insisted she be used, type or no type, the director walked out! Miss Morison returned to her hotel and had a good cry.

ANOTHER director was called in. He, too, looked her over as if she were a specimen from the zoo. "You're not the type!" he bawled. "Too ladylike! This girl you're to portray," he added with brutal frankness, "is a . . ." (The rest is deleted—if we didn't the editor would.)

"A—a—what?" gasped Miss Morison.

"A hellion! A tramp! A hussy!" the director explained. "She's Kitty Kelly, wife of Machine Gun Kelly, and she's a toughie! You," he added condescendingly, "couldn't possibly play a character like that. You're too much of a lady!"

"Oh, yes, I can!" retorted Patricia, gathering courage, for she hadn't come 3,000 miles to be told she couldn't act! "I can play anybody!"

"H'm!" For the first time the director looked interested. Her spunk seemed to please him. "Well, I'll take a chance, but you'll have to bleach your hair and pad. This girl is bigger than you!"

It was then that the slim, blue-eyed girl who had longed to play "Victoria Regina" just once, gained the reputation of getting what she wanted without screaming, kicking or clawing. "I'll be glad to pad," she told him quietly, "but I couldn't bleach my hair. I'll wear a wig!"

"The tests," says Miss Morison in telling the story, "were terrible! I knew they would be. So I suggested they let me try without the wig and the padding. The second test was all right."

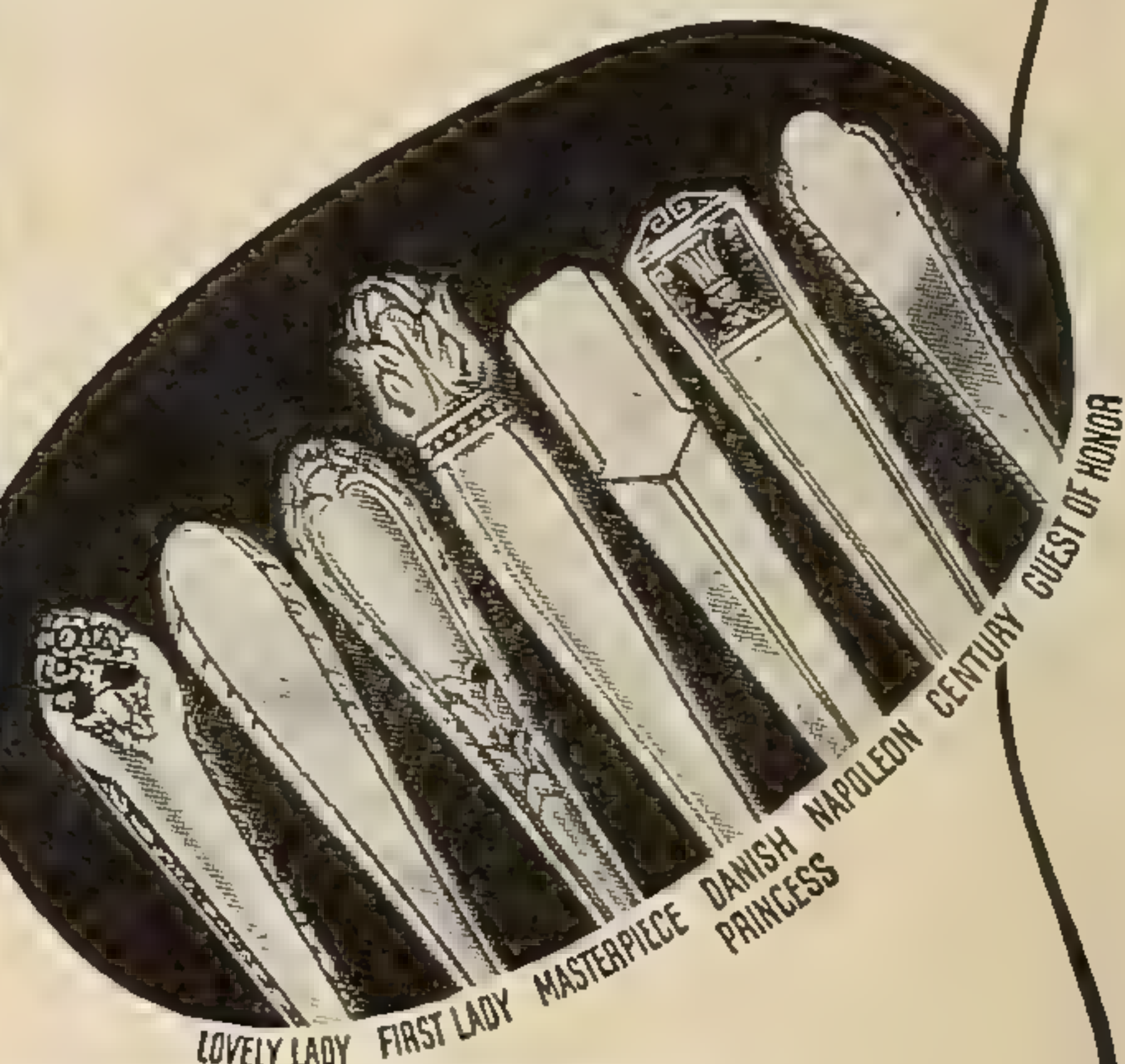
"And do you always get your own way without fighting?"

Solution to Puzzle on Page 8

GEORGE	BRENT	MIRIAM	
ALBERT	ROGER	OLIVIA	
BLOT	NEED	WEST	DODD
LEE	DAWN	NOON	REA
ENSUE	EDWARDS	ABYSM	
	RAT	AYRES	TRI
BERGNER	NAN	MIRANDA	
ALIENEE		EROSION	
REB	AND	LEW	TNT
BA			AL
ANN	SEA	SAM	ITE
ROARING		OLIVIER	
ARTISTE	SPE	NEREIDS	
	STE	OHARA	EAR
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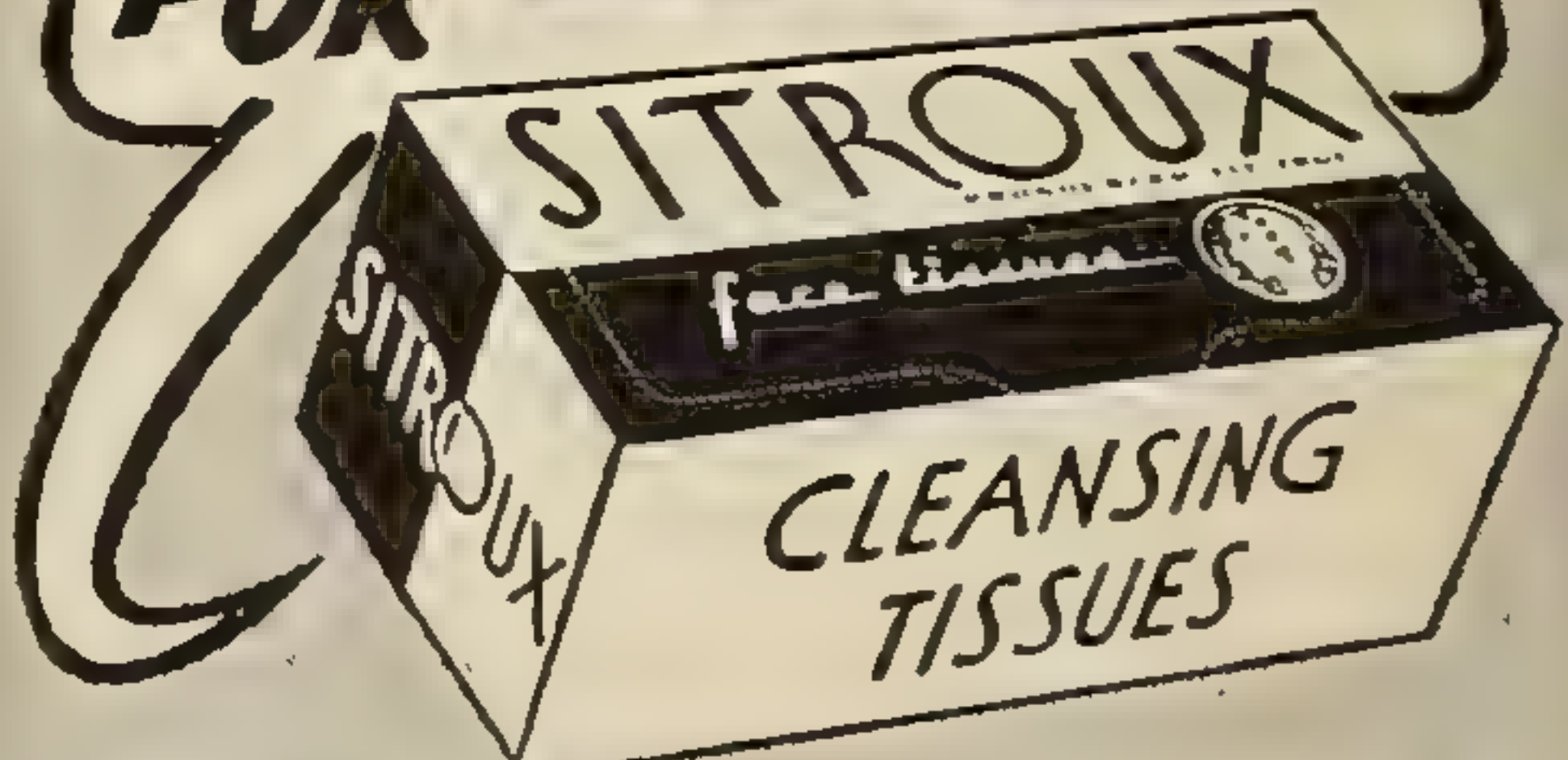
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Miss Morison shrugged her pretty shoulders. "What's the use of fighting? It doesn't get you anywhere!" She dimpled. "I let them do it their way, and if it doesn't turn out right, I suggest my way. Only"—and she looked as demure as a kitten with cream on its whiskers, "I always let the director think he suggested it!"

The net result was that, when Paramount officials saw the first rushes of Kitty Kelly in J. Edgar Hoover's "Persons in Hiding," they sat up and rubbed their eyes. The Kitty Kelly they saw was beautiful. Poverty-stricken, she was young and wanted, so passionately, to have the things that every young girl longs for—clothes, furs, jewels and a car. She wanted to go places and see things. Because she had never had a chance and knew no better, she set out to get them in her own way. Not slangy, not gum-chewing, yet not quite the lady, she made Machine Gun Kelly, who loved her desperately, the tool of her desires. And she got what she wanted—until the G-Men caught up with her!

That was the Kitty Kelly Patricia Morison portrayed. And when the producers had recovered from their surprise they ordered her groomed for stardom. But it wasn't until she had made two more pictures, "I'm From Missouri" with Bob Burns and "The Magnificent Fraud" that they put a star in her hair. And today Patricia Morison, who dislikes being called a "glamour girl," has both her dainty feet firmly planted on the ladder of success.

But what of the girl—the real Patricia Morison? What is she like? Is she as exotic, alluring and beautiful as her pictures? The answer is yes! She is really more beautiful than her pictures. She is sweet without being sugary;

modest, yet quietly sure of herself; friendly and, once you get past that barrier which experience with the public has naturally built up, impulsive and affectionate. Her graciousness is genuine, for it comes from the heart. Perhaps it is because she has never known what it is to live in a hall bedroom, cook on a one-plate gas burner and dodge the landlady. But it is genuine, nevertheless.

Like all great or potentially great actresses, she has the knack of expressing herself with slight gestures of the body. Her hands and wrists are exquisitely graceful, and she uses them constantly in describing things or people that especially interest her. She is inherently the actress. By that I mean that when she tells you what somebody else has said, she will draw down the corners of her mouth, lift an eyebrow or change the tone of her voice until you just see the person about whom she is speaking.

So poised that she gives the impression of Juno-like calm with the statuesque beauty of that goddess, it is surprising to find, when she stands, that she is not tall at all.

THERE is no doubt that her work is her absorbing passion and, when she speaks of it, you can see in the earnest blue eyes, the sensitive mouth, the Patricia Morison of tomorrow—the actress who-is-to-be. Were we a prophet, we would say that within two years Miss Morison will give every great actress on the screen a run for her money.

Born in New York City two months before a crack-pot patriot started the World War by shooting the Archduke Ferdinand, Patricia has the distinction of being the youngest person who sailed for England on the ill-fated Arabic. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Rainey

Morison, had come to America in 1905. But when war was declared, they returned to their native England to offer their services—Mr. Morison, in the British Army; Mrs. Morison, in the British Intelligence Service. Brother Alex, who is about two years younger than Patricia, was born during a Zeppelin raid in war-torn London.

Pat, as her family calls her, was four when the Morisons again saw the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. From that day on, until she came to Hollywood eighteen months ago, she lived in New York—first, as a school girl, then as an art student, a successful dress designer and, finally, as a musical comedy star.

She and her brother, who are great pals, recently returned from a three weeks sojourn in Mexico City where Alex was starred as a singer at "El Patio," the capital's swankiest night club.

Alex is as dark as his sister is fair for although she is, strictly speaking, a brunette, Miss Morison has the delicate white skin and blue eyes of a blonde. Probably her Irish and Scotch ancestry accounts for the combination.

Like all beautiful and successful girls, Pat has her share of beaux. She loves parties. She loves to dine and dance. When she is working on a picture, she never goes out socially. She has to get up at 5:30 in order to be at the studio at 7:30 and, by the time the day is over, she is too exhausted to do anything but go to bed. She even has dinner in bed. Then she studies her lines for the next day and, by ten o'clock, lights are out.

During rests between pictures, Miss Morison may be seen dancing the rumba at a little Spanish restaurant (she calls it a "joint") in old Los Angeles. She adores things Spanish and Mexican, including bull fights, which she found, to



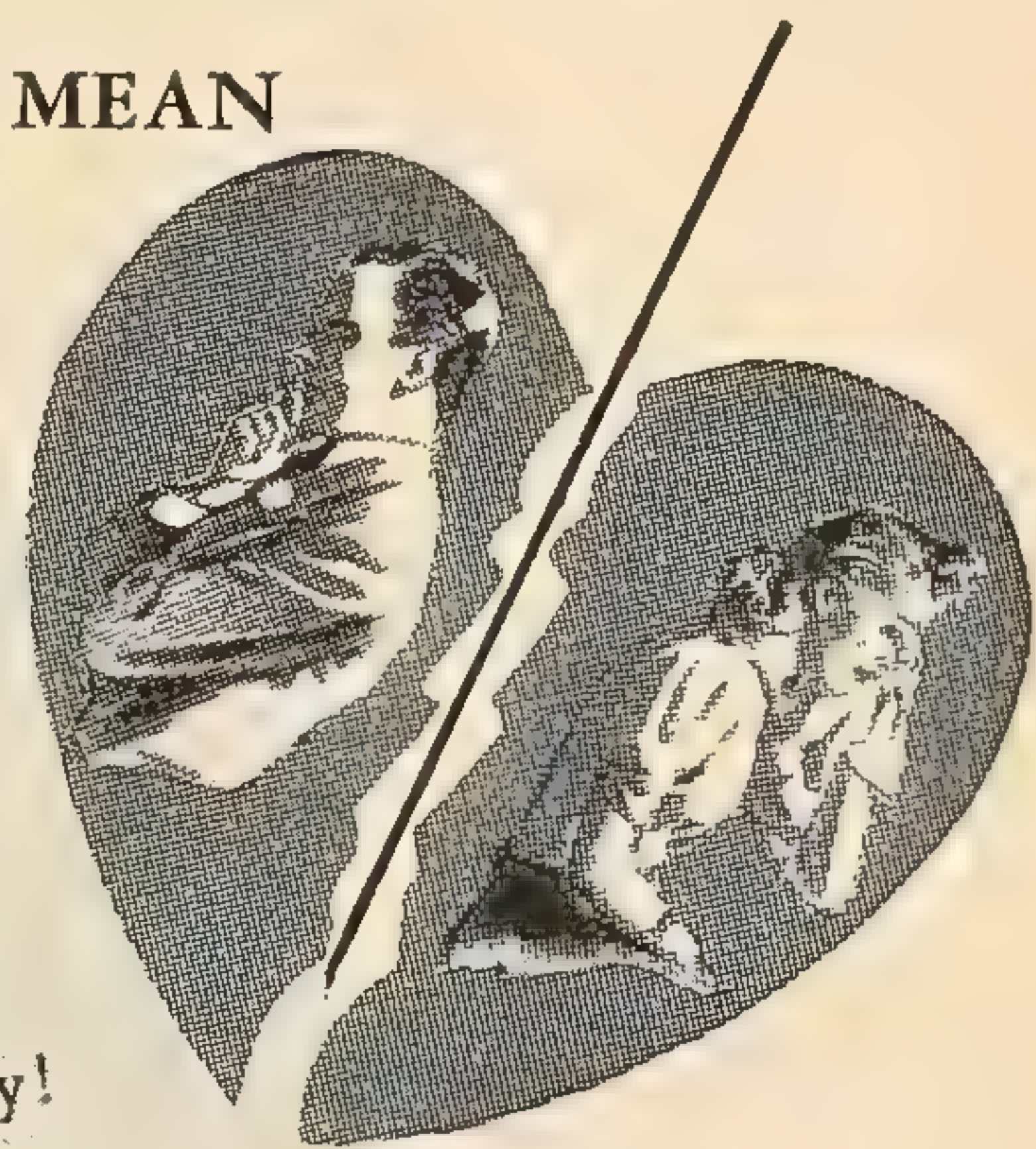
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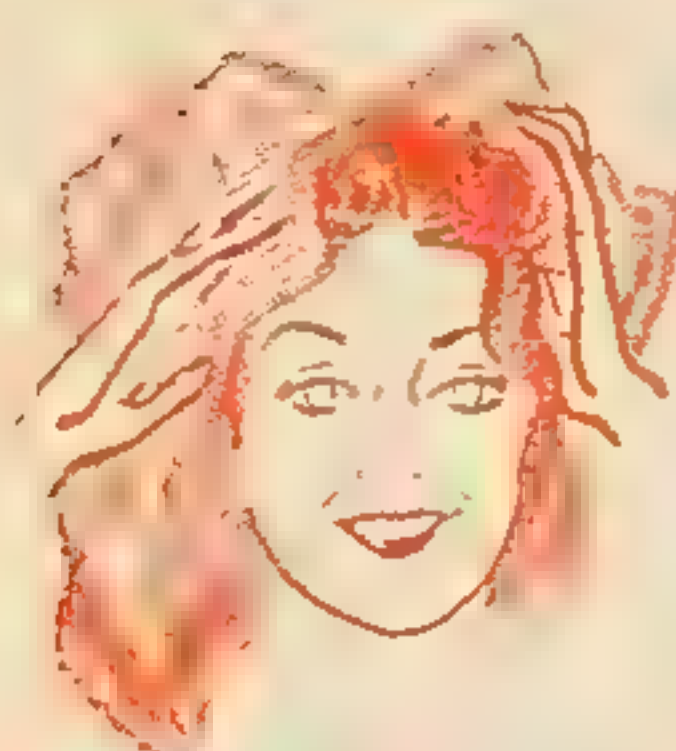
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her amazement, she could watch without fainting.

Miss Morison was so enthusiastic about Mexico itself that she returned from her trip laden with shawls, jewelry and laces. She was wearing one of the bracelets, a brilliant trinket of beaten silver and semi-precious stones.

She adores clothes, especially evening clothes and hostess gowns. Except for one or two dance frocks designed for doing the rhumba, she goes in for trains on her formal gowns. She also has an ermine wrap which she wears to Ciro's or to premieres, because she feels that the public expects its stars to live up to their reputations for glamour. But it is in her own home that she really goes in for the outlandish and exotic. "I think," she says, "that's one time you can go completely wild."

HER costume for the interview was not wild but very smart and sophisticated. It consisted of an embroidered linen, Gibson girl blouse with long sleeves gathered at the wrists; black and white checked taffeta hostess pajamas very wide at the hems; tiny red slippers and a red sash at her waist. A red turban just barely revealed her dark hair, parted in the middle and drawn severely down on either side to a bun at her neck. Her only make-up was a slight shading of the eyelids and a little lip rouge the color of the sash and turban.

Now that she is acquainted, she has not found Hollywood cold. She says that the more established stars have been very sweet and helpful. She frankly admits that she would like to meet Garbo, whom she adores. Her ambition is to reach the dramatic heights of the Swedish star. She says, "Think of anyone's taking a worn-out part like Camille and breathing life into it as she did! That's acting!" Another of her idols is Irene Dunne.

Asked if she had any thoughts of marriage, Miss Morison shook her dark head. "I couldn't combine the two," she says

simply. "Some people can, but I know I could not! Acting takes too much out of me!" Her stand on this point, we happen to know, has caused many a male to despair.

Of the four roles she has played, Miss Morison liked the part of Claire in "The Magnificent Fraud" the best. "My lashes," she says, "were *that* long, and I had the most gorgeous clothes! I really didn't know myself when the make-up experts got through with me!"

She never makes up herself, Miss Morison said, except for her mouth, which she paints on with a brush, and which she makes fuller and more luscious than her natural one. Picture make-up, she explains, is so entirely different from that of the stage. The grease paint must be smoothed in, "not just slapped on as we do on the stage." The powder must be pounded in almost like a massage, and false eyelashes added to give that dewy look to the eyes. The process takes a full hour and cannot be hurried.

Tests, Miss Morison says, are more exhausting than actual work on a picture. She never goes to see her rushes, it makes her too nervous.

"When I first came to Hollywood," she said, "everyone told me, 'You must see your rushes so you can see your mistakes and learn what not to do.' But after watching the first day's rushes I gave up!"

Asked how she came to select the stage for a career, Miss Morison said that she had been in an agent's office to pick up her father's play, "Court Martial," which the producers felt was too war-like for a peaceful era. "The agent kept staring at me so, that I finally snapped out, 'Why do you stare at me! I'm not an actress!'"

"No?" he retorted coolly. "Then you should be!"

Two weeks later the 16-year-old art student had resigned from her classes and entered a dramatic school. And that, my friends, is how Patricia Morison came to be an actress!

Boy finally meets girl in Mickey Rooney's latest, "Andy Hardy Meets A Debutante." But it's definitely not a love at first sight affair. Bill Powell's cute frau, Diana Lewis, is the hard-to-get lassie, and the laughs come as fast and furiously as do Andy's rebuffs.



THEY SELL STARS

(Continued from page 51)

a film test if you will go to Hollywood to make it. (All expenses paid.) You arrive, not knowing a soul. But five minutes after the bellhop sets down your bag in the hotel room, the phone starts ringing. Agents are calling, asking to represent you. (They have ways of finding out about new arrivals.) If you are smart, you will sign with one—after learning from the Screen Actors Guild which agents are in good standing. If none call, you will be smart to look up one. If you have Broadway experience, you stand a chance of getting one.

You take your film test. Studio A doesn't think much of your screen possibilities. To your dismay, your agent doesn't put up any argument. He lets them drop your option—thud! But five minutes after that bad news, he lets you in on a secret: Studio A already has more young players than it can use. If they had signed you, you would have been lost in the crowd. But Studio B could use someone like you. So he takes your test over to Studio B. Knowing what they need, he knows exactly what to say about you to interest them. Studio B, as a result, offers you a contract starting at, say, \$150 a week. Your temptation is to sign it before they can change their minds. Your agent makes you wait while he reads it with a legal eye—to be sure that you will get as much out of the deal as the studio will. He will want to ask for a clause (which he may not be able to get), allowing you to do radio work on the side. He will think of other clauses that wouldn't have entered your mind. Only when he's sure that the contract can't be improved upon will he let you sign.

SO you report to Studio B. It is important you make an impression on everyone you meet. You don't know Hollywood as an agent does. He gives you tips on how to make a favorable impression. He tells you where to live, what kind of car to drive, what kind of clothes to wear.

John Garfield's agent threw fits every time he saw the ancient wreck that John first drove. "I'm trying to sell you as a Broadway success," he would wail. "What are you trying to do—ruin us both?"

Champion Athlete Herman Brix decided to have a try at the movies. By himself, he managed to get thirty-four bit parts. But they weren't leading anywhere, so he looked up an agent—Mitchell Gertz. Astute Mr. Gertz changed "Herman Brix" to "Bruce Bennett," lightened the Brix hair, sent him to a voice coach to lower his voice, then took him around to studios. He made an impression he had never made before. M-G-M and Columbia fought over him. Columbia won—and has starring plans for him.

If you can't afford a new car, new clothes or a new voice, your agent will loan you the money. That makes you obligated to do things for him. But it also makes him obligated to do things for you—if only to get his money back, out of your future earnings.

Agents aren't gamblers. They are business men. When they put time and money into a project, they do everything possible to protect their investment. They coach you on your publicity. They arrange with other agents to have you meet the right people. They watch your morals, your bills and your tendency to

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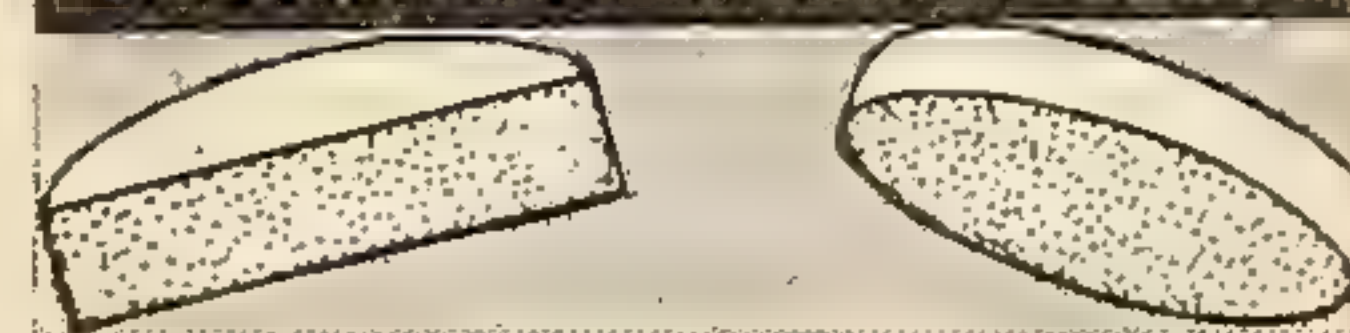
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go conceited, as much as they watch your roles.

They can't pick your roles for you when you are a small-salaried beginner. You are at the mercy of casting directors. But if a reasonable period of time elapses, and you are still playing parts that are all alike, your agent can do something about it—under cover. He looks over scripts at other studios until he finds a part that would give you a chance, then drops a hint that you can be borrowed dirt-cheap from Studio B, which doesn't appreciate your possibilities. So Studio C borrows you. You attract more attention in the role than ever before. That opens Studio B's eyes. You start getting better breaks. (As Bette Davis did at Warners, after she became a sensation in "Of Human Bondage," on loan-out to RKO.)

Suppose you click in a big way—start drawing people to theatres by the millions. Your contract states that, at this particular date, your salary is to be \$350 a week (Robert Taylor's approximate salary when the tidal wave of popularity struck.) Obviously, you deserve

more; and the studio wants to keep you happy. But before the studio rewrites your contract, it wants to be sure your popularity is going to last. So your agent sells this idea: After every picture, you will receive a large bonus—to be deposited in some bank in your name, with the studio holding the bank book. If you are a good boy or a good girl, the studio promises to turn over the bank book to you after two years, or three. If you get mixed up in a scandal, or do anything else to jeopardize your value to the studio, you will never see the money. That's fair to you, and it's fair to the studio.

If your popularity holds, you will get a new contract. Your agent will see to that—at the right psychological moment. Which he is better equipped to recognize than an actor deafened by press agents shouting his name.

Suppose you have objections to a certain role. (You aren't entitled to objections, by the way, until you have a reputation.) You don't want to do it. Immediately, the studio charges you with being unreasonable. Like a defendant

Let your husband run his thumb on this Geneva Forge knife

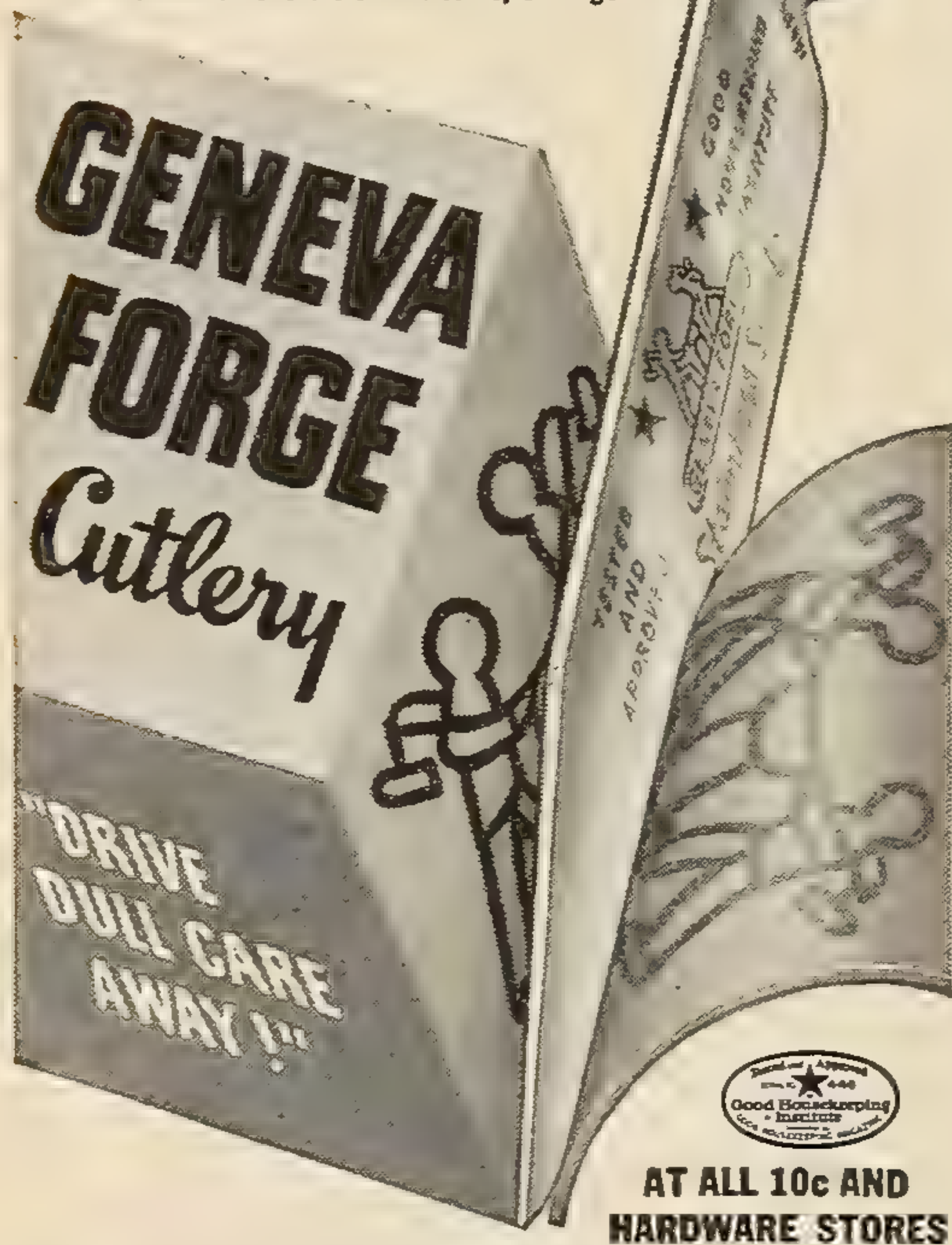
then tell him it only cost **10¢**

HERE'S amazing news about kitchen knives. Geneva Forge now makes extra-hard Stainless Steel Knives, with imported Cocobolo handles, *non-staining*—at dime store prices! Friend husband will think you're the world's best shopper. Just look for the Geneva Forge emblem with stars on the blade. At dime and hardware stores.

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in court, you can't argue your case half as well as someone else, trained in argument. In this case, an agent.

Once you become a star, it pays to insist on a high standard of roles—or to have someone who can insist for you. The long careers of Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Greta Garbo—to mention only a few—prove that. Greta, in particular, owes a large part of her success to her agent. It was allegedly Harry Edington who made her a woman of mystery.

If, suddenly, you find yourself without any picture work ahead, an agent can do something about that, too. A player has to be in front of the public to command attention; "out of sight, out of mind" is no truer anywhere than in show business.

If you are a movie "name," your agent can find you radio work, provided your contract permits it. (Claire Trevor's screen stock soared again, after a successful spell on the radio.) Or he can arrange a personal appearance tour, which is grueling work, but it will remind Hollywood that crowds will still pay to see you. (Witness Mae West's record-breaking personal appearance tour, after she was called "box-office poison.") Or he can market your services in a play. (Lon Chaney, Jr., was stony broke and hadn't eaten for two days when his agent turned up with a chance for him to try out for a role in the play, "Of Mice and Men." His hit in the play led to his playing the same role in the picture, and now he is on his way upward.)

IF it's the servants' day off, and you need a suit that's at the tailor's, and all three cars are out, you can always call your agent; he'll see that your suit is delivered, if he has to deliver it himself. If you want to buy some property, but are afraid of paying twice its value because you are a movie star, your agent can tell you what it's worth—and arrange for a proxy buyer. If you are The Shopgirl's Delight and your wife is going to have a baby, your agent may be upset but he'll know of a good obstetrician. If there's anyone you want to meet, your agent can arrange it, if anyone can. There is no limit to the things that an agent can—and frequently will—do for a client.

Your agent may even want to marry

you. Leland Hayward married Margaret Sullavan. Walter Kane married Lynn Bari. Phil Berg married Leila Hyams. Victor Orsatti married June Lang. Nat Wolfe is about to marry Edna Best.

All of this in addition to selling your talent. And all for a tenth of what he helps you earn. However, an agent with a number of high-priced clients can make more money than any star. (As a gag, Carole Lombard once "framed" Myron Selznick, so that he signed a contract giving her ten per cent of all *his* earnings, and great was the Selznick confusion.)

That little matter of ten per cent was once a matter of general practice, rather than law. Now the Screen Actors Guild, which licenses all actors' agents (under a franchise from the California State Labor Commission), has made it impossible for any agent to get more than ten per cent.

In the old days, there were occasional agents who would bleed hapless clients for a twenty or thirty per cent fee. But the racketeers are rapidly being forced out of business. No agent, for example, can fail to lift a finger for a client and still collect a commission. Every contract now provides that if an agent doesn't obtain eighteen days' work for a client over any four-month period, the contract is automatically cancelled. There is also a monthly listing of agents in good standing with the Screen Actors Guild, and any agent who wants to stay in business is going to make a point of remaining on that list.

Actors like to say: "You can divorce your wife, but you can never get rid of your agent." This isn't strictly true. If you feel that another agent could do more for you than the one you have, all you have to do to get rid of your present agent is to pay him a year's commission in advance.

Actors, particularly the high-salaried ones, have a tendency to complain about the ten per cent they must pay their agents. But the fact still remains that they wouldn't be getting those high salaries if they didn't have agents.

As one of the boys says: "The stories behind the success stories of Hollywood are usually untold, because agents don't care who gets the credit for a player's success, so long as they get the cash represented by a hard-earned ten per cent." That's all the glory they want.

Vivid, hand-appliqued flowers set off the whiteness of Nan Grey's soprano crepe dress. Nan, who's featured in "Sandy Is A Lady," wears white accessories—the gloves and pumps of suede, and the novel turban of angora felt trimmed with soft angora yarn.



A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

(Continued from page 15)

should stick to facts for that reason. However, when a studio sees fit to revise a biography, some announcement should be made to that effect.

Anyway, the picture is worth seeing more than once, and the revision makes a better story than would the authentic version and leaves memories of Don Ameche's fine performance. However, one regrets that Mr. Foster's true and stormy life could not have been changed and made more peaceful and happy with the same ease with which his biography was smoothed out.—Mrs. J. D. Campbell, Henryville, Tenn.

A Plea for Individuality

Hollywood is supposed to be a land of beauty and charm, where the make-up experts wave magic wands and change ugly ducklings into swans. What these experts don't seem to grasp is that personality, not make-up, is the real basis of beauty. They apparently have but one pattern and want to mold all of the stars to fit it. For example: When Ann Sheridan was working in "B" pictures, she was a lovely charming girl; the experts suddenly decided she had "oomph" and unsuccessfully tried to change her into a second Jean Harlow. Simone Simon was pleasantly plump and sweet-faced in "Girls' Dormitory" and "Seventh Heaven;" by the time she progressed to "Love and Hisses," she was thin and angular, a replica of dozens of other Hollywood beauties. Dorothy Lamour in a sarong was lovely and had a personality all her own; a few pictures later, elaborately costumed and coiffured, she was just another "glamour girl." I earnestly hope that Deanna Durbin, Sonja Henie, Linda Darnell and others like them, can manage to evade the so-called experts and retain that which raises them above the ranks—their individuality.—Mrs. Rodney Surgi, Vicksburg, Miss.

Sugar-coated Education

Thanks to you, Mr. Movie Producer, for giving the movie-going public such inspirational pictures as "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." You have taken these historical characters down from their dusty shelves in the libraries and breathed life into them. You have not only afforded us pleasure by giving us these entertaining pictures, but you are furnishing us inspiration by giving us glimpses into the lives of these famous characters that we would otherwise never have.

As mothers and teachers of our children, we appreciate your helping our children to learn these facts about historical figures accurately and entertainingly.—Mrs. G. P. Fleming, Dallas, Tex.

Male Bette Davis

After witnessing John Garfield's fine performance in "Castle on the Hudson," I made up my mind to write this letter. None of his pictures of late have given him much of a chance to play a big role, such as the type Spencer Tracy plays. Outside of his part in "Four Daughters," John hasn't had an opportunity to prove his great acting ability. But, "Castle on the Hudson" gives him another chance to make one stand up and cheer for, as the

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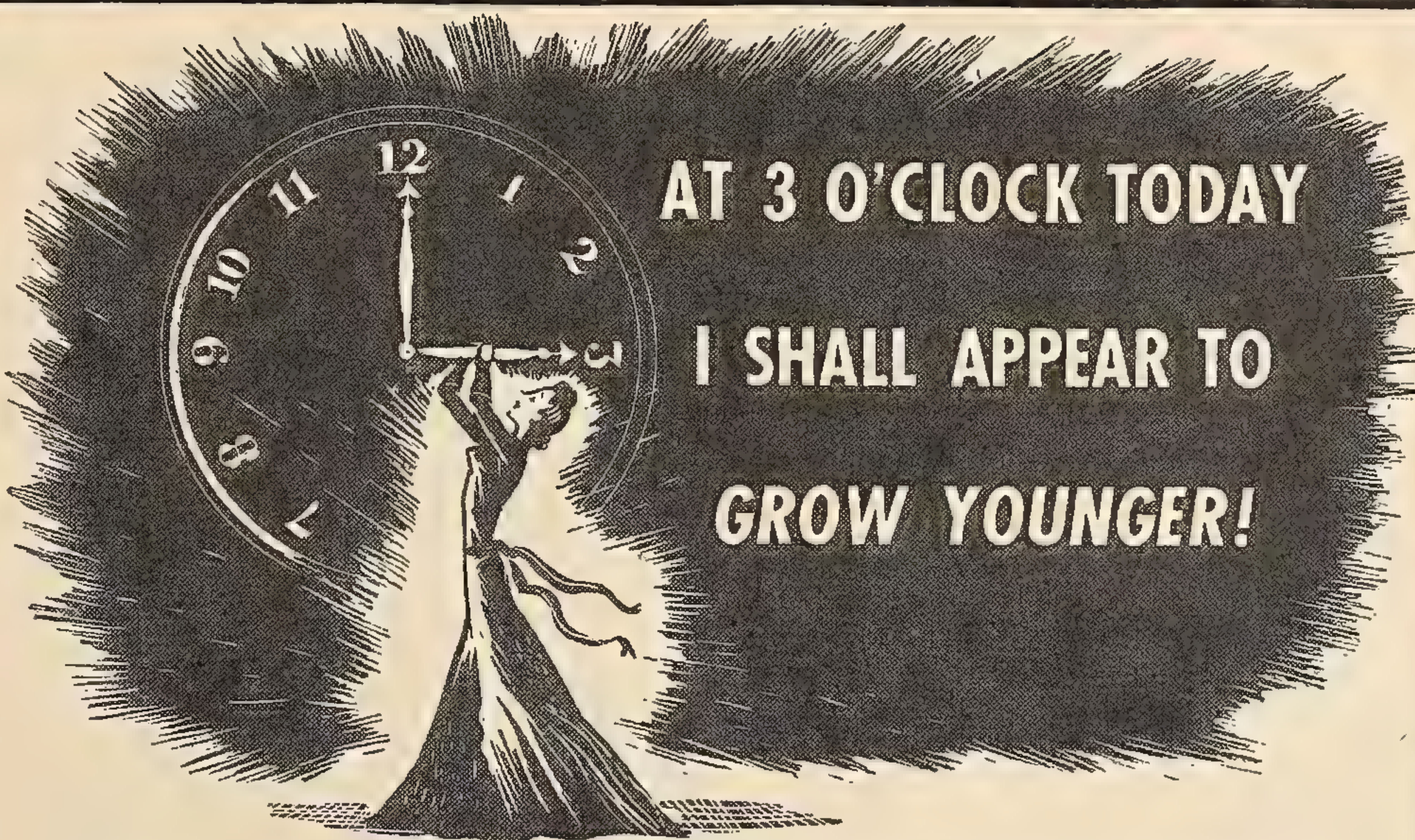
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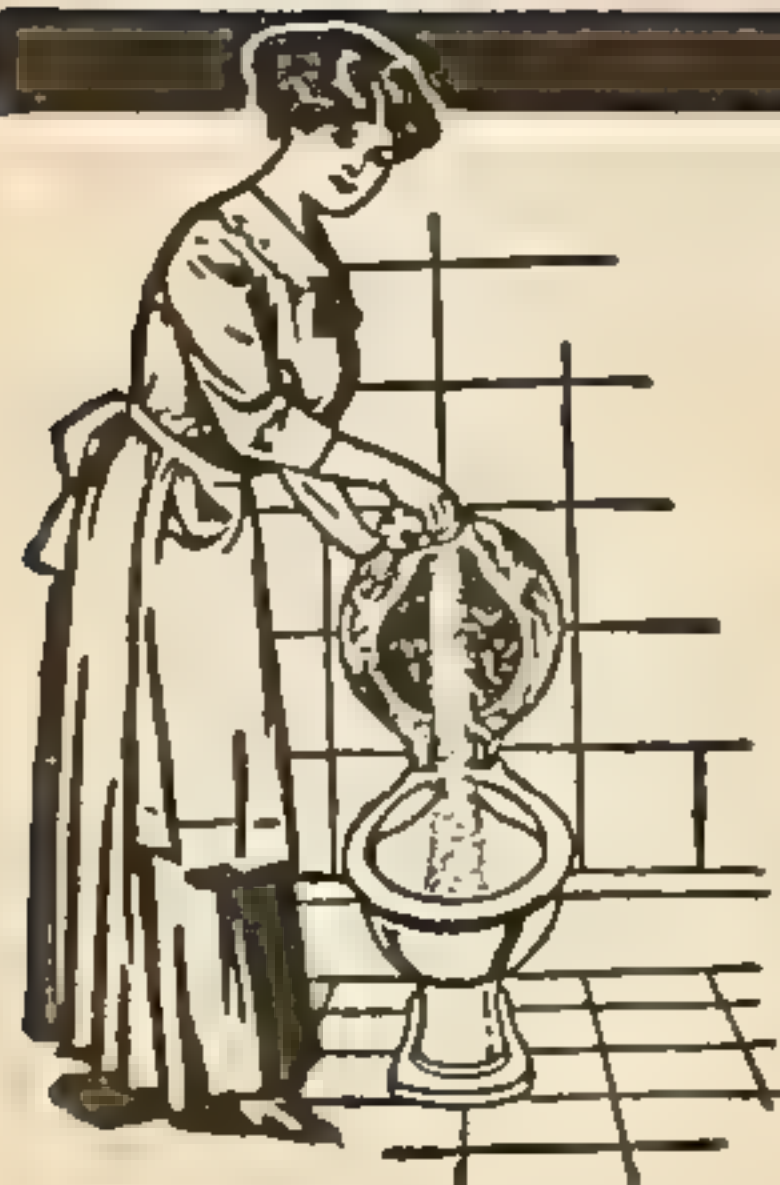
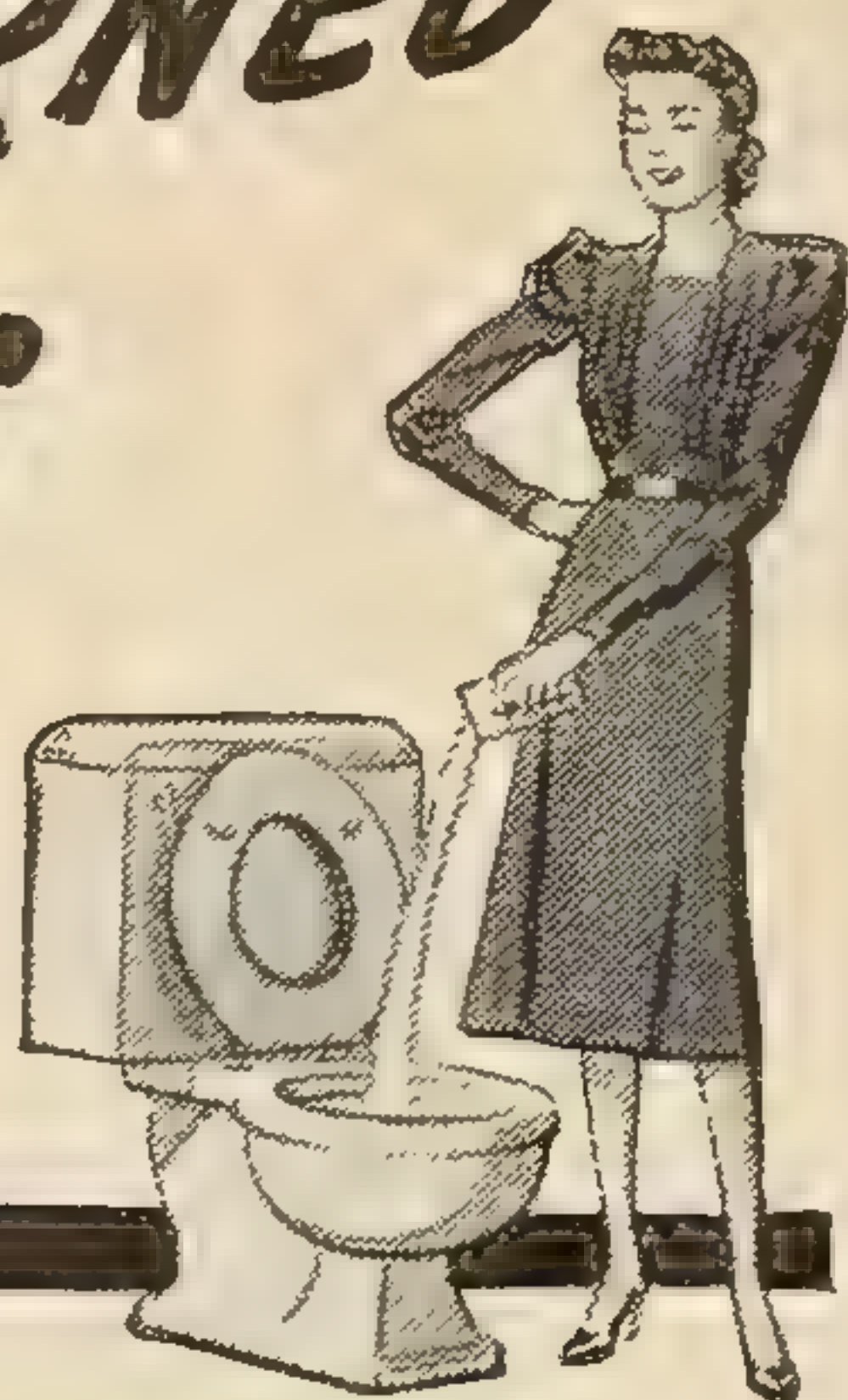
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young gangster who sacrifices himself that his girl may get a new and better chance at life, he is more compelling than ever before.

The scene in this film that impressed me most was the one in which he gazed through the cell bars, watching the guards drag his friend away to his death. That look on his face, so frightened and grave, made me see right into his bewildered young soul. The expressiveness of that boy's eyes—the meaning he gives every one of his lines! John is the male Bette Davis of Filmdom, the type that puts his whole heart into his performances.

Wishing him the best of luck, and may an Academy Award fall his way in the future.—Fredric Raybould, Royal Oak, Mich.

Degrading Boyer?

Do Americans prefer a great actor or a great lover?

In "Mayerling" and "Conquest," Charles Boyer was a great actor, portraying characters that mattered with finesse and subtlety. His Napoleon was the dominating, selfish, petty figure depicted by historians rather than script writers. As Rudolph, his genius illuminated the dark, secret tragedy of "Mayerling."

But America seems to prefer the Michel of "Love Affair"—a fascinating gentleman, the epitome of subtle sex-appeal and sophisticated charm, whose mere glance makes women swoon; who flicks away his cigarette ash with incomparable poise. Apparently, American fans have a perpetual need for some suave Continental to teach them adult methods of love-making. But why must a really great actor be degraded to that role?—Margaret Laurence, Melbourne, Australia.

A Rave for Ingrid

Three cheers for my new Swedish favorite! No, I don't mean Garbo. I mean that grand new personality (plus!) Ingrid Bergman.

I recently saw her in the swell picture "Intermezzo, a Love Story." In my opinion it is one of the top pictures of the year. But think what it would have been without Ingrid Bergman! It would have been good, yes, but Miss Bergman's superb personality and sheer acting ability are what made it truly outstanding. That look, that voice, that accent, that certain something!

Please, Hollywood, leave her as she is. Don't try to glamorize her. Rouges, paints and dyes can never improve her. She's too charming as her own natural self. She has what it takes!—Clyde Ruffin, Pittsburg, Tex.

No Imitations, Please!

With no intention of being presumptuous, we suggest that in this one instance Hollywood producers restrain their natural impulse to follow up the phenomenal success of "Gone With the Wind" with a long series of similar films. At best they could only be shoddy imitations of the original and terribly anticlimactic. No doubt, with the musical clink of millions of shekels jingling pleasantly upon the ear, the temptation to cash in on what producers are already terming a "G.W.T.W. cycle" is almost too great to be resisted, but it might be wise not to press their luck too far. Over-doses of the traditional scented South might bring surprising reactions.

Hollywood has come remarkably close to producing the perfect picture. Why not let it remain the criterion which the motion picture industry may aspire—not to imitate, but to equal.—Willie Mae Jackson, Columbia, Tenn.

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

You're in love again—this time with that brand new leading man you saw last night—and you can't find a soul who'll bear with you while you rave. Or maybe you're feeling smug and self-satisfied 'cause some nonentity you admired months ago is coming to the top. Perhaps you're harboring a secret grudge against "America's Sweetheart," but have kept it dark, feeling yourself a minority of one. Are you a conscientious objector to war pictures, but in your element whooping at a Western? Whatever your views are, we're interested in them, so drop us a line, and who knows—you may win a prize! Just one thing—please don't copy or adapt letters already published. That's plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Send your letter to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



Gloria Jean relaxes with her stand-in, 10-year-old sister Lois. The starlet's sweet voice will next be heard in "If I Had My Way."

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HOW THEY THAWED OUT MADELEINE CARROLL

(Continued from page 49)

Next she did "Blockade," the Spanish War story. She didn't have much chance to be a warm human being in that, either—going through the picture as a nervous spy.

Then she signed with Paramount. And the miracle happened.

She phrases it this way: "I finally encountered someone willing to let me be more human and natural on the screen—Director E. H. Griffith.

"It sounds simple, putting it like that but, actually, it wasn't. The studio gave me the script of 'Cafe Society' to read. I didn't like the version I saw, and said so to my agent, Bert Allenberg. 'It won't be the same script after Ned Griffith gets through with it,' insisted Bert. 'He's going to direct, and you know his flair for sophisticated comedy.' So I agreed to do it, on the assurance that Griffith was going to direct. I had liked his 'Cafe Metropole,' and felt that the women in it had given the best performances of their careers.

"Bert was Griffith's agent, also. After selling Griffith to me, which wasn't too difficult, he tackled the really hard job—selling me to Griffith. Players are usually sold on the basis of past performances. But this case called for another approach. He said to Ned, 'On the surface, it looks like miscasting, even to think of Madeleine as the girl. She's European, and accustomed to serious roles. This girl is a New Yorker, and a wisecracker. But I think Madeleine could be a surprise in the role.'

I DON'T know if any other argument I would have worked. But the fact that I might have surprising possibilities interested Griffith. He enjoys taking players typed in one sort of thing and doing the unexpected with them.

"He asked just one question about me: Was I healthy? He doesn't like people who are forever ailing. Luckily"—she looked around for a piece of wood to knock on—"I never ail."

Madeleine is reluctant to tell how her screen transformation was performed. She says, "I never did like people who talked about their operations."

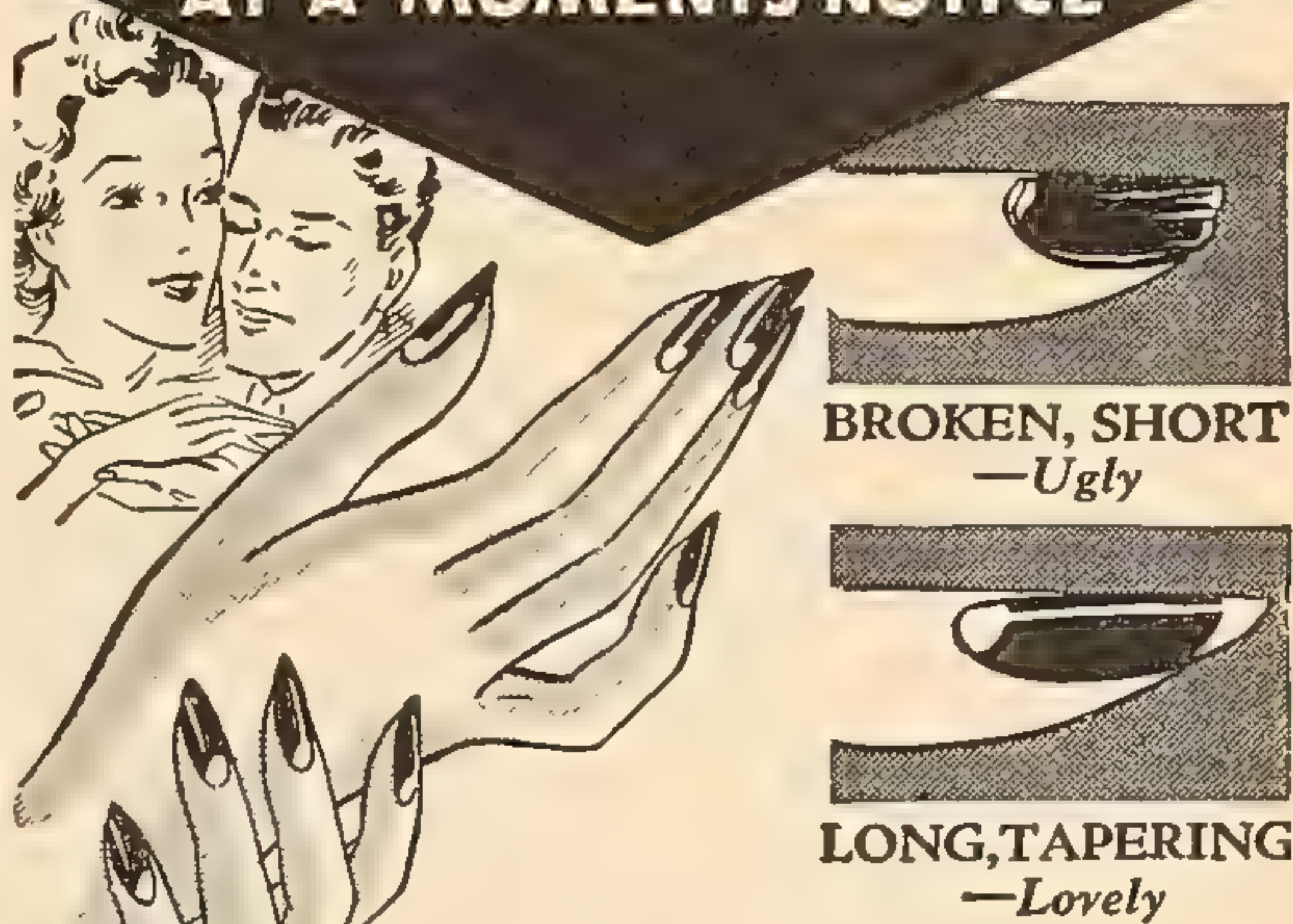
But the story should be told. It isn't every actress who becomes A New Woman mid-way through her career.

First of all, weeks before the picture started, Griffith began taking her out to lunch and dinner. He didn't want to talk about the picture. He wanted Madeleine to talk about herself. He wanted to find out everything he could about her. He wanted to study her, find out what she was like as her natural self—what little idiosyncrasies she had. So that he could have them written into the picture, make them part of the personality of the girl in the story, make the girl natural and real.

No other director ever went to that trouble with Madeleine. Every other director had regarded her as a reserved Englishwoman. Griffith thought of her simply as a woman. And, as a result, he learned things about her that no other director probably ever suspected.

He discovered, for example, that although she was born and brought up in England, her mother was French and her father Irish. "With a combination like that," he reasoned, "it's a cinch you aren't cold-blooded. There's no telling

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what you can't do." And he had Scenarist Virginia Van Upp write some fiery temperament into the script.

Griffith is a demon student of feminine psychology. He has an eye for little feminine tricks—tricks bordering on the feline. Madeleine knows. She found some of hers in the final script.

Up to then, she had been doing things on the screen that were terribly heroic. He set out to make her do, instead, things that were typically feminine. Things other women could imagine themselves doing. Like attracting masculine attention with a little excess stocking exposure.

He noticed that Madeleine has a hard time subduing her eyes. They *will* flirt, even during a harmless conversation. He made the girl in the script have the same kind of eyes.

HE made her resemble Madeleine in many little ways. She could give the impression of having lived. Yet, when she actually met the facts of life, she was invariably startled. Intellectually, she knew a lot about love. But when a man said to her, "What you want is to kiss me," she didn't know exactly how to meet such a blunt situation. "You are like that," Amateur Psycho-Analyst Griffith said to Madeleine. And she had to admit, "You're right."

He made it clear that the girl in the script was a thoroughly nice girl, with morals intact; but with some disarmingly risqué dialogue, he also made it clear that even a nice girl could be a little naughty. Something that had never been suggested by any other character Madeleine had played.

Griffith had one more problem: "What can we do to get you out of this habit of being passive in front of the camera?" He tried two remedies—both of which worked. One was to speed up her talking. The other was to insist that she forget the camera. "I don't want poses," he told her. "I want personality."

His object was to humanize the girl in the script. But to do that, he also had to make Madeleine look human—for the first time on any screen.

"So people had the idea that I was aloof?" comments Madeleine, with a smile. "He took a very fundamental way

of breaking down the impression. He deglamorized me. He knocked me right off my publicity-made pedestal. And I loved it."

Do you remember the scene in which Shirley Ross, her rival in the picture, flung a glassful of wine in the beautiful Carroll face? Madeleine didn't look pretty when that happened. And she didn't take it with beautiful poise. She obeyed that human impulse. She seized a seltzer bottle and showered Shirley with it.

And do you remember the scene in which Madeleine had to ride a surfboard behind a speeding launch, hanging onto the ropes for dear life? She didn't look glamorous doing that, either. Especially when she fell off and was dragged out of the water. She looked just like any woman would look, who had taken a sudden ducking.

"The first scene I did for the picture was a love scene," Madeleine reveals, amusedly. "Fred MacMurray and I were parked in a roadster at the end of a country lane. He asked, 'Smoke?' I said, 'Yes.' He asked, 'Drink?' I said, 'No.' He asked, 'Cold?' I said, 'Don't you men ever think up a new approach?' The scene built up to Fred's forcibly kissing me. But the kick of the scene was not that the determined boy finally succeeded in kissing the standoffish girl—but that the girl responded with such ardor that the boy had to come up for air. Audiences weren't expecting that reaction from her. Though, you must admit, it was a perfectly human reaction.

"At the time, Ned Griffith told me he was filming that scene first because Fred dreaded love scenes and liked to get them over with early. He has since admitted he filmed that scene first for my sake, also—to make me prove to myself right at the start that I *could* show surprising warmth."

(Griffith didn't know about that "The Prisoner of Zenda" kiss that landed on the cutting-room floor.)

"Cafe Society" was no epic, but Madeleine had fun making it, and audiences had fun watching it. It did more for her than any so-called epic she had ever made. It set people to wondering if she didn't have more zing than they suspected. "Honeymoon in Bali" carried the



In a typical cigarette-in-the-side-of-the-mouth pose, Humphrey Bogart discusses the next scene with Ann Sheridan on the "It All Came True" set.

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LURE

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campaign forward, making her a strong-willed career woman who found that biology was stronger than will power.

Then Madeleine did "My Son, My Son"—which was a return to heavier roles. Critics reverted to their old habit of looking at her as a feminine decoration. They didn't look for inner changes, only outer ones. "Some of them stated"—Madeleine raises her eyebrows eloquently—"that I could stand a mite of dieting. A fine lot of encouragement!"

"Safari," which she did next, found her back with Griffith—but in a different sort of story. It was more concerned with adventure than with feminine revelations.

"Looking back," Madeleine says now, "I find it difficult to tell how I felt, making those two pictures. Before starting the first one, I had gone to Europe on vacation. I was on the Atlantic, on the way back, when war was declared. I arrived in Hollywood with the distraught feeling that my world was falling apart and that everything I had cherished was in danger of destruction."

IT was bad enough that her marriage had gone on the rocks. Now the havoc of war threatened everything and everybody she had known in Europe.

"I live alone. And, being alone those four months after the war began, I couldn't keep my mind off what was happening in Europe. And the more I thought, the more afraid I became for the people there whom I loved. As soon as 'Safari' was finished I rushed over. I found them just as they had always been. Their meals were a bit shorter, and they had blackouts at night, but their chins were up, and their courage and their ideals were intact. I came back tremendously buoyed up by their spirit."

Now she can think about work again. She likes her role of April in "North West Mounted Police"—a role, by the way, that Cecil B. DeMille might not have given her if E. H. Griffith hadn't proved that she could play warm-hearted women.

Her next picture will be "Virginia," again with her Svengali, Griffith.

"When I returned from Europe this time," Madeleine says, "he and Virginia Van Upp were working on the script. He took me out to lunch and dinner several times, wanted me to tell him everything I had done, and he meant everything. Really, I'm beginning to think of him as a father-confessor. So I talked by the hour, and every so often he would jot down a note. Heaven only knows what I'll find of myself in the script when shooting starts." Those blue eyes dance again. "I don't want my friends abroad to think that I'm the kind of girl who 'kisses and tells.'"

Perhaps it is on those grounds that she refuses to divulge the name of the admirer who gave her a lion cub as a pet, to bring back to America. But whoever he is, he can't think of her as an iceberg. Icebergs and lion cubs don't go together.

INFORMATION DESK MODERN SCREEN

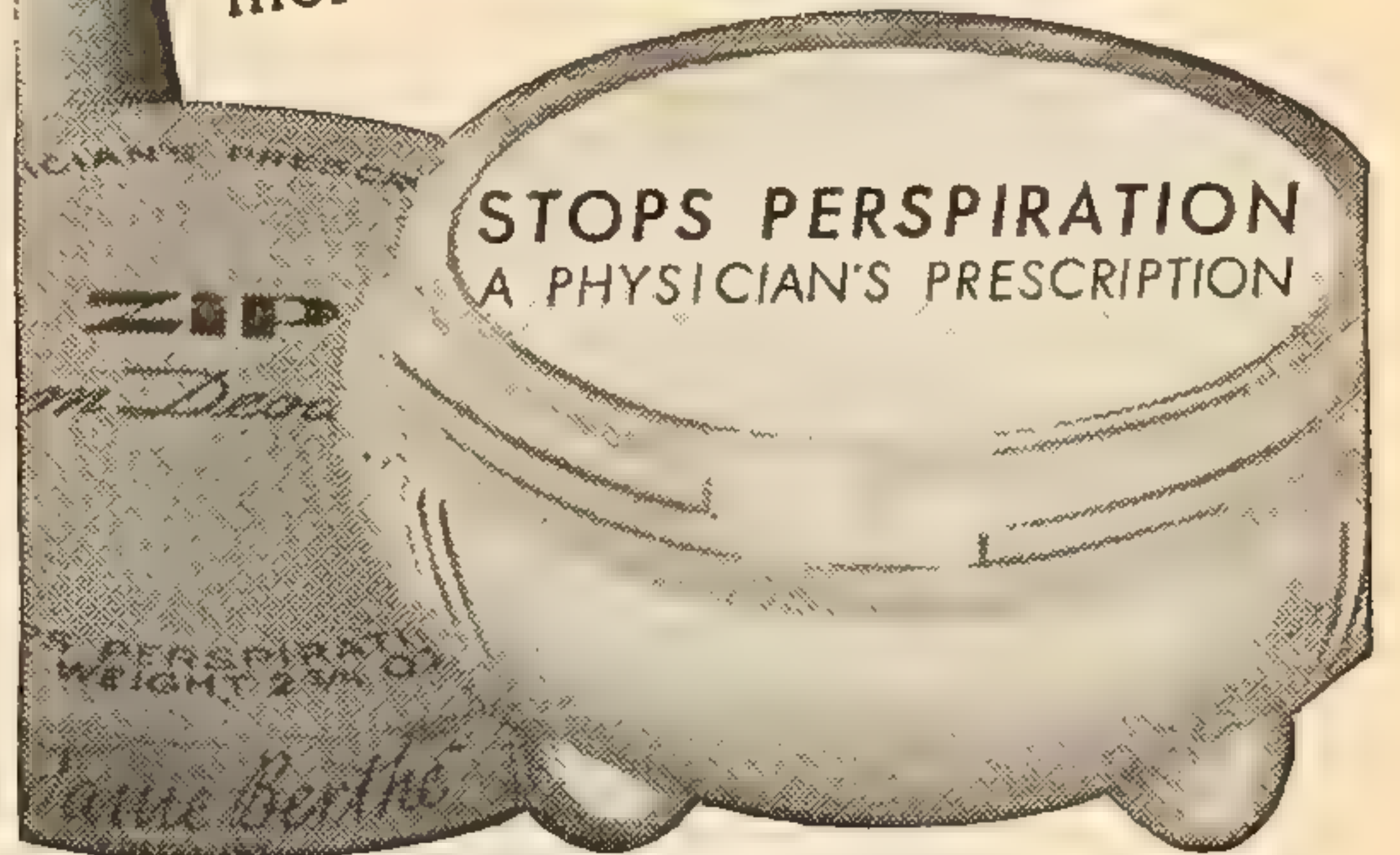
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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture

General Rating

Picture

General Rating

Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO)..... 4★
Adventure in Diamonds (Paramount)..... 2★
Allegheny Uprising (RKO)..... 2★
Amazing Mr. Williams, The (Columbia)..... 3★
Another Thin Man (M-G-M)..... 3★
Babes in Arms (M-G-M)..... C 3★
Balalaika (M-G-M)..... 3★
Barricade (20th Century-Fox)..... 3★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower)..... 3½★
Beau Geste (Paramount)..... C 3★
Beware Spooks (Columbia)..... 2★
Big Guy, The (Universal)..... 2½★
Black Friday (Universal)..... 2½★
*Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO)..... 3★
Blondie Brings Up Baby (Columbia)..... 2★
Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox)..... C 3★
Broadway Melody of 1940 (M-G-M)..... 3★
Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners)..... 2★
*Buck Benny Rides Again (Paramount)..... 2½★
Call a Messenger (Universal)..... 2½★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners)..... 2½★
Castle on the Hudson (Warners)..... 2½★
Cat and the Canary, The (Paramount)..... 3½★
Charlie Chan in Panama (20th Century-Fox)..... 2★
Charlie McCarthy, Detective (Universal)..... 3★
Chasing Trouble (Monogram)..... 2★
Child Is Born, A (Warners)..... 3★
Chump at Oxford, A (United Artists)..... 2½★
Cisco Kid and the Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)..... 2★
Congo Maisie (M-G-M)..... 3★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic)..... 2★
Dancing Co-ed (M-G-M)..... 2½★
Daytime Wife (20th Century-Fox)..... 3★
Destry Rides Again (Universal)..... 3★
Disputed Passage (Paramount)..... 3★
Double Alibi (Universal)..... 2½★
*Dr. Cyclops (Paramount)..... 3★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners)..... 3½★
Drums Along the Mohawk (20th Century-Fox)..... 3★
Dust Be My Destiny (Warners)..... 2½★
Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M)..... 4★
Elizabeth and Essex (Warners)..... 4★
Escape, The (20th Century-Fox)..... 2½★
Eternally Yours (United Artists)..... 2½★
Everything Happens at Night (20th Century-Fox)..... 3★
Farmer's Daughter, The (Paramount)..... 2½★
Fast and Furious (M-G-M)..... 2★
Fifth Avenue Girl (RKO)..... 3★
Fighting 69th, The (Warners)..... 3★
First Love (Universal)..... 3★
Flying Deuces (RKO)..... 2★
Four Wives (Warners)..... 3★
*Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)..... 2★
Geronimo (Paramount)..... 3★
Golden Boy (Columbia)..... 3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)..... 4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)..... 4★
Great Victor Herbert, The (Paramount)..... 3★
Green Hell (Universal)..... 2★
Gulliver's Travels (Paramount)..... C 3★
He Married His Wife (20th Century-Fox)..... 2★
High School (20th Century-Fox)..... C 3★
His Girl Friday (Columbia)..... 3★
Hollywood Cavalcade (20th Century-Fox)..... C 3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)..... 2½★
House Across the Bay, The (United Artists)..... 2★
Housekeeper's Daughter, The (United Artists)..... 2★
Hunchback of Notre Dame, The (RKO)..... 3★
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists)..... 3★
Invisible Man Returns, The (Universal)..... 2★
Invisible Stripes (Warners)..... 2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)..... 2★
It's a Date (Universal)..... 3½★
Jamaica Inn (Paramount)..... 3★
Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President (M-G-M)..... 2★
Judge Hardy and Son (M-G-M)..... C 3★
Kid Nightingale (Warners)..... 2★
Light That Failed, The (Paramount)..... 3★
Little Accident (Universal)..... 2½★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox)..... 2★
Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbia)..... 2★
Llano Kid, The (Paramount)..... 2½★
Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M)..... 2★
Man From Montreal (Universal)..... 2½★
Man Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox)..... 2½★
Marines Fly High, The (RKO)..... 2★
Marshal of Mesa City (RKO)..... 2½★
Marx Bros. at the Circus (M-G-M)..... C 3★
Meet Dr. Christian (RKO)..... 2½★
Mexican Spitfire (RKO)..... 2½★

Midnight (Paramount)..... 3★
Mikado, The (Universal)..... C 3★
Millionaire Playboy (RKO)..... 2★
Miracles For Sale (M-G-M)..... 2½★
Missing Evidence (Universal)..... 3★
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia)..... 4★
Music in My Heart (Columbia)..... 2★
Mutiny on the Blackhawk (Universal)..... 2★
My Little Chickadee (Universal)..... 2½★
Nick Carter, Master Detective (M-G-M)..... 3★
Night of Nights, The (Paramount)..... 2½★
Ninotchka (M-G-M)..... 4★
No Place To Go (Warners)..... 2★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M)..... 4★
Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO)..... 4★
Of Mice and Men (United Artists)..... 4★
Oklahoma Frontier (Universal)..... 2★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)..... 3★
Old Maid, The (Warners)..... 4★
On Dress Parade (Warners)..... C 2★
One Hour to Live (Universal)..... 2★
\$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount)..... 2★
On Your Toes (Warners)..... 2½★
Our Leading Citizen (Paramount)..... 2½★
Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount)..... 2½★
Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox)..... 2½★
Pinocchio (RKO)..... C 4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)..... 2★
Pride of the Blue Grass (Warners)..... 2½★
Primrose Path, The (RKO)..... 3½★
Quick Millions (20th Century-Fox)..... C 2★
Raffles (United Artists)..... 2★
Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox)..... 3★
Range War (Paramount)..... 2★
Real Glory, The (United Artists)..... 3★
Rebecca (United Artists)..... 4★
Remember? (M-G-M)..... 2½★
Remember the Night (Paramount)..... 3★
Rio (Universal)..... 2½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)..... 2½★
Roaring Twenties, The (Warners)..... 3★
Rulers of the Sea (Paramount)..... 3½★
Sabotage (Republic)..... 2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)..... 2½★
Santa Fe Marshal (Paramount)..... 1½★
Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M)..... 3★
Seventeen (Paramount)..... C 3★
*Shooting High (20th Century-Fox)..... 2½★
Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M)..... 3★
Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release)..... 3★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists)..... 3★
Smashing the Money Ring (Warners)..... 2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)..... C 2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists)..... 4★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)..... 3½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount)..... C 2½★
Stop, Look and Love (20th Century-Fox)..... 2★
Stranger From Texas (Columbia)..... 2½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)..... 2½★
Swanee River (20th Century-Fox)..... 3★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO)..... C 3★
Television Spy (Paramount)..... 2½★
That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO)..... C 3★
These Glamour Girls (M-G-M)..... 2½★
They Shall Have Music (United Artists)..... C 3½★
Those High Grey Walls (Columbia)..... 2½★
Three Cheers for the Irish (Warners)..... 3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)..... C 3★
Three Sons (RKO)..... 3★
Thunder Afloat (M-G-M)..... 2½★
Too Busy to Work (20th Century-Fox)..... C 2½★
Too Many Husbands (Columbia)..... 3★
Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners)..... 2½★
Tower of London (Universal)..... 2★
Tropic Fury (Universal)..... 2★
20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox)..... 3★
Two Bright Boys (Universal)..... 2★
U-Boat 29 (Columbia)..... 3★
Underpup, The (Universal)..... C 3★
Vigil in the Night (RKO)..... 3★
Virginia City (Warners)..... 3★
Viva Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)..... 2★
We Are Not Alone (Warners)..... 3½★
What a Life! (Paramount)..... C 3★
When Tomorrow Comes (Universal)..... 2½★
Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M)..... C 4★
Wolf of New York (Republic)..... 2★
Women, The (M-G-M)..... 3★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)..... 2★
Young Tom Edison (M-G-M)..... C 4★



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INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 6)

the player and get permission. If he grants it, he often sends pictures of himself as well as a mailing list of his most devoted fans. From this list you form the nucleus of your club. If you have a few enthusiasts in your town, you should nominate a vice-president (you'd, of course, be president), a secretary and a treasurer to take care of the dues, which amount to fifty or seventy-five cents a year. If possible, you should have a newspaper in which to print news of your meetings, any forthcoming contests which you may think up and news of the star which he will send you from time to time. If you would like to see an example of a fan newspaper, you can obtain a copy of "The Trouper," a publication dedicated to Ralph Bellamy, by sending ten cents to Jeannette Mendro, 3134 Elston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. We wish you all kinds of luck with your undertaking and are sure that it will prove a very rewarding venture. P.S. The dues collected should offset the cost of paper, stencils (for the newspaper), postage, envelopes, occasional telegrams to the star in whose honor the club is formed, etc.

Marie Marinelli, Milwaukee, Wis. We are just as interested as you are in clearing Billy Halop's name. He was probably ill at the time of that personal appearance and not in jail, as the malicious gossips would have it. As far as we know, a ticket for speeding is as close to law-breaking as Billy has ever come. He is sensible and well-behaved off-screen, and it is too bad that people confuse the real Billy with the obstreperous rascal he portrays so well in the movies.

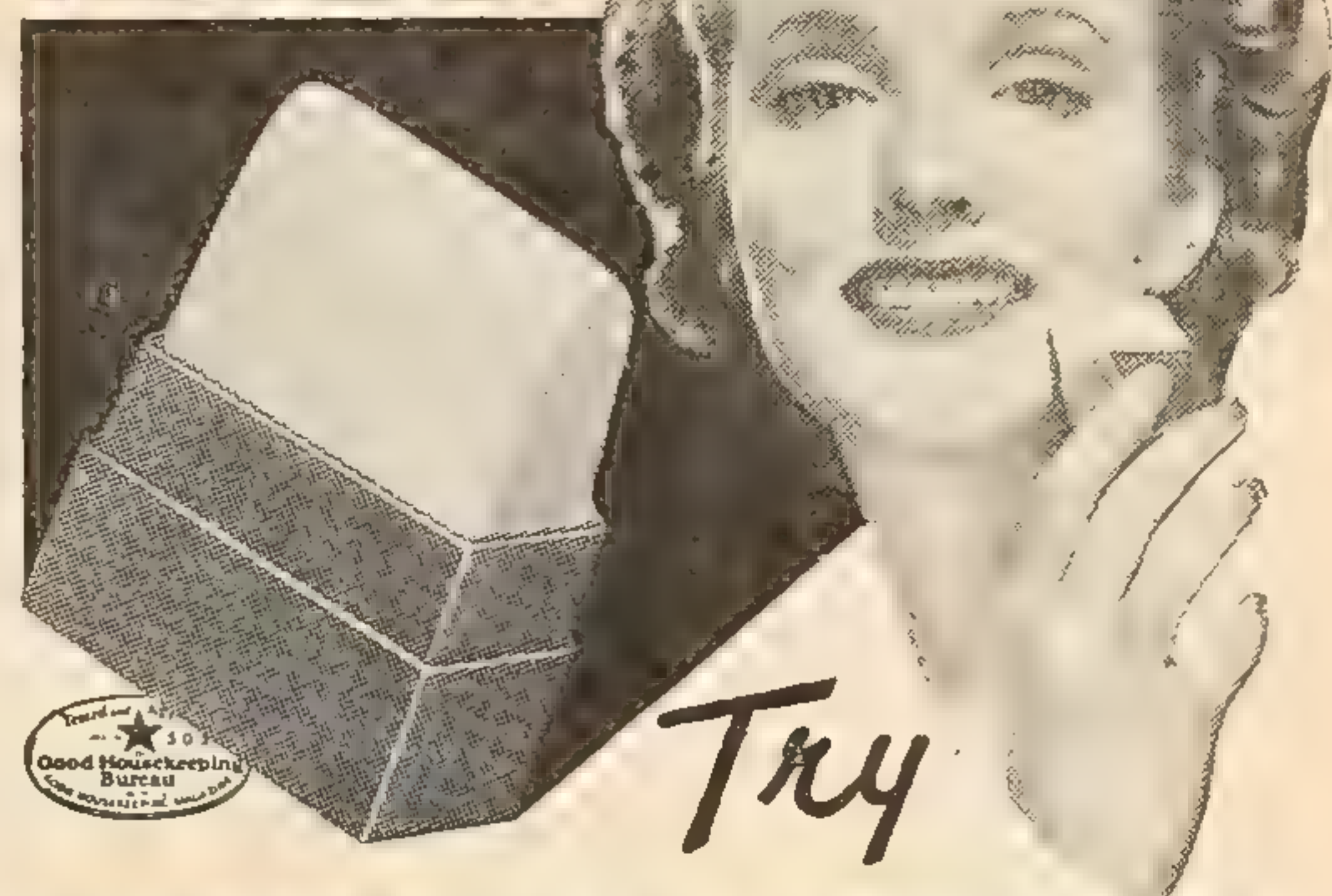
Maxine MacKenzie, Alberta, Canada. David Niven is still waiting to see action in the war. He is safe and sound, and we join you in hoping that he will soon be back again. His pictures include: "Without Regret," 1935; "Rose Marie," "Palm Springs," "Thank You, Jeeves," "Dodsworth," "Beloved Enemy," "Charge of the Light Brigade," 1936; "We Have Our Moments," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Dinner at the Ritz," 1937; "Four Men and a Prayer," "Three Blind Mice," "Dawn Patrol," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," 1938; "Wuthering Heights," "Bach-

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 6

- | | |
|---------|---------|
| 1. (a) | 11. (b) |
| 2. (b) | 12. (a) |
| 3. (b) | 13. (b) |
| 4. (b) | 14. (a) |
| 5. (a) | 15. (a) |
| 6. (b) | 16. (b) |
| 7. (b) | 17. (b) |
| 8. (a) | 18. (b) |
| 9. (b) | 19. (a) |
| 10. (b) | 20. (b) |

Scoring: Multiply the number of correct answers by 5. If your score is 90-100, you can consider yourself a first-class fan; if 80-90, you need some brushing up; if 70-80, watch it, for you're slipping; if below 70, you must forfeit your title of "fan." But not for long! Keep "in the know" with our Information Desk, and you'll soon be promoted.

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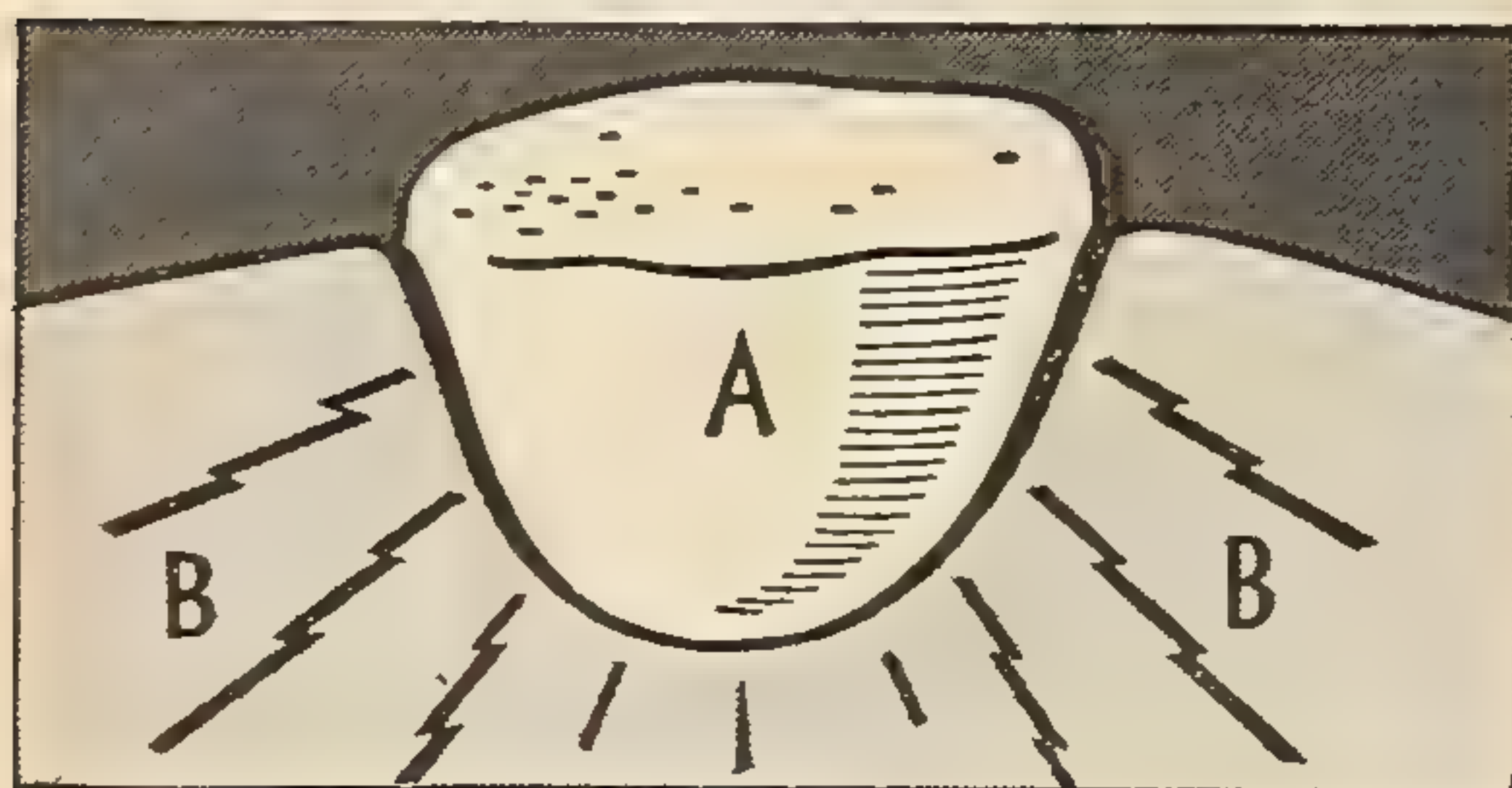
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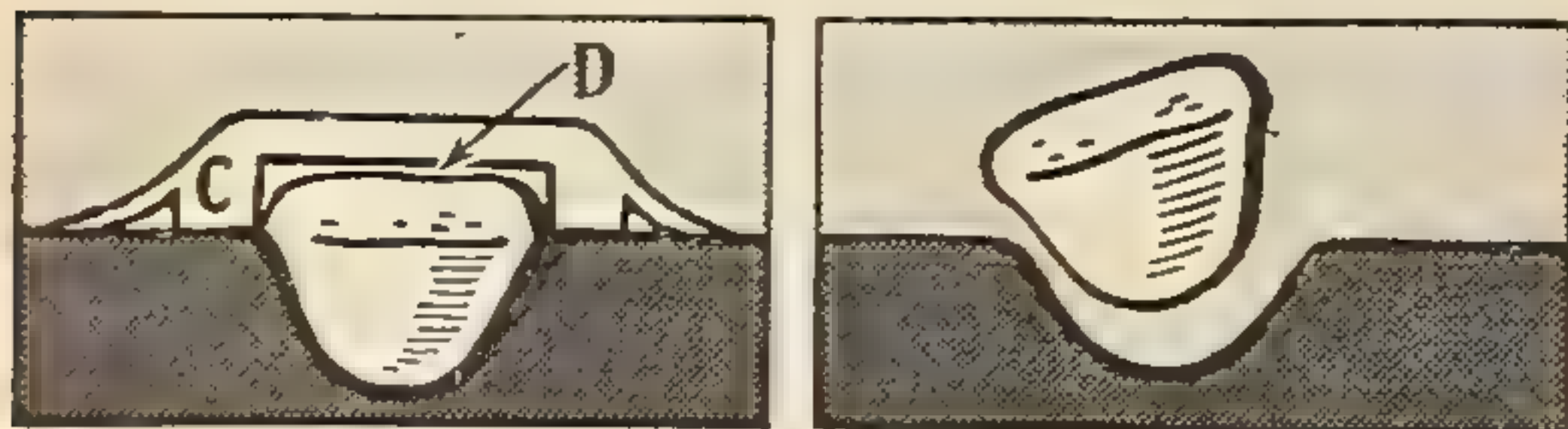
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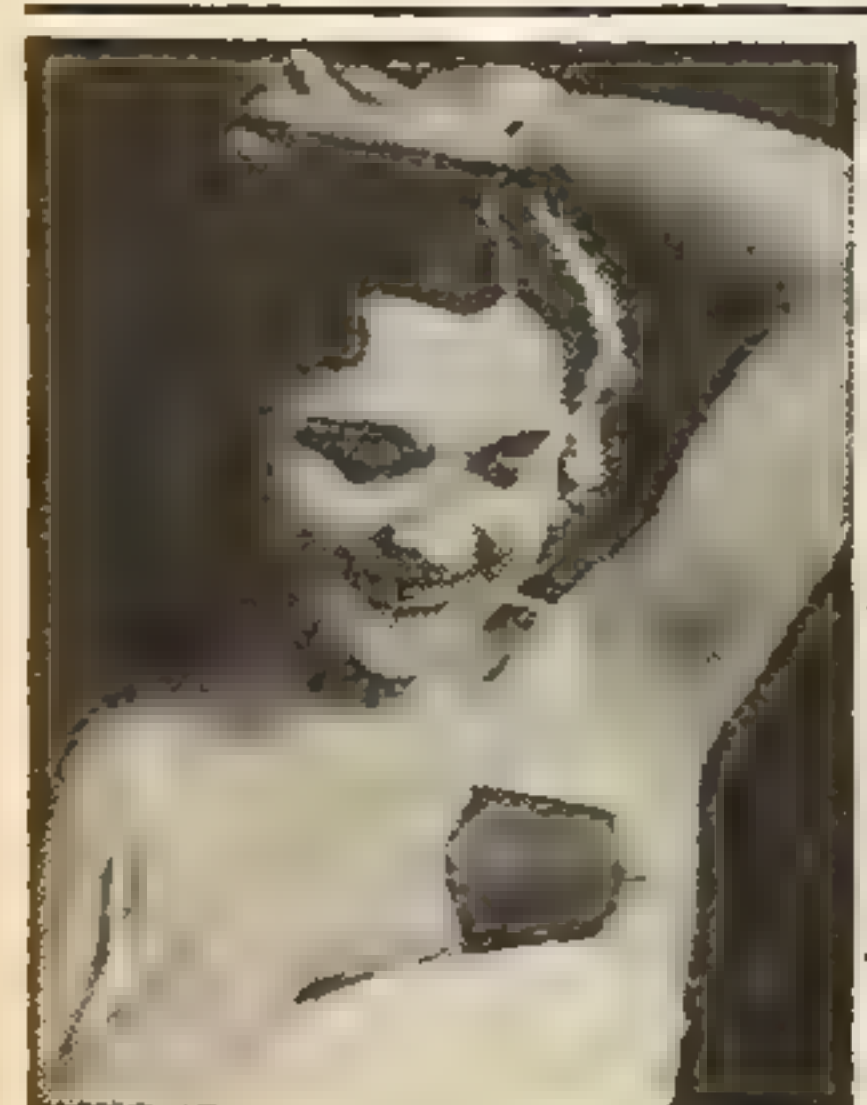
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elior Mother," "The Real Glory," "Eternally Yours" and "Raffles," 1939.

Albert Cahill, Bellevue, Ky. Jean Arthur's real name is Gladys Greene, and she was born in New York City on October 17, 1908. Her first ambition was to be a language teacher, but she had a friend who was a model, and the glamour of that profession always rather appealed to her. One day she accompanied the friend to her studio and was stunned to hear the photographer asking her, "Have you ever thought of modeling?" That was the beginning. She modeled for Howard Christy, among others, and was discovered by a movie scout who was seeking new talent in the files of one of the big modeling agencies. Her wistful Nordic beauty was just what the movies needed, he decided, and he whipped her out to the Coast. However, the climb to her present niche in the Hollywood scheme of things was long and arduous, involving years of riding in Westerns and of being the target for bakeries full of custard pies. Incredibly shy and unassuming, Jean lives quietly with her husband, Frank Ross,

abhorring noise and glitter, and revelling in good books, music and long walks.

Mary Pappalardo, Lawrence, Mass. James Corner, who appeared in "Winter Carnival" and "What a Life," may be reached at 252 Overland Road, Greenwich, Conn. Since he is free-lancing, it is safer to address his mail to his home and have it forwarded to him.

Joseph Rossotto, Jersey City, N. J. Yes, before his marriage to Ginger Rogers, Lew Ayres was Lola Lane's husband.

Josephine Celebriski, Balston, N. Y. Write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California, for those stills from "Gone With the Wind." Specify in writing that you prefer pictures of Rhett, and don't forget to enclose ten cents per still.

Frances Hutchins, Baltimore, Md. That picture with Dick Powell was "Shipmates Forever," produced in 1935. The youthful-looking Mr. Powell is going on thirty-six and is the papa of one little girl, Ellen, who will be two in June.

LIVING IN SIN

(Continued from page 31)

way to becoming Public Favorite Enemy Number One.

Those who saw, in 1930, a picture called "The Millionaire," with George Arliss, will remember one scene in which a young, excitable salesman confronts the austere Englishman. Against the precise and deliberate pronouncements of Arliss, Cagney's racy, clipped sportese was uproariously effective. The studio blared its approval. So did all America. The young Mr. Cagney was whisked from bit parts and given roles of length and importance. In 1930 he made three pictures; in 1931-32, five; in 1933, five; in 1934, four; in 1935, five; and since then, nine more. It is a terrific schedule for a leading man. Three times in ten years he has found it too terrific. Three times in ten years he has rebelled.

SCREEN heroes ten years ago were gentle fellows. Their love-making on the screen was in the best traditions of chivalry and gentility. When, in a picture called "The Public Enemy," a young player named James Cagney squashed a grapefruit into the face of his sweetheart, a young girl named Mae Clarke, movie history was made. Evidently the wishful thinking of 80,000,000 courteous Americans was gratified by the act, for overnight Cagney's name became a household word, and his popularity as a star zoomed to the heavens. In "Blonde Crazy," he kicked Joan Blondell around.

In "Taxi," Loretta Young was the butt of his virile buffeting. In "The Crowd Roars," Blondell was again his victim. In "Winner Take All," Virginia Bruce got her beautiful face slapped. And in "Picture Snatcher," Alice White took the consequences.

It was all very tiresome to Cagney. He was not averse to making a name for himself; nor did he feel that an actor should hide his talents under a haystack. But he did believe that six identical acts was overdoing it a bit. He was not slap-happy. This was in 1932, and he was under contract to Warners at \$1,400 a week. He threatened to break his contract. He threatened to enter the production end of the business. He threatened to become a physician, like his two older brothers.

The contract expired on September 15, 1932. Cagney refused to re-sign under existing circumstances. He was offered contracts by other Hollywood studios, but none of these was sufficiently promising to take him away from the studio that had discovered him. Finally, after two months of bickering and compromise, James Cagney returned to Warners at \$1,750 a week for forty weeks a year, plus a bonus of \$500 a picture and a percentage cut in profits on each picture. It was, financially, a successful strike. Artistically, a lot remained to be seen.

His first picture under his new contract was "Hard to Handle," in which he played a belligerent, temperamental publicity promoter. His next fourteen pictures were rowdy, blustering shows with Cagney being tough, Cagney being vengeful, Cagney being the same old Cagney. That is, his next fourteen pictures, with the exception of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," were "killer" ones. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was Warner's most colossal failure. Cagney's next picture was "Frisco Kid."

On the fourth anniversary of his first studio strike—in 1936—he again became satiated with swaggering roles of a purely fictional nature. In thirteen films he had played exactly the same kind of fellow, and he was thoroughly sick of it this time. When Pat O'Brien was billed above him at a theatre showing "Ceiling

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Zero," he saw his chance to sue the studio and break a contract he no longer considered just. He walked out on a salary which by now read \$4,500 a week. He was not offered a job by other studios now. He was blacklisted. Hollywood did not dare encourage such willfulness in its players. He spent almost a year in retirement, lost approximately \$300,000 by not working and was finally starred in a picture called "Great Guy" by a new company, Grand National, at \$150,000.

"Great Guy" presented James Cagney—to a public that had waited a year to see him—as a hard-hitting, hot-tempered city commissioner. Evidently it was impossible for him to appear on the screen as anything but the original cut-up. After some months he returned to Warners, with still another salary increase and the promise of one of the leading roles in a successful Broadway comedy, "Boy Meets Girl." Mr. Cagney's income for the year 1938 was \$234,000. "Boy Meets Girl" is not listed anywhere as a box office hit.

THUS to "Angels with Dirty Faces" and the roles with which he seems to be saddled for life. At this moment, four years from his second strike, he is cast in a comedy titled "Torrid Zone." He did not go so far this time as to strike, but he complained about "hysterical" roles until the studio thought it wise to schedule something besides melodrama.

Cagney's belligerency is confined to his screen and studio life, for his routine after working hours is as conventional and unflurried as that of a grocer's clerk. He owns two homes, one in Beverly Hills and another, a 250-year-old farmhouse in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. He has been married for twelve years to the girl he met in the chorus of "Pitter Patter." He owns goats, a dog he bought at the pound and one thoroughbred stallion. He has a boat, but doesn't indulge in any but the most sedate sailing. Mal de mer and a slight neuritis in his left arm are his only ailments.

He displays an amazing modesty when asked about his stage and screen career. How did he happen to get the lead in "Outside Looking In?" "I had the red hair necessary for the part," he will say. How did he happen to be cast in "The Public Enemy?" "I was the image of Terry Druggan, the beer baron of Chicago," he explains. He still paints, with what accredited critics call "verve." His disposition for musical entertainment divides itself between Debussy on the serious side and Rodgers and Hart on the light and frivolous. There are no particular aversions in his life unless they are morning calls, silly questions and aggressive dumbbells. And his fondness for cookies is as incredible as it is renowned. He hopes some day to retire to the backwoods permanently, but in the meantime there are things to attend to in Hollywood.

One of them is this comedy, "Torrid Zone," which will immediately take him away from "hysterical" roles or put him right back in them. It is possible that Cagney underestimates the entertainment value of his "hysteria." He is, by far, the public choice in such matters. The nearest thing to a competitor he has ever had is Lee Tracy. However, he seems slightly resigned to his fate at this point, which does not necessarily mean that the Cagney spirit is weak. It just means that he has become accustomed to these anniversaries and besides, who knows what will happen next? You can't anticipate the behavior of a Cagney.

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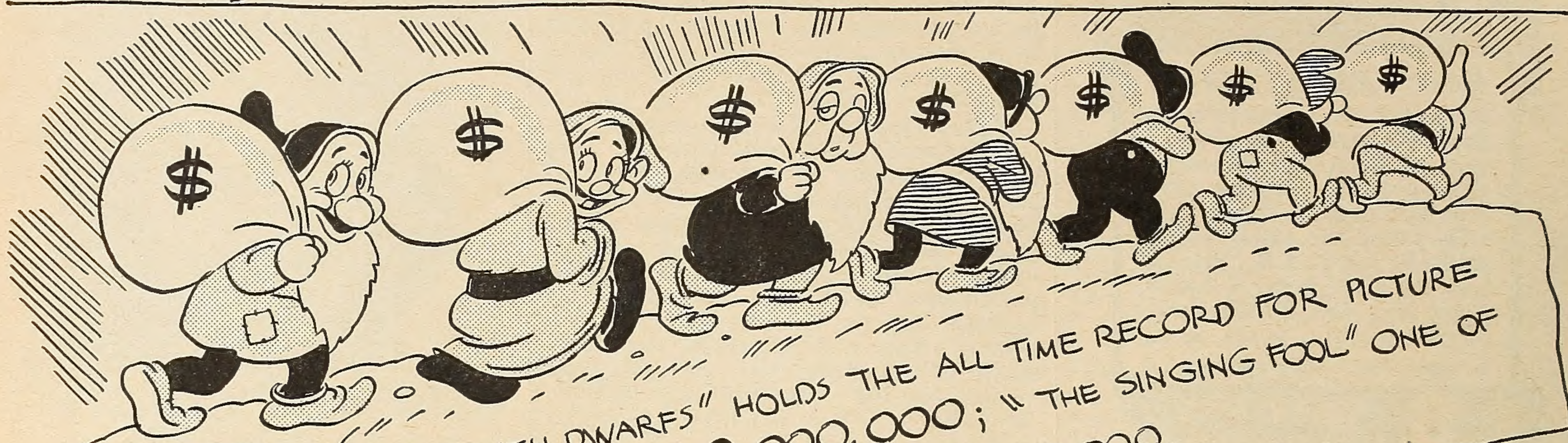


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